Collier's

IOLA,
FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY
15c

March 11, 1950

ATTLE, WASHINGTON

More Lowell Thomas Adventures in Tibet

Here's to Damon R...
By Gene

PUBLIC LIBRARY
IOLA
KANS
19AUG50
A 814538
R

ar. 11, 1950

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It takes skill to produce

OLD GRAND-DAD

UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
BOTTLED IN BOND
100 PROOF

The mellow, heart-warming flavor of Old Grand-Dad has its source in nature—but only sheer distilling skill could assist nature in producing a bourbon so smooth and satisfying as The Head of the Bourbon Family. The first golden drop that passes your lips will tell you why Old Grand-Dad has become a prime favorite among those who know, and are satisfied only with, the best! Won't you try it—next time?

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, N. Y.

Head of the Bourbon Family

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On January 1, 1945, it was 668,000

In June, 1949, it was 800,000

Now it's well over

900,000

A. T. & T. Stockholders

No other stock is so widely held by so many people. About one family in every 50 in this country now owns American Telephone and Telegraph Company stock

---

Just last month the number of stockholders of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company reached a record high of 900,000 and it's still growing.

This is an increase of over 100,000 in eight months. The big gain is due not only to completion of the first offering of stock to employees under the Employee Stock Plan but to continued public buying.

The people who own the Bell Telephone business come from all walks of life in every section of the country. Most of them are small stockholders. 280,000 own five shares or less. More than half are women.

Over 150,000 telephone employees are now stockholders. In the next year or so many thousands more will complete payments on stock under the Employee Stock Plan.

A significant fact is that more than 350,000 A. T. & T. stockholders have been stockholders for ten years or longer. Their A. T. & T. dividend has come along regularly, in good times and bad.

They bought the stock "for keeps" because of their long-term confidence in the business and their belief that regulatory bodies will provide adequate rates for service so that they may receive a fair and stable return on their investment.

It's the widespread confidence of investors that helps make possible the good telephone service you get today.

EVERY TIME YOU TELEPHONE you share the benefits of the stockholders' investments. It's their dollars that build, expand and improve the best telephone system in the world for you to use at low cost.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

We're all keyed up—with anticipation.

★ ★ ★ ★

The reason: M-G-M's funny, frantic, and romantic new comedy; "Key To The City", starring Clark Gable and Loretta Young.

Clark's a tough ex-longshoreman who's fought his way up to Mayor by fighting the people's fight (with time out for lots of horseplay, laughs and ladies—not necessarily in that order.)

★ ★ ★ ★

However, a *lady mayor* is a new experience for Clark! She's Loretta Young—prim, precise and pretty mayor of Wenonah, Maine. They meet at a Mayor's Convention.

★ ★ ★ ★

After a successful squeeze play with Marilyn Maxwell, an Atomic Dancer on the Chop Suey Circuit—Clark makes a romantic pitch at the cold but captivating Loretta.

★ ★ ★ ★

But sedate Loretta isn't buying any of Gable's brand of catch-as-catch-can amour.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Look, lady," begs crestfallen Clark, "who's got *conventions* at Conventions?"

★ ★ ★ ★

From then on, the fun gets faster and funnier—he turns the town of San Francisco upside down—and a weary police force begins to yearn for the peaceful days of the Tong Wars!

★ ★ ★ ★

And these names in the cast spell top performances: Frank Morgan, James Gleason, Lewis Stone and Raymond Walburn.

★ ★ ★ ★

As for Clark and Loretta, they "click" like a key in a lock in "Key To The City"!

★ ★ ★ ★

We doff our Dobbs to Director George Sidney and Producer Z. Wayne Griffin for the most rousing and romantic comedy of the year. Credit the screenplay to Robert Riley Crutcher who based it on a story by Albert Beich.

★ ★ ★ ★

There's a hot time in the old town for you—and for the whole family—when you see the hi-jinks that go with "Key To The City".

—Lee

P.S.: Something-To-Look-Forward-To Dept.: "ANNIE GET YOUR GUN"!

THOMAS H. BECK, *Chairman of the Board* ALBERT E. WINGER, *President*

Collier's

EDWARD ANTHONY, *Publisher*
LOUIS RUPPEL, *Editor*

RICHARD CHAPLIN, *Assistant Publisher* JOHN DENSON, *Managing Editor*

WILLIAM O. CHESSMAN, *Art Director* KNOX BURGER, *Fiction Editor*
GURNEY WILLIAMS, *Cartoons* WALTER DAVENPORT, *Senior Correspondent*
JAMES C. DERIEUX, *Chief of Washington Bureau*

Associate Editors · BERT BACHARACH · HELEN S. BILKIE · WARREN BROWN
GERTRUDE BUCKMAN · HELEN P. BUTLER · JEAN B. CAMPBELL · JOSEPH CARROLL
ALLEN CLEATON · JOHN CONNER · WILLARD B. CROSBY · BILL DAVIDSON
WILLIAM A. EMERSON, JR. · MACLENNAN FARRELL · BILL FAY · JOHN FLOREA
DIANA HIRSH · DEAN JENNINGS · JOHN LEAR · DAVID MANESS · GORDON MANNING
MARSHALL McCLINTOCK · TOM MEANY · FRANK D. MORRIS · JOHN C. PELLEW
ELEANOR PORTER · JAMES A. QUIGNEY · COLLIE SMALL · RED SMITH
JAMES THRASHER · LESTER VELIE · FRANCIS WALLACE
TODD WRIGHT · JAMES N. YOUNG

March 11, 1950

ARTICLES

Here's to Damon Runyon.....GENE FOWLER 13
Objective: To Elect and Elect.....LESTER VELIE 15
Escape to Shangri-La.....LOWELL THOMAS
WITH LOWELL THOMAS, JR. 18
(Continuing OUT OF THIS WORLD: A JOURNEY TO LHASA)
Who's That at the Door?.....JOHN CONNER 20
55,000 for Breakfast.....VANCE JOHNSON 24
The Brat's a Giant.....TOM MEANY 28
"You Do Everything So Easily".....HOWARD HARRIS 29

FICTION

The Man Who Flew into a Rage.....WALT GROVE 16
I Know There Aren't Any Ghosts.....MARGARET CHASE 22
The Prisoner.....A. J. CRONIN 26
(PART TWO OF FOUR PARTS)
A Quality of Mercy.....CHARLES B. CHILD 30
The Younger Generation.....MARK HAGER 32
(THE SHORT SHORT STORY)
Gentleman's Game.....MILLER HARRIS AND R. W. McLAUGHLIN 46

Keep Up with the World.....FRELING FOSTER 8
Fool Dress.....MILFORD CONN 10
Editorials..... 74
Cover.....THOMAS FRANSIOLI

COLLIER'S THE NATIONAL WEEKLY Vol. 125, No. 10. **PUBLISHED WEEKLY** by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A.. Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 640 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y. Thomas H. Beck, Chairman of the Board; Albert E. Winger, President; E. A. Schirmer, Executive Vice-President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dunnerlein, J. B. Scarborough, *Edward Anthony*, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer. **SUBSCRIPTION PRICES:** United States and Possessions, and Philippine Islands, 1 year $5.00; 2 years $8.00; 2½ years (130 issues) $9.00; 3 years $10.00. Canada, 1 year $5.50. Pan-American countries in the Postal Union, 1 year $6.00. All other foreign countries, 1 year $9.00. Payments from foreign countries, except Canada, must be in United States funds, and addressed to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio. **ENTERED** as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as *second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.* **MANUSCRIPTS** or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses.

COPYRIGHT, 1950, BY THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY (All rights reserved)
Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

The Cover

From Magnolia bluff, which bounds the north side of Eliot Bay, Artist Thomas Fransioli caught the color and spirit of lusty Seattle, Washington, which will celebrate its centennial in 1951. Silhouetted below Mount Rainier is the industrial district. At the left is the downtown business section. The piers in foreground are Navy.

Week's Mail

Crime: Diagnosis & Control

EDITOR: I offer my congratulations on the police series by Howard Whitman (Terror in Our Cities).

The pieces are most timely. One of the most irritatingly discouraging tasks confronting us is the proper education of the public concerning the real function of modern crime control in our communities. The popular notion is that it means "cracking down" on offenders.

However, this is an old-fashioned notion. And Mr. Whitman's well-researched articles go a long way toward developing the more enlightened view that police have an infinitely more significant function in the community than that of being "trappers," however necessary that may be in the case of dangerous fugitives.

The vast majority of criminals—especially of the sex offender type—are not the venal creatures that many people imagine. We are coming to realize that the habitual offender is nearly always an emotionally warped and sick human being. He throws off signals of his impending character infection rather early in his youth—in the home, school and, most importantly, in his community.

Therefore, the policeman on the beat can be enormously helpful in spotting those youngsters, and in tracing the source of the infection, long before the potential offender explodes into serious crime.

But what we do with the predelinquent and known offenders after they are discovered is equally vital. For that, as Whitman has made abundantly clear, a hospitable public attitude is required for prompt diagnosis and effective treatment of the emotional disorders from which so many suffer —disorders which do not yield to conventional forms of punishment.

EDWIN J. LUKAS,
Society for the Prevention of Crime,
New York, N. Y.

It Won't Work

EDITOR: Gurney Williams' What's for Supper? problem is a cinch (Jan. 21st). Let him eat no lunch whatever. That will help the two of them no end.

LES WIGGIN, Santa Monica, Cal.

Gurney Williams has aptly been described by Colonel Stoopnagle as a chubby skeleton. He needs lunch for ballast, if nothing else.

The Admiral & Unification

EDITOR: CONGRATULATIONS TO COLLIER'S AND TO REAR ADMIRAL DANIEL V. GALLERY FOR HIS EXCELLENT ARTICLE ON THE DANGEROUS HITLERLIKE METHODS USED TO REGIMENT OUR THINKING. AS AN ARMY MAN I COMMEND THE READING OF IF THIS BE TREASON—(Jan. 21st) TO EVERY U.S. CITIZEN WHO VALUES OUR SAFETY AND OUR REMAINING PRESENT AND FUTURE FREEDOMS.

J. W. CLISE, SEATTLE, WASH.

. . . It is true, as Admiral Gallery points out, that "unification" may mean almost anything. Nonetheless, there is a concept in unification that is vital to this nation, and that must be clearly held in mind, no

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I just saw the new DE SOTO"

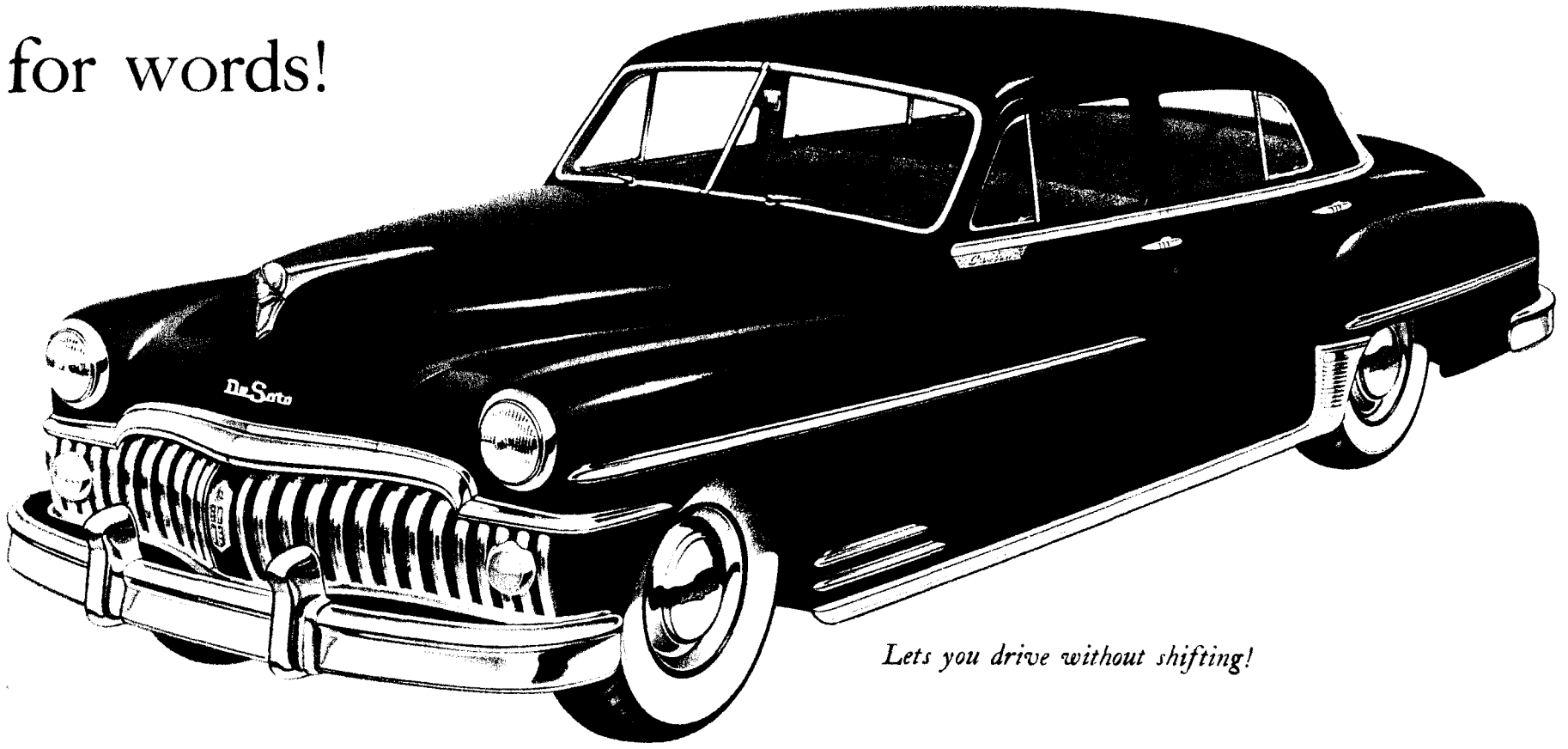
"Baby, I just *drove* it!"

It's a brand-new model *(not just minor changes!)*

with new beauty, greater visibility, bigger brakes,

amazing economy—and a ride that's too smooth

for words!



Lets you drive without shifting!

*Drive a De Soto before you decide!

Tune in THE GROUCHO MARX SHOW, *"You Bet Your Life," every Wednesday night. On all CBS stations.* DE SOTO DIVISION, CHRYSLER CORP.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Announcing the
World's Most Useful Radio

Model 506, above, ivory plastic cabinet, $36.95. Burgundy, $35.95; Rosewood, $34.95, in the East.

GE CLOCK-RADIO

Millionth Jubilee Model

"It lulls me to sleep to music, then turns itself off! Wakes me to music, too, automatically. If I doze off, it buzzes till I give up and get up! Hard of hearing? It wakes you by a *light!*"

"Its automatic Electronic Servant turns my electric coffeemaker on and off—operates many other appliances for me, even when I'm out!"

"It turns on my favorite radio programs any time, automatically. Smart radio—dependable G-E electric clock, tells time even in dark."

"It reminds me of important appointments, sales meetings, calls. All these amazing services at the price I'd pay for a radio alone!"

General Electric Company, Electronics Park, Syracuse, N. Y.

FREE Week end with FRED WARING!

Nothing to buy! Nothing to write! See your G-E radio dealer today for official entry post card. Win trip to New York City for yourself and companion, two days at the Waldorf-Astoria, party with Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians, complete Spring wardrobe and the Millionth G-E Clock-Radio for winner. Plus 20 replicas of the Millionth G-E Clock-Radio for other winners! Entries must be postmarked before midnight, March 31, 1950.

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

matter how much it may be obscured by differences in opinion between branches of the armed services. And in the words "branches of the armed services" lies the clue as to what the real concept is.

Perhaps one of the things we need, before we can get true unification, is a joint academy for officers of the armed services, where they may be educated together and work together before they specialize.

There is more difference between the specialized training, knowledge and experience required by an artilleryman and an engineer than there is between a supply officer in the Army and one in the Navy, yet "traditional rivalry"—except in a form that aids morale—does not appear between the Artillery and the Engineers, at least not to any degree that impairs the national defense.

I do not believe that differences of opinion between the services should be "hushed up," nor should honest, patriotic officers of either branch of the services be muzzled. I do believe, however, that career officers in all branches of the services are so deeply imbued with "traditional rivalry" and pride of service that in many cases this obscures and transcends the absolute necessity for unification—*true unification,* in which there are no separate services, but only branches of the armed services.

JAMES TATE, Racine, Wis.

. . . I waded through Admiral Gallery's rather childish invitation to martyrdom until I reached the statement "—and under our form of government, the basic decisions of policy should be made by Congress."

At this point I decided the man should be court-martialed, not for what he said in the article but because a man holding his position should know more than he apparently does about the structure of the United States government.

A high-school student of civics knows that the President, as the commander in chief of the armed forces, is responsible for our military affairs.

GUY STAUFFER, Ferndale, Mich.

Since the power to declare war is reserved to Congress and since Congress also, by controlling the size of appropriations, is able to control the size and equipment of the armed forces, Admiral Gallery's statement is not off base.

Messages from 3 Ghosts

EDITOR: Thank you very much for the flattering reference to me in your editorial So What's Wrong with Ghosts? (Jan. 21st). There was just one verb that stuck in my craw. You said that Franklin D. Roosevelt "hired first-rate collaborators"—among them myself. But I guess I have no real right to object. And even if I was not "hired" in terms of cash money I was paid off by the opportunities given me to gather a mass of memories that no amount of money could possibly buy.

And, come to think of it, it was as a result of this association that I was eventually hired for a period of 17 weeks by Collier's (The Secret Papers of Harry L. Hopkins, May 29—Sept. 18, 1948).

ROBERT E. SHERWOOD, New York, N. Y.

. . . I'm nobody in this ghosting field—a rank beginner. But I have had the pleasure of seeing my poor efforts go to press under another by-line and I've had the satisfaction of knowing that without my poor efforts the manuscript wouldn't have had a chance.

To use a line of yours, "This practice isn't new or startling." You're darn' right. Even Shakespeare, they do say, had a ghost. So what's wrong with ghosts? Not a darn' thing. . . . We are a very necessary part of a modern civilization.

BRADY HALL, North Hollywood, Cal.

. . . We ghost writers, unable, by the very nature of our employment, to come to our own defense, thank Collier's for its kind words on our behalf. For my own part, however, your words of encouragement come too late. After reading the justices' opinions of ghosts, I recognized myself as the parasite I was. I broke off all ghost-writing engagements, and now I am unable to re-establish my contacts.

Ghosts, of course, do not require food, but their wives and children do. And I can think of but two uses for my specialized training: becoming a magazine editor or haunting vacant houses. My wife and son would be especially grateful for any leads on where I could find the latter.

JOHN BARKER, Rochester, N. Y.

Slow-footed Slugger

EDITOR: We'd like to add another anecdote to Frank X. Tolbert's story of Vernon "Gawge" Washington (Reluctant Baseball Hero, Jan. 21st).

The fabulous graybeard who forces the infielders to play him on the outfield grass was approached during a pregame batting drill by Ronald Murphy, a fleet-footed, weak-hitting center fielder of the Kilgore Drillers in the East Texas League.

"George," said Murphy, "if I could hit like you, I'd be in the big leagues."

Answered the general, "Son, if I could run like you, I'd *still* be in the big leagues."

Forty-three may be Washington's baseball age, but some of the old-timers in the oil field claim that he is closer to forty-eight.

BOB JARDES, Kilgore, Texas

Our Stand Applauded

EDITOR: I guess people like Reverend Mace, H. S. Stevenson, Paul Garrison and others who accuse you of favoring legal control of liquor for mercenary reasons (Week's Mail, Jan. 14th) cannot possibly conceive of anyone having honest convictions—except themselves, of course.

I doubt that even your splendid, logical and honest answer, Our Stand Remains the Same, will dent their armor of fanaticism.

HUNTER LEAF, Savannah, Ga.

. . . Although I will remain neutral on the prohibition question, I still must say that I admire a magazine that states its views on a controversial subject and then stands by them as Collier's has done.

KARL NESSLER, Seymour, Ind.

. . . Anyone who makes the accusation that your fine magazine would stoop to such shady practice as allowing advertisers to dictate your policies has holes in his head.

A. E. SALMONS, Philadelphia, Pa.

. . . The criticisms you are receiving in regard to the liquor advertisements in your fine magazine nauseate me beyond endurance.

MRS. KATHLEEN HOUGHTON, Ithaca, N. Y.

J. Appleseed, No Legend

EDITOR: I regret that Helen Worden found it necessary to depreciate the legend of Johnny Appleseed in her article To the Glory of Amos Fortune (Jan. 7th). Should she decide to write an article on Johnny Appleseed, I am sure it would be very interesting and she would find more than a pure folk tale.

She should not find it too difficult to authenticate a large part of Johnny Appleseed's approximately seventy years of life, which ended with his death in 1845 and subsequent burial in Archer Cemetery, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

Johnny Appleseed was the pseudonym of John Chapman.

JOHN L. CHESEBROUGH, Brainerd, Minn.

Ana Fan

EDITOR: Your article on that *rara avis,* the capable official with "guts" (pardon the expression), reminds us Arizonians that we are privileged in having the continuing services of one who honors the title of public servant, Ana Frohmiller (Ana, the Political Pin-up, Jan. 21st).

OTTO W. JANSSEN, Phoenix, Ariz.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Which is really Rosalind Russell?

Famous Motion Picture Star
(See answer below)

Spark plugs also look alike but...

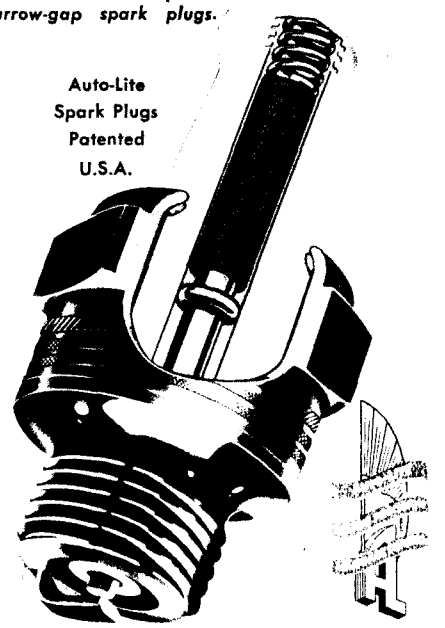
only wide-gap Auto-Lite Resistor Spark Plugs give you

SMOOTHER PERFORMANCE...DOUBLE LIFE and GREATER GAS SAVINGS

Cut-away view shows the 10,000 ohm Resistor which permits wider initial gap settings and makes these advantages possible. *Double life under equal conditions as compared with narrow-gap spark plugs.*

MILLIONS of car owners from coast to coast are switching from narrow-gap spark plugs to the sensational new wide-gap Auto-Lite Resistor Spark Plug. They want smoother performance—money-saving gas economy—improved starting in extreme cold weather. They want the *Built-in Resistor* that doubles spark plug life and reduces interference with radio and TV reception.

If you're "in the know" on spark plugs, you'll install new wide-gap Auto-Lite Resistor Spark Plugs . . . And if you're "in the know" on screen stars, you'll identify enchanting Rosalind Russell at the right in the pictures above. At the left is beautiful Florence Williams of Brooklyn, New York who is often mistaken for Miss Russell. You're always right . . . with Auto-Lite.



Auto-Lite Spark Plugs Patented U.S.A.

Tune in "Suspense!" . . . CBS Radio Thursdays . . . CBS Television Tuesdays

AUTO-LITE *Resistor* SPARK PLUGS

RESISTOR, REGULAR AND TRANSPORT TYPES

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DISCRIMINATING PEOPLE PREFER

HERBERT TAREYTON

MISS PAMELA CURRAN, beautiful member of New York society. Discriminating in her choice of cigarettes, Miss Curran says: "The cork tip makes Herbert Tareyton nicer to smoke, and the tobacco is so mild."

Discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton *because they pay no more for this better cigarette.* They appreciate the kind of smoking that only a genuine cork tip can give... the cork tip doesn't stick to the lips, it's clean and firm. And discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton because their modern size not only means a longer, cooler smoke, but that extra measure of fine tobacco makes Herbert Tareyton today's most unusual cigarette value.

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THEM YOU'LL LIKE

Copr.. The American Tobacco Company

Keep Up with the World

BY FRELING FOSTER

The independent republic of San Marino, Italy, celebrates Lincoln's birthday

San Marino, which has been an independent republic for 1,649 years and is situated wholly within the boundaries of another nation (Italy), is the only country today that, along with the U.S., celebrates Abraham Lincoln's birthday.

Probably the most fantastic plot in American history was that conceived and started by John A. Murrel, a notorious killer, in his Arkansas hideout in 1832. Fortunately, however, the plans were discovered before the crime was carried out. Murrel's first step was to send agents through the South to mingle with the slaves, arouse in them hatred for their masters and arrange for their participation in a mass insurrection scheduled for Christmas morning, 1835. After his agents had begun this work, Murrel set about recruiting some 5,000 murderers, bandits, swindlers and horse thieves, organizing them into gangs for their jobs on rebellion day. During the rioting, they were to take advantage of the situation and set afire and loot a number of cities, including Memphis, Mobile, Vicksburg and New Orleans.

When suffering from mythomania, a person invents imaginary incidents and pictures them so vividly that he believes they actually happened. The harm that may be done by such an individual was shown by a case not long ago. Soon after a mother had run away from home, the young daughter of the family conceived a mental picture in which she "saw" her father kill her mother. The girl's story was so convincing that it caused her father to be indicted for the crime and, at his trial, to be convicted and sentenced to death. And the verdict was upheld on appeal. But before his execution, the innocent man was set free because the "murdered mama" had been discovered living in a distant city.

One of the great swindles in U.S. history began about 1866 with the first of the many "Baker Estate" associations which suckers joined and supported because they believed that they were heirs to a $300,000,000 (imaginary) fortune in Philadelphia which each association claimed it was trying to settle. This criminal racket flourished with little interference until 1936 when the federal government started a vigorous campaign to end it. During the 70 years, authorities believe, about 40 different Baker Estate associations existed at one time or another, attracted a total of 500,000 gullible members and swindled them out of $25,000,000—money allegedly needed for legal expenses.

One of the smartest breeds of dogs used for herding sheep is the little Hungarian Puli which usually weighs no more than 28 pounds and is noted for a unique labor-saving trick. Instead of wearing himself out chasing after a runaway sheep, the Puli leaps on its back and rides it until it is exhausted and ready to behave. Then the dog jumps off and herds the runaway back to the flock.

Only three perfect vellum copies of the Gutenberg Bible are still in existence. They are owned by the Library of Congress in Washington, the British Museum in London and the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris. The one in Washington, acquired in 1930, is printed in Latin, contains 641 printed leaves and is in three volumes. Although the library has never placed a value on this copy, other book authorities have unofficially estimated that it is worth as much as $1,000,000.

A new musical instrument consists of a table projector which throws the image of a keyboard on the wall. A rotating disk in the machine interrupts the light passing through it, causing the beam of each key to flash on and off at a musical frequency which is, for example, 440 times a second for the A note. The instrument is played with a pair of metal wands which are moved rapidly from one key to another and thus intercept their beams. A tiny electronic tube in each wand picks up and converts the light flashes into electrical impulses and transmits them over a connecting wire to a radio set in which they are reproduced in musical tones resembling those of an organ.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Here's the TEL-ENSEMBLE

It's the newest in America's favorite television... RCA VICTOR!

De luxe 12½-inch

Pictures amazingly clear, even where television is hard to receive. Here is famous RCA Victor television engineering throughout. The Tel-Ensemble comes as complete furniture. Beautiful matching legs enhance the setting. Has built-in antenna. AC. RCA Victor T120.

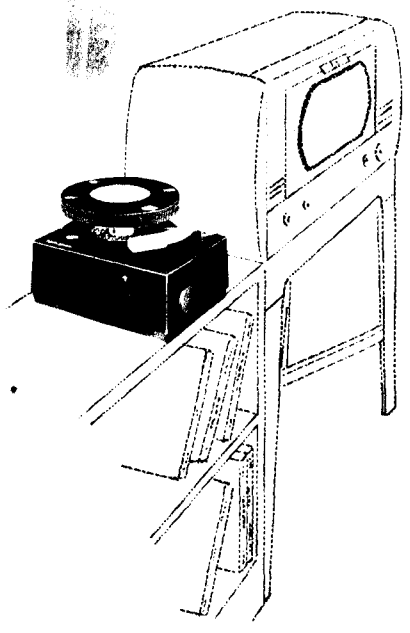
EYE WITNESS TELEVISION

$229.95

Plus $1.25 Fed. tax
Factory-Service Contract extra

● RCA Victor is America's favorite because it's America's finest—tops in up-to-date styling like the new Tel-Ensemble—tops in value and, above all, in picture quality.

What's more, that RCA Victor quality can be guaranteed. Yes, when experts of RCA's own Service Company install and service your set, they guarantee its performance for a full year. Ask your dealer for details on the RCA Victor Factory-Service Contract—available for a reasonable fee.



Make Your Tel-Ensemble a "45" phono-combination for only $12.95

RCA Victor's 45 rpm automatic record changer attachment plugs right in—plays the new 7-inch records through the Tel-Ensemble's fine "Golden Throat" Tone System. It can be easily attached to any radio, phonograph or television set. It's the fastest selling automatic changer on the market because it sounds better, plays "easier," costs less!

Prices shown are suggested list prices and are subject to change without notice. Slightly higher in far West and South. Record prices do not include excise tax.

Tune in RCA Victor's "Screen Director's Playhouse"—radio version of famous movies with the original movie star and director, Friday nights on the NBC radio network.

Hear the enchanting story and music from Walt Disney's latest hit, with stars from the original cast . . . in the new Little Nipper "45" album of "Cinderella"! Read the story, too, while you listen. It's beautifully illustrated in color with scenes from the film. Songs include "A Dream is a Wish your Heart Makes" and "Bibbidi-Bobbidi-Boo." The 7-inch 45 rpm records are non-breakable, distortion-free . . . can play as long as ordinary 10- or 12-inch records, last up to 10 times longer.

RCA Victor Little Nipper storybook album of Walt Disney's "Cinderella" only $2.25

(ALSO AVAILABLE ON 78 RPM)

RCA VICTOR
Division of Radio Corporation of America

WORLD LEADER IN RADIO . . . FIRST IN RECORDED MUSIC . . . FIRST IN TELEVISION!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lunch calls for a

LOOKS "FANCY", READY IN MINUTES . . . All you do is warm up some baked beans, slice some SPAM and make an open face sandwich as shown. SPAM'S unequalled blend of tender ham and juicy pork shoulder meat gives just the flavor to "go with" the beans. For cool contrast, deck the plate with a peach-cottage-cheese salad.

That's lunch in a hurry and good for man, woman or child.

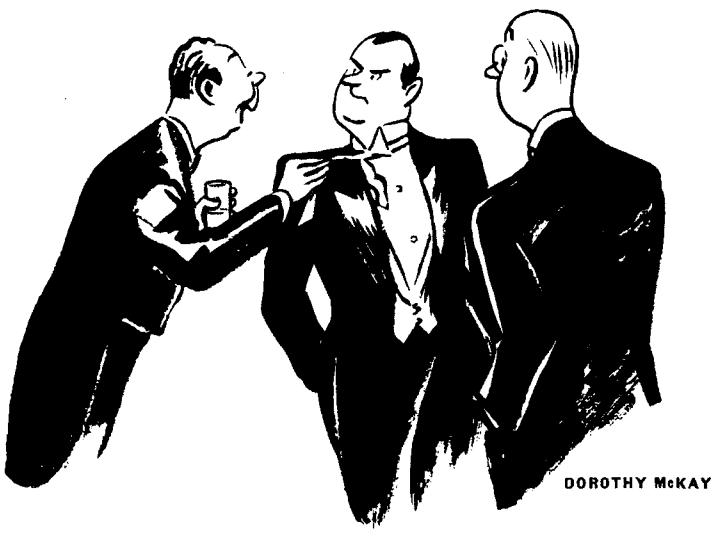
COLD OR HOT SPAM® HITS THE SPOT!

SPAM is a registered trademark for a pure pork product, packed only in 12 oz. cans by Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn.

Help yourself to DINTY MOORE BEEF STEW

TASTES LIKE HOME MADE, costs far less—and is no trouble at all. Just heat and serve, then watch how everyone beams as the family dips into this heavenly stew—big chunks of savory lean beef, Idaho potatoes, tender carrots, rich beef gravy . . . And try Dinty Moore Spaghetti and Meat Balls—another budget saver. Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn.

Listen to MUSIC WITH THE HORMEL GIRLS—6:30 P.M. EST—Sunday—ABC



He'll raise your blood pressure fifteen points

FOOL DRESS

By MILFORD CONN

IF YOU aren't interested in the problems of a man who has to climb into a full-dress suit four or five times a year, this isn't for you. All I ask is that you don't stare at me in boredom. I want this piece to be a Message, and I want to address it only to those with whom I share a bond—those who, like me, have to struggle into the barbaric vestments which I call Fool Dress.

It is no news to those who operate on the White Tie Circuit that practically nobody can remember all the impedimenta. I always forget something. Even when I check carefully while packing my bag, I find myself in trouble when I reach my destination. (Most of my White Tie forays take place out of town.) I have a theory that there are gremlins who take a wicked delight in removing things from my bag while my back is turned.

For the benefit of those who find themselves in a predicament similar to mine, I have written a little rhyme to be memorized and used as a guide:

Dress studs, white vest and tie to match
Have gotta be inside your satch;
You gotta have a dress suit, too,
And coal-black socks (maroon won't do).
Wing collars are your next concern—
The proper height you'll have to learn;
If you're all thumbs like clumsy me,
Include a couple, maybe three,
'Cause after struggling with your neck.
At least two collars you will wreck.
Cuff links and collar buttons, man,
Are also factors in your plan;
And do not overlook dress shoes,
And certainly a flask of booze.

The flask of medicinal elixir is the most important of all. Its contents will help you over some anxious moments. If you're dressing in a hotel room or a friend's home, of course you can get a glass of something or other on request—but that takes time, and in an emergency, time is of the essence. For instance, if you get excited about breaking a shoelace or losing a collar button, you can't wait for a flat-footed waiter to shuffle through the halls with the antidote.

I showed the above rhyme to one of my White Tie confreres, and he said it was just the thing and would save him many a headache. That shows how easy it is to get into trouble. In the first place, the rhyme doesn't mention white suspenders—a fact I didn't discover until three days after I had written it. A belt is definitely not an acceptable substitute. Nor does the rhyme remind the White Tie fraternity of the removable white buttons without which one's waistcoat is useless. A safety pin will not do—I tried it once, and found no safety in it.

You can't wait for a flat-footed waiter

There are so many things to remember. For instance, if there's a practical joker among your fellow guests and he knows you find it a struggle to tie a bow, you've got to keep away from him or he'll amuse himself by reaching up and giving one end a nasty little tug that disarranges everything and raises your blood pressure about 15 points.

Why do men keep complaining about Fool Dress and yet continue to put up with it? I don't know about other guys, but I know the answer in my own case.

My wife says it makes me look distinguished. Do you think I'm going to sell *that* short? THE END

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WORLD'S GREATEST VALUE . . .

IN COMPLETE HOME ENTERTAINMENT

Admiral

SENSATIONAL 12½ INCH TELEVISION COMBINATION

$299.95

With thrilling new features engineered to outperform any set, anywhere, anytime

America's Smart Set

Admiral sets the pace again with the most spectacular values in all television history! Table models, consoles, and television combinations with automatic radio-phonograph. 12½", 16" and biggest-of-all 19" picture tubes. Admiral features never were so many . . . cabinets so stunning . . . values so great. See, hear and compare . . . at your Admiral dealer now. See for yourself why Admiral Television Combinations outsell all other brands combined!

32X16—Admiral 12½" TV Combination with built-in directional Roto-Scope Antenna. Pictures clear as the movies. Easy to tune as a radio. First with triple-play phonograph! Plays all records (33⅓, 45, 78 rpm) automatically with one tone-arm, one spindle. Famous power-compact Dynamagic radio. Beautiful walnut cabinet with record compartment. Also mahogany (slightly higher).

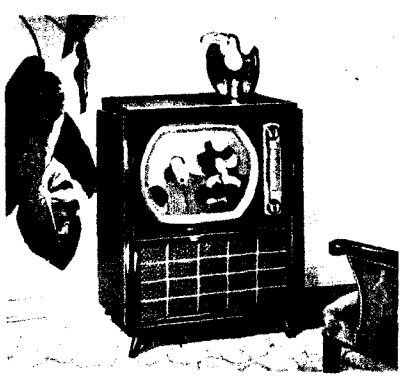
Prices slightly higher south and west . . . subject to change without notice. Tax extra.

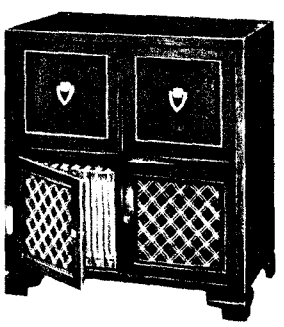
12X12—12½" Television
Table Model, $179.95

22X12—12½" Television
Console. Mahogany, $199.95

26X46—16" Television
Console. Walnut, $299.95

29X15—19" Television
Console. Walnut, $495.00



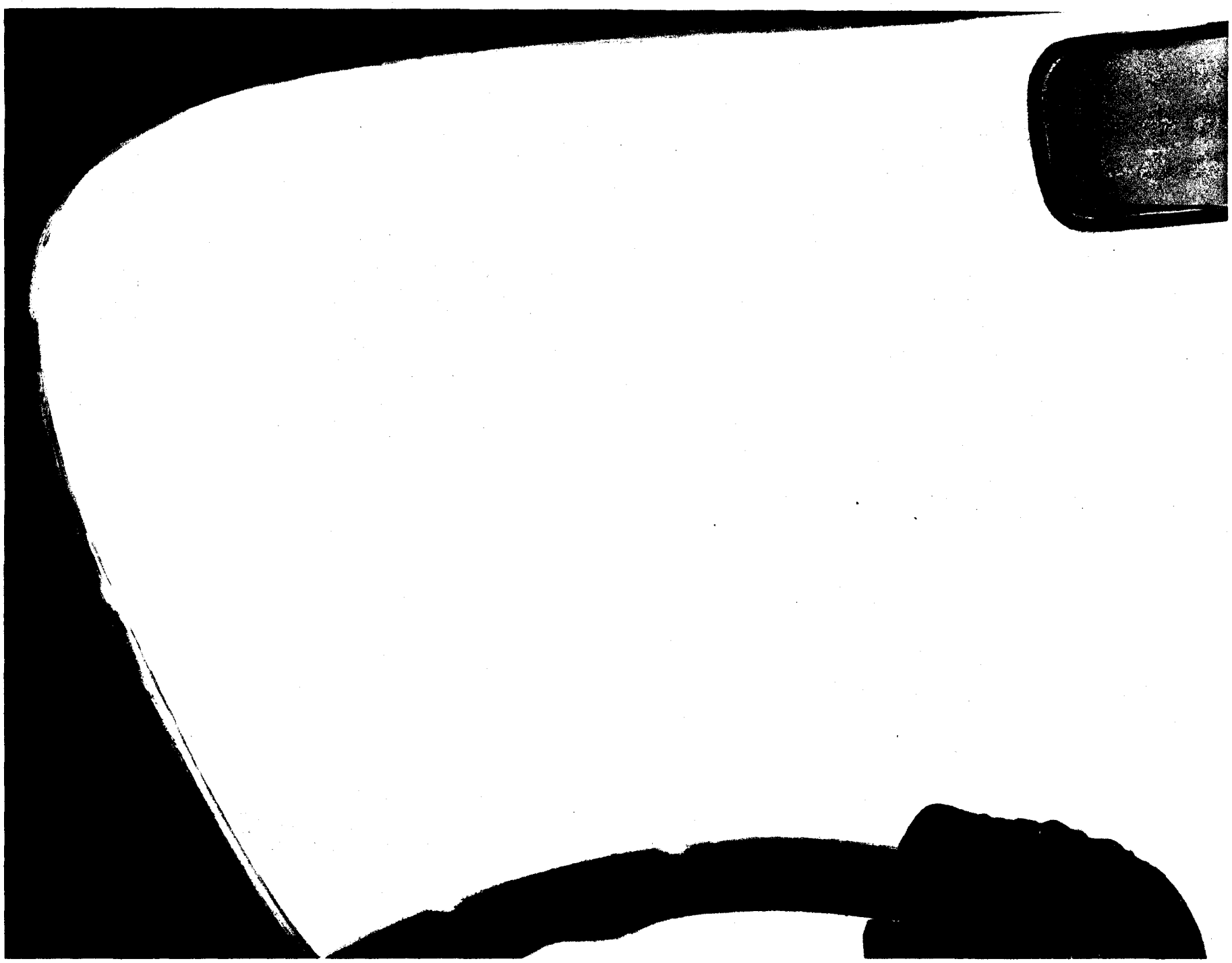


ON TELEVISION

Admiral presents

"STOP THE MUSIC"
ABC-TV Network, Thursdays
"LIGHTS OUT"
NBC-TV Stations, Mondays

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Ever get a light bill for $20,000?

ANOTHER PERSON'S LIGHTS can cost you that much . . . or more!

The headlights of an approaching car can blind you just long enough to cause a serious crack-up.

Not your fault? Unfortunately, too many drivers do not dim their lights. Unfortunately, all costs can often be pinned on you.

Blinding headlights are just one of the many perils of the road. A patch of ice, a foggy windshield, the camouflage at dusk—these are some of nature's ways of loading the dice against you.

Then, of course, there are the more obvious dangers—the brake failure, the blowout, a moment of indecision—that can send you skidding right into an accident!

Isn't it sensible, then, to be prepared for any accident that can mortgage your future for many years to come?

And isn't it sensible to insure with the company that has had the longest experience in automobile liability insurance—The Travelers?

When you're insured by The Travelers, you're protected by a company that treats every policyholder—as well as every claimant—fairly.

You're sure of prompt service too—no matter where an accident takes place. The Travelers has more than 25,000 representatives throughout the United States and Canada. The local Travelers agent is prepared to help you contact the nearest claim office and get you speeded on your way.

MORAL: INSURE IN

The Travelers

ALL FORMS OF INSURANCE AND SURETY BONDS

The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, The Charter Oak Fire Insurance Company, Hartford 15, Connecticut. Serving the insurance public in the United States since 1864 and in Canada since 1865.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Collier's, March 11, 1950

Here's to DAMON RUNYON

A Story the Beloved Writer Was Young and Gay

By GENE FOWLER

DAMON RUNYON used to say that great men, like the teeth of a hippopotamus, come few and far between. Although Runyon had many famous friends, he also regarded with lasting affection several persons whom the world ignored. Jim Wong, night steward of the old Denver Press Club, was such a man.

The steward's Chinese name was Wong Gum Jung. He had served in 1890 as cook for Lieutenant John J. Pershing's cavalry scouts on the Dakota plains during the Sioux Indian uprising of that year. The future general addressed his cook as "Jim."

Having mastered the sign language of the Sioux, Jim fell in love with a princess of that tribe. He soon regretted this error. Relatives of the princess waylaid Jim one prairie night as he left his camp ovens to keep a tryst with his Western Juliet. Her brother came prepared to scalp Jim, but the medicine man of the recently subdued tribe stayed the brave's knife with a warning not to make Lieutenant Pershing mad all over again. As a compromise measure, Mr. Wong's queue was lopped off near the roots.

Of this incident, Runyon once commented: "It literally was a hair-raising experience."

With his military career as well as his pigtail cut short, Jim Wong went on to Denver, where some 400 members of his race resided in the bunkhouses of "Hop Alley." The "mayor" of this Chinatown was W.K. Hung, lottery manager, chief of the Hip Sing Tong, and local master of everything and everyone Chinese in Denver—except Jim Wong, who defied both the tong and its leader and would pay no tribute to the overlord.

Jim eventually became night steward of the Denver Press Club. The members of that journalistic group were as merry as they were impecunious. They admired their Cantonese steward for his philosophical turn of mind and his forthright opinions. The silk skullcap, which Wong wore over the place where a neatly coiled queue once had lain, covered an able brain.

No one at the club, except Runyon, escaped Mr. Wong's sarcastic judgments. In the steward's eyes, Runyon could do no wrong.

Wong's partiality to the young reporter grew out of an incident in 1908, or thereabouts, after Jim's brother had been smuggled across the Mexican border and then brought north to Colorado. This younger brother, Ling, arrived in a dying condition at the boardinghouse cellar where Wong lived with three cronies from Canton.

Ling had tuberculosis and was as thin as a chopstick. In Denver, Ling found himself in double jeopardy: Not only were the United States immigration inspectors alert for smuggled Chinese, but

There were arguments and shouts almost until parade time. Then Runyon signaled them to strike up the band

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This 1910 photo of Runyon and Jim Wong hangs in Denver's Press Club

No writer was ever closer to the hearts of Collier's readers than Damon Runyon. It was in these pages that Sorrowful Jones, Little Miss Marker, Little Isadore, Louie the Lug, Good Time Charley and all the others came to life—to live, as Runyon still lives, in the affections of the American people. Gene Fowler, himself a popular and talented author, knew Runyon long and well. To Fowler he was a friend to be respected "more for his moral fortitude than for his superlative skill as a writer."

These memories of young "Al" Runyon's Denver days are an honest tribute to a remarkable man blessed with ability, courage and a mischievous sense of humor mixed liberally with a fine appreciation of the ridiculous. These qualities grew stronger, were demonstrated more dramatically in later years—and nowhere better than in his fine short stories. Runyon's own work will long be remembered. But there is, in the Damon Runyon Memorial Fund for Cancer Research, a great and enduring monument—a fund to help finance the fight against the disease which killed him. The organization was set up by Walter Winchell, Leonard Lyons, Dan Parker and other close friends as a practical expression of their great feeling for him.

THE EDITOR

also the feud between W. K. Hung and Jim Wong made Brother Ling's concealment most difficult. Damon Runyon interceded with Mayor Hung. He asked Jim's enemy to obey the precepts of charity as set down by Confucius.

The mayor, for reasons never satisfactorily explained, had much influence with an important *entrepreneuse* in Denver's red-light district. Her establishment stood on the north side of Hop Alley directly across from Jim Wong's boarding-house.

Immediately after Runyon had spoken into Mayor Hung's ear, the immigration inspectors raided Chinatown. Jim's consumptive brother escaped and was given sanctuary in the house of the mayor's friend. There Ling Wong, who had known only poverty and hardship, died a few days afterward in the luxury of a lace-canopied bed.

Press Club members saw to it that Ling had a fine funeral. An express wagon, decorated with paper streamers, became the hearse. Runyon persuaded Mayor Hung to supply firecrackers, gongs, dragons; and upon Ling's grave the tong heaped bowls of rice, boiled pork and other offerings of food.

Runyon became Jim Wong's favorite friend.

In contrast to his late brother, Jim Wong was shaped like a beer keg, but could move with the celerity of a tax collector when arguments disrupted the poker games on pay nights. Mr. Wong had the ability to laugh without the slightest smile. He also could curse without an accompanying frown. This contradiction of muscle and emotion puzzled guests at the club, some of whom believed that the steward communed with Oriental demons.

Toward four o'clock each morning, Mr. Wong would take cat naps in a lopsided leather chair situated beneath a polar-bear wall hanging donated to the club by Admiral Robert E. Peary. With hands folded over his globelike belly, the steward resembled a statue of Buddha in skullcap and bartender's apron.

Jim Wong was the only regularly solvent person on the Press Club premises. Not a usurer, he made occasional loans without interest to trustworthy members, but never as much as $500, an amount which Damon Runyon urgently required at a time almost 40 years ago.

Lacking this grubstake, Mr. Runyon's chances for happiness and success threatened to evaporate. Five hundred dollars meant that he could marry pretty Ellen Egan, young society editor of the Rocky Mountain News, and then go with her to New York, where Fame lately had been blowing kisses his way. Always a late stayer-upper, it was Mr. Runyon's custom to linger till sunrise at the Press Club and there exchange opinions on this and that with Jim Wong. Often they would sit wordless for a long time—the true test of friendship—for neither man was garrulous.

Biographers' Misleading Opinions

Runyon was a "listener." He had a "dead pan," as the saying goes, and was undemonstrative. These characteristics have caused certain biographers to maintain that "no one knew Runyon" and "no one ever got close to him." This is an overdose of balderdash. Intimate letters written over the years to his early-day friends, myself among others, revealed the warmth of this man's nature, his thirst for fellowship. He was not an aloof taffy saint, except to the legend makers.

Runyon's Denver cronies—who knew him as "Al"—saw beyond his extreme shyness, understood his vanities large and small, and were aware of his abiding dread of poverty. That phobia probably had its origin in Runyon's boyhood years of hopscotching from town to town with his early-widowed, hard-drinking father, an itinerant printer. The superabundance of expensive clothes, shoes, hats and scarves hoarded by Damon during his prosperous Broadway days seemed tokens of affluence to reassure himself, as well as his friends, that no wolf dared whine outside his door.

Runyon's first finery was acquired at a time in 1904 when, in his pre-Denver days, he served as drum major of the Trinidad Elks brass band. On parade, the slim young dandy wore a white bearskin shako embroidered with purple antlers, a uniform of purple, and he twirled a silver baton. That was the year when, at a state convention of the Elks, Runyon outwitted a group of gamblers who plotted the theft of the cornet, fifes and drums, on the eve of the street parade and band contest. Runyon had bet $5 that his band would win the grand prize.

Certain members of drum major Runyon's outfit were heavy drinkers. This indulgence made them vulnerable to sneak thieves. To safeguard his wager, Runyon elected to hide the instruments of the band until the morning of the prize contest.

Just before this he had done a journalistic kindness for the sweetheart of a private detective, so Runyon now asked the young woman to return the favor and keep the 40 band instruments in her home. She forgot to tell her loved one of this arrangement, and that night he asked her to explain her collection of musical items. Had she been entertaining a pawnbroker on the sly? When she replied that she was doing a favor for Runyon, the detective cross-examined her as to her interest in the young drum major.

It was a night of third-degree hollering. In the morning the detective's anger increased when successive hammerings on the door announced the arrival of bandsmen to reclaim their respective instruments. The irate detective went so far as to exceed his authority by holding the last 11 stragglers for arrest. When Runyon himself showed up to ask for his silver baton, he found his entire fife-and-drum section interned. This meant a sure loss of the grand prize as well as the Runyon wager.

There were arguments and shouts almost until parade time. Neighbors began to complain. This gave Runyon an idea. At a signal from him the fife-and-drum players began to tootle and beat upon the percussion instruments. A police sergeant and two patrolmen responded, as if to a riot call. Runyon knew the sergeant quite well and prevailed upon him to release the bandsmen in time for the parade.

Damon's musicians won the prize that day.

* * *

The portrait given us by well-intentioned disciples of the Broadway Runyon makes of him a skinny sphinx of the coffeehouses, robbed of his voice by cancer, waiting at last for Death to take him. Then, as the famous laureate of the "Guys and Dolls" of the Great *(Continued on page 72)*

And then the four partners, each with his own brass key, unlocked the big treasure chest

Drawings by Harry Beckhoff, who also illustrated Runyon's stories in Collier's, including the last one, published in 1945

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

White House conference: President Truman and William Boyle, Democratic National Chairman, talk party strategy

OBJECTIVE:
To Elect and ELECT

By LESTER VELIE

Precinct by precinct, all across the nation, Bill Boyle builds political power to propel the welfare 'deal' and its candidates

WHERE is President Harry Truman taking the Democrats and the country?" the man-about-Washington mused. "Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes had a story for it.

" 'Did you ever see a circus coming down the street, sonny?' Justice Holmes would say. 'There is a calliope and wild animals—and up in front are the elephants. But in front of the elephants are some little boys. The boys think they are leading the parade. But if they turn into a side street, the elephants march straight ahead anyway. The boys are following in front of the elephants.'

"That's Harry Truman," said the Holmes disciple. "He's following in front of the elephants—the New Deal forces mobilized by Roosevelt. He'll go right on following in front, promising more New Deal and more laws enticingly described as the welfare state, until he's stopped by a change in sentiment—or some catastrophe."

The Democratic donkey, too, will go right on marching in front of the Republican elephant, unless the Republicans rouse themselves to a portentous development:

Across the country, there is being built the most formidable political machine in two-party history. Two men from Kansas City are building it. One is President Harry Truman who learned his political ABC's in Boss Tom Pendergast's wards. The other is William M. Boyle, Jr., ex-precinct captain in the Pendergast machine, and now chairman of the Democratic National Committee.

Precinct by precinct and ward by ward, the way a hard-bitten city boss would do it, President Truman and Chairman Boyle are building a nation-wide political powerhouse to deliver juice for two major operations: To elect Democrats this fall and to cement the foundations of the general welfare state.

When Republicans square off against Democrats in this year's crucial elections, G.O.P. candidates will find they're not only up against the persuasive issues raised by the party in power; they'll be up against efficient, disciplined political organizations (many of them new) as well.

The Democrats have been in power in Washington so long that political observers, some seriously, some in jest, are beginning to talk of America's "one-party system." One admirer of Bill Boyle even wisecracked, "Bill Boyle's job is to prevent the return of the two-party system."

Unless the Republican opposition bestirs itself, the elections in the fall and in '52 may turn this wisecrack into a prophetic description of what Bill Boyle is actually doing.

Already in Wisconsin, Oregon, Minnesota, Michigan—even in Maine—Boyle has erected the first state-wide county-by-county Democratic organizations in the history of *(Continued on page* 36)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY LAWRENCE S. WILLIAMS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Man Who Flew into a Rage

By WALT GROVE

Baker was one test pilot who never let anything bother him. Then he saw his wife kiss the hot-shot Navy flier, and crazy things began to happen

THAT afternoon Charles "Pappy" Baker flew the experimental single-jet plane he was testing in an absolute vertical climb. The B. W. Corporation built the plane and Baker was working at an East Coast Navy testing station. That afternoon was the first time in the history of flight that anyone had flown a jet aircraft vertically. Baker had been flying at 30,000 feet when he had pulled up into the first vertical climb; he had held it for a thousand feet, leveled off, then climbed again vertically for another thousand feet. He fooled around with it for about thirty minutes longer, then headed for home, beginning to let down while he was still over the ocean.

When he reached the field he saw that there were five aircraft in a stack beginning at 10,000 feet waiting to land and a lot of traffic below him, going in. Even though Baker was the last to arrive he landed first because his aircraft—nicknamed the Needle because of the long boom sticking forward out of the nose—carried only enough fuel for an hour's flight. It landed with wheels down and full flaps at over 150 miles an hour. Baker braked carefully, using three quarters of the long runway in stopping. He taxied down the strip to the Needle's hangar and cut the switch.

The brass was out to welcome him home—even the admiral himself and Lawson, who had designed the Needle, and all the others. They had tracked the Needle with radar during its flight and even though Baker had not told them that he was going to attempt a vertical climb, or that he had done it, they already knew about it. A vertical climb was the chief purpose for which the Needle had been designed and the vertical climb test had been considered *the* test. Now that Baker had done it success was theirs and they were all smiling and lifting their hands, clasping their hands and shaking them victoriously over their heads.

Baker banged the canopy back and got down slowly to the ground. He was an old hand of thirty-eight who had been flying for almost twenty years; he had flown the mail, won the Thompson twice in planes of his own redesign, done testing in the days when an 8-G pull-out was thought hazardous, and fought in the war and because of that had had his left foot amputated above the ankle. As the admiral came forward, his red face beaming, his big hand outstretched, Baker avoided shaking hands by taking out his handkerchief and blowing his nose.

"Well, well!" the admiral said, and put his hand in his pocket. "You are to be congratulated, Lieutenant. What a splendid performance!"

Baker still held his reserve commission and for the admiral, an Academy man, to address him as lieutenant was something of an honor. He said, "Yeah?"

"What a terrific thing! Baker, you're the first man to fly absolutely vertical in a jet, do you know that?" Lawson said.

"Yeah," Baker said.

They were all crowding around him, trying to congratulate him, and the admiral said, "Well, Baker, was she satisfactory? I mean, how were her characteristics in vertical flight?"

"Okay," Baker said.

"Do you like her?" Lawson said. "Can you suggest any modifications?"

"I think you ought to do something about that damn' canopy," Baker said. "It sticks. I'm going to have trouble with it someday."

"Well, I think this calls for a celebration," the admiral said. "Come along, Baker. I've got some excellent whisky."

"I don't drink," Baker said.

"Well, come along anyway," the admiral said, obviously irritated. "This calls for a celebration, Lieutenant. Come along."

Baker unstrapped the big plastic helmet and took it off. "Tomorrow's another day, sir. I need my rest. When I'm working like this I always go to bed early." He turned from the admiral and said to the crew chief who was standing by, "Okay, chief, let's put her to bed."

The ground crew towed the Needle into a hangar. Baker walked along with them and stood by until the Needle had been parked and her brakes locked. It was not a thing that was required of him, but it was something that he always did: he watched over any ship he was flying as closely as possible. Often mechanics thought that he was interfering and they would get angry with him.

Everyone who had ever worked with Baker thought him a cold, nerveless fish. He had never been known to have a close friend, not a really close friend. He had been hurt badly several times, twice so badly that he had almost died, but he had gone back every time to flying something that more often than not he had known would crack up. And if he thought that, then it would always crack up; but if he thought that he could get out of a ship before it took him into the ground then he always managed to do that, too.

That was another reason why most people in the industry disliked Baker—he was always right. Three times he had deliberately flown ships under conditions where he had known he would get hurt. And each time he had been hurt. No one could understand that. Was it courage, they wondered, that made Baker do these things? The truth was that Baker was curious, that his curiosity was by most standards abnormal; whenever he began to wonder about something then eventually he ended up by doing it.

No one really liked Baker, although everyone respected him in a backhanded sort of way. They all thought that he was not human, that he had no feeling for himself or for anyone else. But they were wrong. Baker always took very good care of himself, and he had a great deal of feeling for his new wife. He had more feeling than words with which to express it. Very often he would put his arms around his wife and whisper in her ear, "Baby, I'm nuts about you." It was not much of a communication, but his whole heart was in it.

BAKER drove home in ten minutes after leaving the Navy base. He and his wife Lucille—they had been married only about six months—had rented a small house close by so that Baker could get home quickly in the evening. He liked to do that; he liked to be at home with his wife.

When he stopped the car in the drive that unseasonably warm spring afternoon, he saw the big beach umbrella, the canvas chairs, the metal table with the cocktail shaker on it in the back yard. Lucille was standing by the table. Bernie Blackburn and his wife Jackie were there, as usual. It was all as usual except for the Navy officer, a lieutenant commander.

Baker got out of his car, limped over to them.

"Darling!" Lucille called. "Just guess who's here. An old friend of yours."

"Yeah?" Baker said. He *(Continued on page 54)*

Bernie Blackburn and his wife were there, as usual. It was all as usual, except for the Navy officer. "Look who's here, darling!" Lucille said

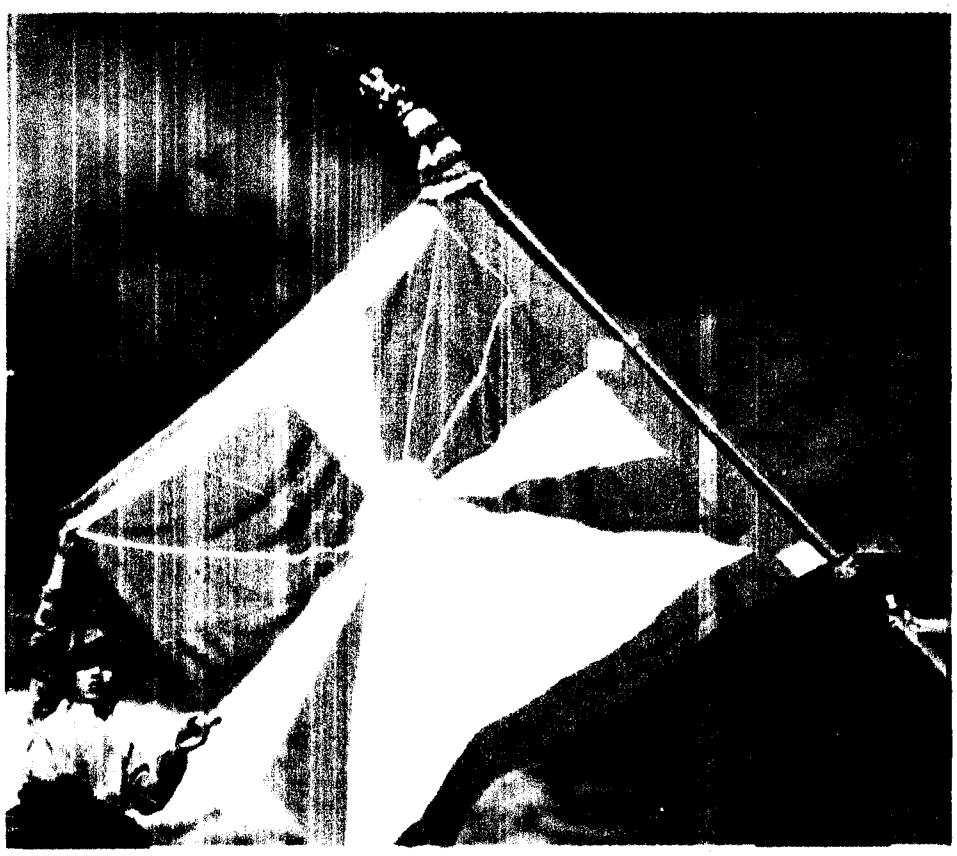
Baker went up to ten thousand and, still climbing, headed out over the ocean. He had an idea they might fire him for flying through the hangar

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDRIC VARADY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hugh Richardson, British political officer stationed at Gangtok, chats with girls in the Dalai Lama's garden. He's had his current assignment 13 years

Austrians Henry Harrer and Peter Aufschnaiter show Lowell Thomas the route they followed to reach Lhasa after fleeing a wartime POW camp in India

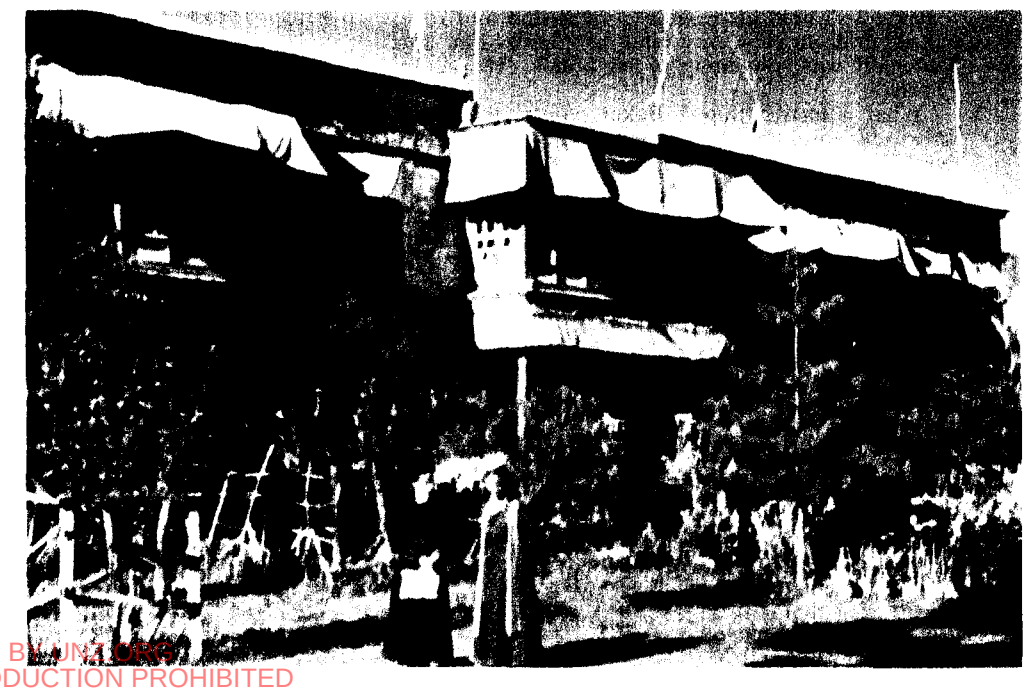


Tibetan officials fear that the country's flag, shown here, will not wave for long against Chinese Red troops, unless aid from democracies is forthcoming

Radio operator Reggie Fox, with his wife, has decided to remain in Tibet for the rest of his life. He explains his native Limehouse was never like Lhasa

Typical street scene in Lhasa, indicating the sort of life four of the five Europeans have accepted in exchange for modern civilization's conveniences

This three-story, glass-windowed mansion is the home of Tsarong Shapé, the richest and one of the most powerful men in the land behind The Himalayas



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ESCAPE to SHANGRI-LA

By LOWELL THOMAS *with LOWELL THOMAS, Jr.*

During their stay in Tibet the Thomases learned that there are today five white men who live in the strange country sealed away from the rest of the world behind the giant Himalayas. The famed commentator and his son reveal for the first time the adventures that led these men to Shangri-La

V

SINCE our return from Lhasa, one question has been put to us again and again. Are there any Europeans living in Tibet? The answer is yes. There are five outsiders who dwell there now, living the fantastic, feudal life of the natives.

In his novel Lost Horizon, James Hilton told an amazing story about a hidden monastery in Tibet. But, as we know, truth is often stranger than fiction. I think you will agree that some of the stories of these five men—how and why they live in the cloud-high kingdom of the boy god—outdo even Hilton.

The first is the tale of a genial Englishman, Reginald Fox, who says he has found his Shangri-La in Lhasa and will never again return to the British Isles. He has been in Tibet longer than any other European. But, when you read on, you may decide that he is now a Tibetan and no longer an Englishman.

Fox has a Tibetan wife, and four half-Tibetan children. The three oldest—two boys and a girl—are at school in India. A knowledge of foreign languages is rare in Tibet and badly needed at the present time. So, these Anglo-Tibetans, sons of Reggie Fox, may one day hold high position under the Dalai Lama.

In 1914, at the outbreak of World War I, Reggie, then only fourteen years old, joined the British army. He had to lie about his age, of course. But he went to France with "Kitchener's Mob." For four and a half years he was a motorcycle messenger. During that time he learned a good deal about wireless. And when the war was over, upon his return to London, he was ordered to duty in the Middle East. For three and a half years he was "in communications" at Bagdad. From there he was transferred to India, this time with the British Railway system in Hindustan.

One day he was asked if he would like to take a job with a British mission leaving for Tibet. He jumped at it, and has been there for 13 years now.

As time went by, Reggie decided it would be sensible to marry a Tibetan girl. He resigned from his job with the government of India and accepted a post in the regime of the Dalai Lama.

Although the Tibetans are still as anxious as ever to keep their country closed, they now are sensitive to the global changes that have taken place in relatively recent years.

For purposes of defense they realize they must keep in touch with what is going on in the outside world. During the recent war our American forces in India sent the Dalai Lama a present of a radio set. With it Tibetan officials can pick up most of the important radio stations of the planet. That's where Reggie Fox fits into the picture. His job is to monitor these stations—Radio Peking, Radio Moscow, B.B.C., Voice of America, Radio Tokyo, Radio Delhi and so on. Then, each morning, if there has been any important news, Reggie provides the Dalai Lama's government with a digest of latest developments.

The Tibetans know they must have someone they can trust on that assignment. And after all these years, they have complete confidence in the one-time English Cockney who says now that he prefers to stay in Lhasa until he dies.

Why does a man like Fox want to stay in Tibet forever? "You might say," the stocky, sandy-haired radioman explains, "I like sitting on top of the world. You see, I came from the Limehouse district in London. Life here is a far cry from those slums. I like this country and its people. Tibet has been good to me, so I see no reason for ever returning."

Reggie, by the way, spends a considerable part of his time talking to amateur short-wave operators all over the world. He particularly likes to chat with American "hams." And they all seem to want to contact him simultaneously at AC4YN—Lhasa. The instant Reggie goes on the air, scores of amateur radio operators round the globe try to lure him into talking to them. Night after night we sat with Reggie while this was happening. He is extremely fond of the American short-wave operators. He regards many of them as his personal friends; although, of course, he has never seen any of them.

On Chag Pori Hill, across from the Potala (capitol), the Thomases lend an ear to a musician demonstrating his skill with a Tibet-type trumpet

As we sat with him, trying to get news from home via the Voice of America, we discovered, too, what a thorough job of jamming the Communists are doing. Invariably, they completely blotted out the American news programs—on all frequencies.

We also watched Reggie put in a call to his colleague in Tibet, another Englishman, named Bob Ford. Ford, an ex-R.A.F. radio operator, arrived in the land of the lamas only recently. Fox brought him over and stationed him, equipped with a portable radio outfit, in northeastern Tibet when the lamas became uneasy about the onward sweep of the Chinese Reds. We talked back and forth with Bob after he had made a report to Reggie on border developments. He's in a remote town where there are, of course, no other Europeans. The young Englishman speaks no Tibetan and his fellow townsmen speak no English. If Ford keeps a diary of his experiences, he undoubtedly will come out with a great story when he leaves the country.

The third European in Lhasa is a tall, gaunt, dark-haired Scot named Hugh Richardson. He first came in contact with Tibet some 13 years ago when he was appointed British political officer at Gangtok in the neighboring state of Sikkim. Through his long, close association with the Dalai Lama's government, Richardson probably knows more about modern Tibet than any outsider. During the past decade he has spent as much time in Lhasa as he has at his Gangtok headquarters.

When the British gave India back to the Indians, in 1947, Prime Minister Nehru's government asked Lord Louis Mountbatten, the last British viceroy, to allow them to keep at least one Britisher in their service along the northern border. Richardson was selected because his knowledge of Tibet was so vast and so valuable it would have been a calamity to lose him at the time. Unlike Fox, however, Hugh has no ambitions to remain behind The Himalayas forever. He has been training an Indian to take his place as political officer and expects to return to the British Isles sometime this year.

"Much of my life has been devoted to Tibet," says Richardson. "It's a glorious country and the Tibetans are a superior people. I'm going to miss them and their wonderful mountains and flowers when I go back home."

The presence of the other two Europeans in Tibet constitutes the most fantastic tale of all. It concerns two escaped prisoners of war who now live in Lhasa. The story of how they got there may rate as one of the top adventure yarns of our time.

In the spring of 1939 two Austrian mountaineers arrived in the vale of Kashmir. They had journeyed to India in order to climb Nanga Parbat, one of the unconquered giants of The Himalayas. When they descended from the mountain, Hitler was on the march. Europe was aflame, and they soon found themselves en route to a British POW camp in India. Eventually they escaped from a prison at Dehra Dun, 120 miles north of Delhi, at the foot of The Himalayas. For months they played hide-and-seek with guards along the frontier, and with Tibetan officials. They journeyed over lofty mountains, unmapped deserts and ice fields, and eventually made their way to and were accepted into the Forbidden City of Lhasa.

Five years have gone by since the end of World War II and there they are, still living on the roof of the world. Today both are Tibetan officials, employed by the Dalai Lama. And they told us they have virtually decided never to leave this remote Shangri-La to which they fled.

The names of these two mountaineers? One, by profession an engineer, is from the picturesque Austrian town of Kitzbühel. He is Peter Aufschnaiter. The other is Henry Harrer of Graz. Peter, the older of the two, is fifty. *(Continued on page 48)*

Continuing OUT OF THIS WORLD: A JOURNEY TO LHASA

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Phil Meyers expects to sell 50,000 copies of this Paris-inspired pattern taken from a French silk and printed on cotton

Who's That at the Door?

It's an Ex-Football Star, Madam, with His Own Ideas about Selling Dresses

By JOHN CONNER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IT IS a simple fact that no one understands a housewife like a housewife. Philip M. Meyers of Cincinnati saw the gold in that reality a long time ago, when his dress-manufacturing father was still slogging through the trials of selling to small retail stores. When he was barely out of his football suit Phil Meyers, a grid star of yore, grabbed the ball in business, and he's been scoring steadily with it ever since. Fifty thousand housewives run interference for him—and the business, Meyers' Fashion Frocks, has since been doing very, very well, thank you.

There are more housewives involved than these 50,000, who do the selling. A million or two others do the buying. And Meyers does the quarterbacking—figuring out the lines and designs for more than 300 dress styles in the course of a fast-stepping year. He's never taken a lesson in dress designing. But he's got a knack and a theory. The knack is knowing, without being able to tell you why, just what high-fashion detail budget-bucking women will go for in a given year. The theory: that people are wonderful—if you are wonderful to them.

Meyers' $16,000,000-a-year business is one of the largest in the country among direct sales dress manufacturers. He likes firsts and is always experimenting with new machinery and new sales techniques so that he can stay ahead of the field.

Some time ago, he thought it would be a good idea to meet a few of the women he'd been doing business with by mail for so long, but whom he'd never met. So he had 10 of his best sales representatives called in for a conference. Business was good, but he'd been advised that it could be better if the firm's representatives would only high-pressure prospects a little more.

Fashion Frocks was at that time using branch sales offices in 40 cities, each headed by a branch manager charged with boosting sales in his own district.

It is characteristic of Meyers that he would rather listen than talk. So he let able Ferd Schott, his vice-president in charge of sales, run the show. But the man who was, at the time, the sales manager in charge of the field offices was assigned to help Schott by demonstrating his own skill as a salesman.

The field offices chief spoke his piece while the 10 women listened. What you want, he said, is saturation. See a *lot* of people. Don't mess around with the hard-to-get prospects who only waste your time. Keep moving. On the first call at each house, get your foot in the door long enough to leave your card, and tell the lady you'll be back tomorrow with a gift for her. Don't divulge your motives. Get around the second day with your sachet, or whatever the gift is, and she may be so overwhelmed she'll gladly listen to you. If not, maybe you can try a third time. Maybe no, depending on her attitude.

The instructor paused. There was silence. The women had a not-impressed look on their faces.

"Wouldn't work with me," said one.

"I don't have to resort to that at all," said another.

The sales "expert" tried to introduce the light touch. Once, he said, he had had a salesman working for him who learned how to overcome the speaking-tube defense some apartment houses provide at their main entrance. Speaking tubes are depressing to salesmen. They have a tinny, emasculating effect on the slickest techniques. But this man would simply call, "C.O.D!" into the mouthpiece and, when the prospect let him enter and poked her unpainted, pin-curled head out from behind her own door he would explain exuberantly, "Sure, that's what I said. C.O.D. Means 'Come on down!' "

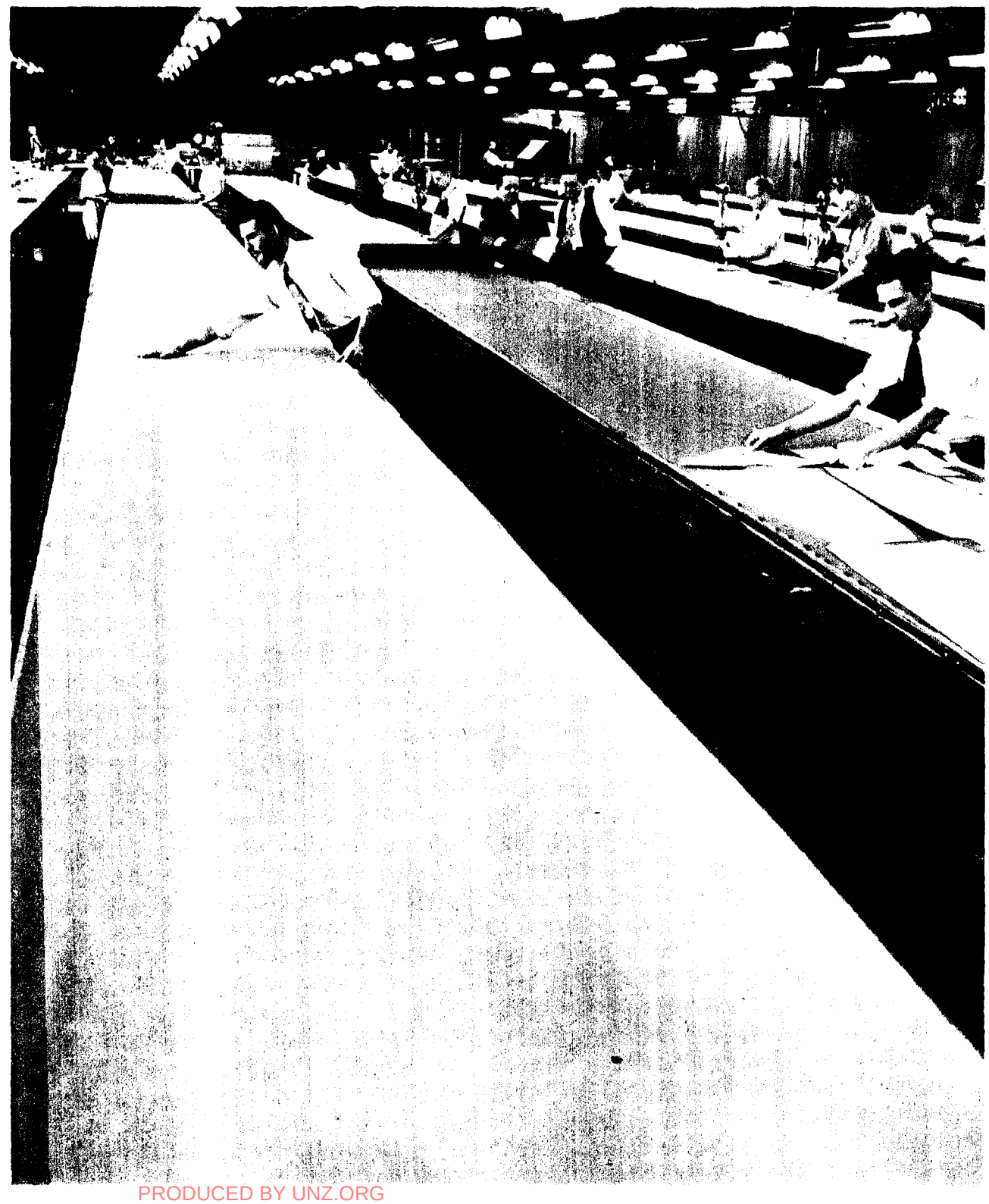
The 10 women listened, horrified. Mr. Schott quickly stepped in and cleared his throat.

"Mrs. Hurt," he said quietly, indicating Mrs. J. L. Hurt, of Victoria, Virginia, "will you act as the saleslady and show us how *you* would sell to a customer? And Mrs. Summerton," he added, nodding toward Mrs. Mildred Summerton, of Homerville, Ohio, "you be the customer, please."

Mrs. Hurt used every polite interrogative device at her command, and Mrs. Summerton planted herself squarely on the defensive as she herself had seen thousands of prospects do. The result was a draw and such an impressive one that, when his turn came, the instructing sales manager wilted. After his third thrust at her, Mrs. Summerton stopped him cold with a *(Continued on page 57)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF

Employees model the frocks for spring under Phil Meyers' critical eye. Below, a view of the spacious cutting room in Fashion Frocks' air-conditioned main plant in Cincinnati. Meyers has music piped in to soothe workers, put in a vaporizing system to reduce illness. The firm made 2,180,000 dresses last year



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

there aren't any ghosts

Dark doings at the Long Island home of Mrs. Warhorst—with De Lucie, the Iredales' lovesick cook, coming to the rescue in her usual big way

MARGARET CHASE

From Mrs. Warhorst's house
Long Island, Saturday

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Iredale:

I hope you are having a nice trip, flying to California for a short vacation. You need not worry about your children while I am taking care of them. Cherry and Stuart are fine, well and happy. I am very proud that you trust me to be the children's nurse while you are away, especially as I was trained at the Industrial Home for Orphan Girls to be a cook and not a nurse.

I would a little rather be at home in your house, where I have been so happy working for almost two years, than here on Long Island with the children's grandmother. But I am trying hard to please Mrs. Warhorst because she is Mrs. Iredale's own mother, and besides that, she is our hostess at this crazy old-fashioned wooden mansion of hers while your house is being painted inside and out. I wouldn't have minded staying home with the kids even though the decorators have the place all messed up and smelling of paint. But I suppose Mrs. Warhorst insists on the grandchildren paying her a long visit every year.

Mr. Iredale, it isn't true what you hinted, that I wanted us to stay in your own house in Westchester merely in order to see Rocky the cop sometimes instead of visiting Mrs. Warhorst in this high lonely house with its iron dog on the lawn among the fallen leaves, and its iron registers in the house, and squirrels leaping in the trees like monkeys. I do not either follow Rocky around when he is walking his beat, because they patrol in cars. And I never said that he is better-looking than anyone. Plenty of movie stars are just as handsome. I just can't think of any right now.

In one way, I am glad to be away from Rocky, so I can ignore the telephone not ringing. Ah me, will you never phone me, ah me, alas.

Mr. and Mrs. Iredale, there are times when anyone would like to see a policeman. Did you ever happen to wake up in the middle of the night and see a rope swaying within an inch of your eyelashes? I did. And when you sat up in bed, and shook your head, sweating, to shake off the nightmare, a smooth noose brushed your ear and caught in your hair. That happened to me. The next morning I looked in the mirror to see if I had a white hair among the brown, but I guess when you're only eighteen years old, you don't get silver hairs even from a terrible fright. But I'd better go back to the day we came here by train, the same day you flew to California.

Floyd, Mrs. Warhorst's houseman, met us at the train with the station wagon, and piled our bags in back, and I sat in the seat right behind him with Stuart pressed close beside me and Cherry on my lap. Floyd is stout and handsome, with his white coat and little blue eyes. He kept turning around to question us, while he drove through the village and beyond, two miles into the quiet country.

"How old are the kids?" asks Floyd.

"I'm nearly four," Cherry piped up.

"I am almost nine, and De Lucie is eighteen, going on nineteen, and Grandma Warhorst is going to be sixty next week, and my mother is thirty," replied Stuart.

"What you been reading, Stuart?" asks Floyd. "A comic book?"

"Yes. About how the one-eyed Commissar of the Tundras assists the giant revived mummies of Egyptian bees to drop atomic bombs on us. After that it gets kind of silly."

"Well, if an enemy comes marching into your kitchen, De Lucie can fight for you. She's big enough." Floyd sounded kind of mean.

"Well, Floyd, you don't know De Lucie," says Stu. "If any giant mummies marched into our kitchen she would say did you soldiers drink your milk?—you look kind of peaked —wash your hands while I mix some pancakes. We have delicious maple sirup—and then you all run out in the yard and play football while Cherry has her nap."

"Oh, a softy. My wife Lyd's a softy."

"I am not. I'd fight like anything," I says. "Anyhow, leave us not worry about the atom bomb, leave us not wring our hands at the horror of it all until we have to. Stop at that ice-cream wagon and I'll buy some ice cream."

So we did, and Floyd asks me perfectly seriously, "Do you put in an expense account, De Lucie? Or pay for them cones out of your own pocket?"

"My own pocket. I get a whacking good salary and my Mister couldn't be more generous."

"You shouldn't throw your money away. Husband your money."

"What kind of a husband would that be? I rather have a man."

"In the seven years since me and my wife Lyd have been working for the Great Stone Face we have bought three lots and a candy store that my brother Cloyd runs for me. I might be able to get my brother Cloyd interested in you. He's a bachelor. How much you saved?"

"The outcome of my income is not your business," I says with dignity. "And I only like cops. What gets me is, they wear a belt with a revolver and cartridges and a club, and also white gloves. Cloyd should be a cop."

"Cops are smalltime. They are mostly crooks, and you got to give them ten bucks when you get a driving license or you don't pass. Women are sure infirm about money."

I would've flared up, but I saw him wink at Stu.

"Not me. I am firm," I says.

"You know the Great Stone Face?" Floyd asked.

"Yes."

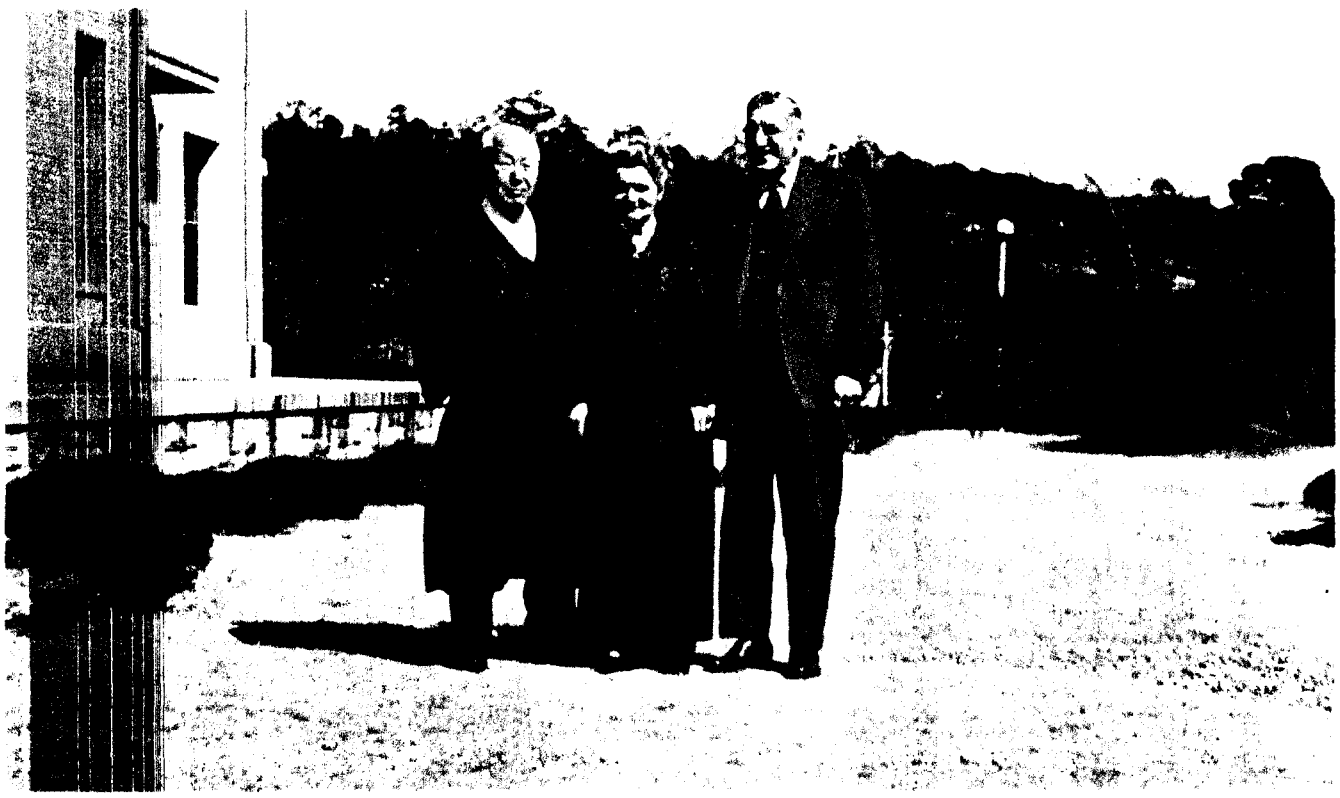
"You won't see her much. She always has lunch at the club, and breakfast in her room on a tray, and dinner at night too when Lyd can talk her into it. Saves us setting the table and sweeping the crumbs. If *(Continued on page 43)*

A rope was swaying back and forth, with a nice loop in it. The sweat broke out on my forehead, and my heart ran mad

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES HAWES

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Germany Wherever he goes on his extensive travels, Dodd gets out in the country to talk to farmers. Here, on a tour of occupied countries, he visits a farm near Bremen



Korea A pleasant interlude in a land where FAO is trying to improve farming methods: Ed Dodd strolls with President Rhee and his Rumanian wife in the president's garden

China Dodd poses with the wife and child of a farmer near Shanghai. FAO has reduced crop losses in China by helping rural communities set up small plants to make insect sprays

55,000

The world has new mouths to feed eve

RECENTLY Norris E. Dodd, the Director-General of the Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations, visited Baker County, Oregon, to check up on his farming and livestock interests. The editor of a local paper recalled that it had not been so long ago since Dodd was "the man who delivered our milk . . . the man who hauled or drove his beef to market past our door . . . and hauled back buttermilk to his hogs after a day in the county seat struggling with Triple A figures."

Commenting upon the important nature of his former neighbor's present position, the editor said it was "assuring" that presidents and potentates with whom Dodd had been conferring in the far corners of the earth had given him "intimate and cordial receptions." But if he considered it the least bit extraordinary that Ed Dodd (nobody in Baker County calls him Norris) should now be the head of a 63-nation international agency charged with finding ways of feeding the world's hungry millions instead of chairman of the Baker County farm program committee, the editor did not indicate it.

Ever since he settled in Oregon's Powder River Valley in 1900, Ed Dodd has been finding jobs that needed doing—and doing them.

Soon after he arrived he went into the drugstore business, and since he was the son of an Iowa druggist, he got his start as a pharmacist. He recruited the first doctors and dentists for several of the raw, new Oregon towns where he established drugstores. To fill voids in community life, he organized orchestras and town bands—playing the trumpet or trombone himself as the occasion and the supply of other musicians required.

He organized companies which built some of the first rural telephone systems in his part of the state. He was a prime mover in bringing to Baker County in 1916 one of the state's first county agents, and in forming one of the early farm organizations of that area: the East Oregon Wheat League. He played a leading role in establishing stockyards at Seattle, Portland and Spokane to provide markets for east Oregon's cattle, sheep and hogs.

During World War I, Dodd served as Baker County supervisor for the Food Administration. During the twenties he worked to organize backing for federal legislation to support farm prices. When the New Deal started its AAA program, he was chairman of the first Baker County wheat and corn-hog committees.

It seemed inevitable to his neighbors that he should move, as he did, steadily upward in this sort of endeavor—from county AAA committee chairman in 1933 to state AAA chairman in 1936; to traveling representative; then assistant director; then director of the Western Division of AAA in 1939. Dodd was made director of the whole AAA program in 1943; the next year he became wartime director of the production section of the War Food Administration. He was appointed Undersecretary of Agriculture the following year; and then in 1948 he was elected Director-General of FAO.

Dodd regards this transition as altogether natural.

"We have seen in one lifetime, in one area, the unfolding of a pattern which in basic nature must be the pattern of world development," he said in a Baker County speech shortly before he became the head of FAO. As eastern Oregon had become "a part of a larger pattern—that of the whole United States—so is our nation part of a larger pattern, that of the world."

One reason for Dodd's steady climb in the Roosevelt and Truman administrations was his excep-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for Breakfast

By VANCE JOHNSON

ay and it isn't producing food fast enough. But Ed Dodd, United Nations food boss, is doing something about it

tional ability to explain federal farm programs to farmers in terms understandable to them, and to convince congressmen, by plain farmer's talk, that the programs were what the farmers wanted. Once when he had addressed a meeting of grain men in a strongly Republican Kansas town, one of them told him that "if all New Dealers had as much horse sense as you, damned if you couldn't almost sell me a membership."

He employs the same kind of direct farmer's talk in explaining what FAO is all about.

"Two thirds of the world's people will go to bed hungry tonight," he says. "They went to bed hungry last night and they probably will go to bed hungry for a good many nights to come.

"Tomorrow morning, there will be 55,000 more persons for breakfast than there were this morning. And the day after tomorrow, 55,000 more, and so on daily—20 to 25 million more people annually. But we are not producing 55,000 more cups of milk a day for the new children, nor 55,000 more loaves of bread, nor 55,000 more bowls of rice."

Hunger Causes Political Unrest

It seems elemental to Dodd that peace cannot be built on empty stomachs, for "wherever there is hunger there is also political instability, actual or impending." He cannot erase from his mind the memory of a half-naked farmer he met last winter in Bengal, an eastern province of Pakistan.

"Mister," the farmer told him, "in all my life, I've never had enough to eat. My family has never had enough to eat. We never have had enough cloth to cover our bodies."

On his way to this farmer's place, Dodd had heard that Communist organizers had been active in the area. The farmer soon mentioned that there were men about who promised that things were going to be better.

"But these are only promises," said Dodd. "Those men can't deliver."

The farmer looked him hard in the eye. "All my life I have been hungry," he said, "and all my life I have lived under your form of government."

Traveling through other parts of the Far and Middle East, Dodd was shocked to see children sleeping naked in the streets, families living in rags, sharing their dirt-floored houses with their livestock.

"When a man's first thought each morning is to wonder where he can get that day's meal for himself and his family," Dodd asks, "do you think you have a good basis for order, decency, dignity of the human being, or stability and world prosperity? Do you think any part of the world will be able to maintain itself as an island of security and prosperity in a sea of frustrated misery?"

Thomas Robert Malthus, a nineteenth-century English economist who has many disciples still, taught that the world never could increase food production fast enough to keep up with its growing population—and thus that war and pestilence were cruel mercies which spared humanity from famine. Dodd admits that events so far have seemed to confirm Malthus' doctrine. Because of the war and its aftereffects, world food production last year still was slightly below that of 1938, while population had grown by 200,000,000. Nevertheless, Dodd flatly rejects the arguments of present-day Malthusians.

"The potentialities which lie in the application of the physical and biological, the economic and the social sciences have been too clearly demonstrated," he says. "Pestilence, war and famine are simply failures which good sense, good will and good organization can prevent."

New disease-resistant varieties of seeds, new fertilizers, insecticides and machinery, he contends, are opening hitherto undreamed-of possibilities for increasing an acre's productivity.

"A better variety of seed would increase production of rice in the Far East by 10 per cent," he says. "The scythe is the next step up from the sickle. Nearly half of the world could be moved ahead a hundred years if that one step were taken."

One of FAO's paramount duties, as Dodd sees it, is somehow to replace the sickle with a scythe. Although he will reach his seventy-first birthday next July 20th, and although in recent years he has been plagued with asthma, he has plunged into the job with all the enthusiasm and vigor that he took with him to the Oregon frontier half a century ago.

Since becoming Director-General of FAO, he has traveled more than 100,000 miles by plane, in all kinds of weather and frequently in indifferent aircraft, visiting some 50 countries—learning firsthand what farmers need and urging heads of governments to institute programs to help them raise their output. As depressing as the sights he has seen have been, Dodd is not pessimistic.

Simple necessities of the moment have taken Dodd a long way. Born in Nashua, Chickasaw County, Iowa, Dodd had never been more than 200 miles from home until 1900, when he started out for Alaska. On a cold winter morning, his train stopped at Pendleton, Oregon. He felt a need to stretch his legs; once outside, the air "smelled so good" and the rank, green winter wheat at the town's edge "looked so pretty" that he decided to stay.

Starting with nothing but a barrel chest full of ambition and a sharp eye for a dollar, he threw in with a man who wanted to start a drugstore at a place called Pilot Rock. Before long he owned the store, and in a remarkably short time thereafter he had established drugstores at Baker, Haines, Wallowa and Pendleton.

One thing led to another—to a feed mill, a planing mill, a general store, a hardware store, the first movie house in Haines (pop. 377, which he still calls home) and a variety of other enterprises.

In a sense, acquiring a chain of drugstores was a "job that had to be done."

Dodd had always wanted to own a farm. As soon as profits from the drugstores and other enterprises were sufficient, he bought a strip of land in the Powder River Valley and cleared it for irrigation. With the combined returns of the drugstores and the farms he soon was able to start buying Hereford cattle—thus realizing another ambition. He was also adding to the profits, because grain, "walked to market" as beef and pork, brought considerably more than when sold in the raw state. More land was added from time to time until the Dodd farm became a wheat and cattle ranch of nearly 2,000 acres.

It was inevitable that before long Dodd was buying more cattle than he needed to consume the feed produced on the ranch. Soon he and a neighbor-partner, Ed Coles, were buying cattle, hogs and sheep all over the Northwest. For many years they shipped a weekly trainload of livestock to market at Portland, Seattle or Spokane.

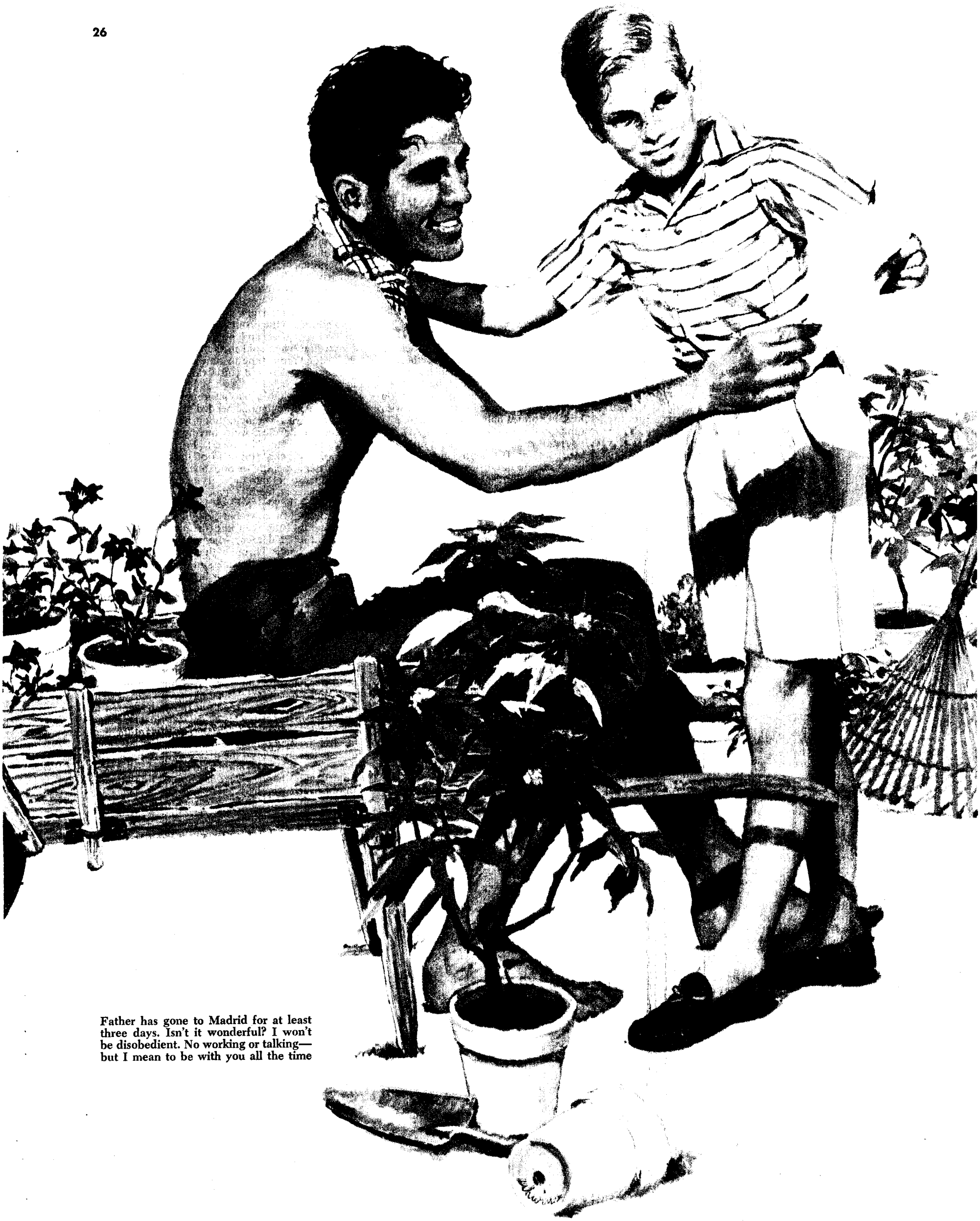
Dodd also got into the dairying business. Around Los Angeles a "factory" type of dairying flourished. Because of the high price of land, dairymen did not raise their own cows but bought newly fresh animals, poured the feed into them to get maximum milk output and then, when they went dry, sold them for beef. Through the twenties Dodd and Coles did a rushing business in dairy cattle for the Los Angeles market. Then the depression hit.

They found themselves with a large number of cows on their hands—many of them about to freshen—which they could not sell at any price. This was a frightening situation because the Dodd ranch was equipped for milking only a couple of cows a day.

It happened, however, that one day when Dodd was trying to fill out a shipment of beef cattle for Seattle a man in Haines stopped him and said he had some fat dairy cows he'd like to sell. Dodd went out to see them. It turned out the man wanted to sell his entire herd, plus a milking machine and other dairy equipment. Dodd did not want the outfit. But, being a trader, he made an offer—so ridiculously low he figured the man would reject it. But the man said, "Sold," and Dodd had the makings of a dairy on his hands. Next day in Baker he ran into an old friend who had lost *(Continued on page 34)*

Siam **During a study of food transportation problems, Dodd takes time out to inspect a shipment of rice. With him are FAO associates Marc Veillet-Lavallee and Joseph Orr**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Father has gone to Madrid for at least three days. Isn't it wonderful? I won't be disobedient. No working or talking—but I mean to be with you all the time

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Continuing the story of a man betrayed by his own passion

THE PRISONER

By A. J. CRONIN

The Story: HARRINGTON BRANDE seemed destined for defeat. His wife had left him; his personal relationships were cold and unrewarding; the pursuit of his career had brought him little recognition. As a final humiliation, he had been by-passed for promotion and sent, as Consul, to the insignificant Spanish port of San Jorge. He had only his young son, NICHOLAS—whom he smothered with a selfish, possessive love—to console him for all he had endured.

At first, it appeared that Brande and his son might be happy in their new home. Brande found his assistant at the consulate, ALVIN BROTHERHOOD, capable if annoyingly naïve. He was pleased with his butler, GARCIA, and with the cooking of MAGDALENA. And he resumed work on his labor of love, a biography of the French philosopher, Malebranche. But Nicholas was not happy. There was something sinister about Garcia that terrified him. He was lonely and uneasy in the house, until his father hired a young gardener, JOSÉ. An immediate friendship developed between José and Nicholas, and Brande—an arrogant, unhappy, frustrated man—grew to be fiercely jealous of the affection his son felt for the gardener. After Nicholas had induced his father to take him to a pelota game in which José, an obvious favorite with the crowd, was the outstanding performer, Brande began to treat the gardener coldly, rudely. Then, one Sunday afternoon, when José returned from a fishing trip to present the Consul with some trout he had caught, Brande deliberately insulted him, humiliated him, in front of Brotherhood and his wife, who had come to tea. Nicholas, feeling ashamed and painfully distressed, broke away from the party and rushed to his room.

II

NEXT morning Brande came down to breakfast early. Garcia brought coffee and fruit, then stood to serve him, silent and impassive, in the background. And now, considering the man's reserve, his dark and distant manner, the Consul decided to confide in him.

"Garcia," he said. "I wish to ask you something."

The butler stepped forward, impersonal and inscrutable.

"It concerns José, the new gardener. Have you seen him conversing, at any time, with my son?"

There was a pause. Not a muscle of Garcia's pale face moved.

"At *any* time? At *all* times would be the proper answer. They are continually together—talking, laughing, even working together."

"Working!"

"Why, yes. And hard work too." The butler watched the Consul intently. "Last week the little boy had his shirt off. I saw him from my window, swinging a machete in the hot sun."

"Why did you not tell me?"

"I am no talebearer." Garcia shrugged indifferently. "All the same, I do not like it. I know your son is delicate—sensitive, impressionable. And this José—I ask you, señor, what is he?"

A silence fell. The Consul dared not question the butler further. "Thank you, Garcia," he said at last. "You have helped me considerably. I rely upon your discretion."

Garcia bowed with his usual deference. As he turned away, a gleam shone in his slanting eyes, and that silent laugh creased his smooth face.

Left alone, Harrington Brande sat drumming on the table with taut fingers. His first impulse was to dismiss José at once. But he knew that such a simple step would not resolve his difficulty. A struggle had developed between this fellow and himself for the affection and regard of Nicholas. Should he make a martyr of the youth by sending him away without proper pretext? No. Sooner or later this situation might arise again. He would have to fight, somewhere, to retain his son's love, and perhaps against a more formidable opponent. Therefore he preferred to face the issue now, under conditions which suited him. As he reached this decision his heart beat faster with the secret desire to punish his enemy, to beat him down and break his spirit.

That afternoon, after much restless meditation in the office, he returned a full hour before his usual time, hoping to surprise José and his son together. But Nicholas was upstairs, at his lessons, and the gardener stood alone beside the wall, sharpening his scythe. Harrington Brande strode directly toward him.

"I wish to talk to you."

"Yes, señor." The tone was quietly respectful, yet there was a new firmness in the youth's expression, a kind of wary doggedness which whetted the edge of the Consul's anger. He said, deliberately, "I forbid you to speak to Nicholas."

José studied his honing stone for a moment.

"God gave me a tongue, señor. Do you prohibit me from using it?"

"Yes," said the Consul. "So far as my son is concerned. And on no account must you let him work. You have been making him dig and hoe and hack down bushes."

"I have only been trying to make him strong, so that he should not be all the time on his back like a sick girl."

"How dare you!"

"And he is better, much better already," José persisted. "You can see for yourself how brown and well he looks. And he loves to cut the bracken with the light sickle I made him, and to be about with me, using his muscles, in the good fresh air."

Brande said rigidly, "Either you give me your promise or you leave my service immediately."

There was a long pause. José glanced at the Consul, glanced away; then, without expression, he muttered, "I promise."

A surge of power went through the Consul. As José prepared to resume his scything, he exclaimed, so abruptly that the youth winced, "Wait! There is another matter. I am disappointed in the garden. Here, for instance"—he pointed to the patch of rough grass beyond the catalpa tree—"it is extremely bare. I have decided to make a rockery."

"A rockery, señor?"

"Yes. If you move those stones from the cliff, beyond the bluff there, you'll have all the material you need."

"These stones are extremely heavy, señor."

"Are you afraid of hard work?"

"No, señor." José spoke in a controlled voice, as though explaining something to a child. "But for such an operation one would require several men, iron chains and a crane."

"Nonsense! One good man could do it."

"You are a good man, señor," José said, in that same mild tone. "Could you move these rocks?"

"Don't be insolent."

José gazed across the bluff toward the rocks. They were large and rough, veined with jagged quartz. Some were actually boulders, deeply bedded in the soil. To move such monsters would spoil even the springiest muscles for *pelota*. Merely to consider it made the youth feel beaten and sad. And yet, when he thought of his mother, on her knees all day at the public wash station, of his five little sisters, of old Pedro, who would never earn another penny centimo in his life, he knew he must, at all costs, keep his position. Besides, there was Nicholas, whom he liked so much. He raised his head. "Very well, señor. I will do it."

"I thought you would," said Brande, with a jeering smile. He turned and walked away, nodding to Garcia, who stood at the door waiting to take his hat and stick as he went in. Tonight, after prayers, he would talk with Nicholas.

ON THE following morning José began to make the rockery. He had only the most rudimentary tools—a mattock, two light crowbars, and a wheelbarrow with a damaged axle. In most instances it was necessary to dig round the embedded boulder, to lever it up with the two iron bars, to lift or drag it onto the tilted wheelbarrow and then to trundle this unwieldly burden over fifty yards of rough ground. It was painful work. The warm season was now at hand and the sun blazed and waves of heat shimmered in the little garden. Blisters rose on José's hands. Perspiration streamed from his young body. Still, he would not give up. As the days went by, he kept on, toiling at the killing task with a dogged and unflagging pride.

Reclining in the arbor with his lesson books, pledged to unnatural silence, Nicholas watched his friend and saw the weariness that slowed his steps. Once when a stone fell on José's foot Nicholas felt almost sick, imagining the pain. And, worst of all, José did not look at him, but went to and fro, staring straight ahead with that same fixed expression on his suffering face.

Though Nicholas dared not question the Consul's strict command, its purpose lay beyond his comprehension. He loved his father. Yet he liked José too. Then why was this ban of silence imposed upon them? Suddenly, when he felt he could endure it no longer, an idea came to Nicholas. It amazed him that he had not thought of it before. Reaching with trembling fingers for a sheet of composition paper on the table at his elbow, he took a pencil and scribbled these hurried lines.

Dear José,

I gave my word not to speak to you but didn't make any promise about writing. I don't think it's wrong. Anyway I must do it, because I have missed you so much.

José, you are working much too hard, please do take it easier. I wish I could help you. You remember you said I was a big help when we did the planting. That was great fun.

If your back is stiff get Maria to rub you with the goose grease. Although I can't work I still do the exercises you showed me and am stronger than ever. Maybe I will be a pelota player too one day. Write by return and tell me how you feel. P.S. Did old Pedro and the little five enjoy the trout? P.P.S. I hope you are missing me too.

Nicholas folded the paper into a tight cube. He waited until José trundled slowly past him, then, with a beating pulse, threw this missile into the loaded wheelbarrow.

José made no sign, but continued toward the dump of rocks. Perhaps he had observed nothing or, worse still, meant to take no notice of the message. But then Nicholas saw José calmly retrieve the paper, conceal it in his palm, and move toward the potting shed. Every other journey he would go to the shed to take a drink of water from the stone jar he kept there. But this time he remained out of sight somewhat longer, and when he emerged Nicholas saw a yellow stub of pencil behind his ear.

José plodded back, his expression unchanged. Then, as he drew abreast, *(Continued on page 66)*

ILLUSTRATED BY BARBARA SCHWINN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A happy Eddie Stanky poses for his first photograph wearing a New York Giants uniform

The Brat's a GIANT

By TOM MEANY

Back to the bosom of Manager Leo Durocher goes Eddie Stanky, the take-charge guy. And the Lip's job at the Polo Grounds hinges on whether he comes through

THERE was a steady hum of conversation in the sun-drenched suite of Branch Rickey that March Saturday morning in 1948. And, strangely enough, the conversation was not provided by the Dodger president but by the buzzing members of the press who accompanied the Brooks to their training base in the Dominican Republic. They had just been informed that Eddie Stanky had been traded to the Braves.

Rickey puffed contemplatively on his cigar as the writers sought to learn the how and why of the deal that sent the pepper-pot second baseman of the 1947 National League champions to the formidable Braves. When he was through issuing the details, the Mahatma asked a question of his own.

"Well, gentlemen," said Rickey, "there it is. What do you think of it?"

Arch Murray of the New York Post, a passionate Princeton alumnus known to his fellow ink-stained wretches as "the Tiger," bounced from his chair like one of the circus Zacchinis being shot from a cannon.

"Branch," said Murray, "you have just handed the pennant to Boston."

And, with that prophetic observation, the Tiger walked to the porch of Rickey's room to contemplate the placid Caribbean, at the moment the one spot of serenity in the neighborhood of the Hotel Jaragua.

The decision to trade Stanky had been made by Rickey much earlier. Some believed it was induced because Eddie had been extremely stubborn about coming to terms for 1948. Actually it was because Rickey had concluded that Jackie Robinson, the Negro who had played first base for his 1947 pennant winners, could become the best second baseman in the National League. And the Mahatma had no intention of supporting two second basemen, particularly when Stanky could—and did—bring $100,000 on the open market.

When Rickey phoned the news of the trade to his manager, Leo Durocher, who had been unfrocked and silenced by Commissioner Chandler the previous season, the Lip sputtered like a crystal radio set.

"You can't do this to me!" howled Durocher when he became coherent.

"But I already have done it, Leo," replied the Mahatma smoothly.

It had been only a few weeks earlier, while Stanky was still holding out, that Durocher had commented on the infielder's extravagant ideas of his own value —extravagant to Durocher and Rickey, anyway. Eddie wasted no time coming to grips with the Lip on that issue.

"Durocher has no right to butt in on a matter which is between me and the ball club," Eddie stated; and he added frankly, if stiltedly, "he is trying to take the bread and butter out of the mouth of my family."

Once Stanky had settled his labor dispute with Rickey, Durocher again was lavish in his praise of the second baseman. Even after the trade, he told newspapermen, "I hate to see him leave this club. He's my kind of ballplayer."

As a matter of fact, this was not an exaggeration. Stanky *was* Durocher's kind of ballplayer: fiercely competitive, getting the maximum from ordinary skills because of his flaming spirit. Rickey once phrased Stanky's peculiar value to the Dodgers with his left-handed *(Continued on page 51)*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY ROY M. THIGPEN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"You do *EVERYTHING* so *EASILY*"

That phrase will haunt you long after the Party is over

By HOWARD HARRIS

IT WAS 1:15 A.M., Sunday, and my wife and I were bidding good night to our dinner-party guests. They had arrived at approximately 7:30 P.M., Saturday. From 7:30 to 8:30 they drank Martinis, ate hors d'oeuvres and patted our children on the head.

From 8:30 to 10:00 they ate dinner. From 10:00 to 12:50 they played bridge, drank highballs, smoked. At 1:05 they started for home.

The men thanked us profusely, and the women raved about the food. Three of them paid the supreme compliment by requesting the recipe for the dessert, an overrich chocolate mousse. As the last guest was leaving, she said to my wife, "Darling, how I envy you—you do everything so easily!"

* * *

At five minutes past two that morning, the last ash tray having been emptied and the last bridge chair having been put away, I wearily dragged myself to bed. As I weakly pulled the covers over me, I stared out into the darkness.

In the quiet of the night, disturbed only by the rhythmic breathing of my wife, I heard those words echoing and re-echoing—"Darling—you do everything so easily!"

I let my mind drift back to that night six weeks before (it seemed much longer) when my wife made the decision to have the Party. We were sitting in the living room when, without any previous warning, she casually said, "We owe simply everybody." That is how it began.

First things come first, and the very first item on the agenda was the Cateress. The culinary Merlin my wife had in mind was a Hungarian woman of sixty-two with a fierce temper and a complete disregard for the amount of your butter she used. It was necessary to sign her up weeks in advance. My wife was insistent that it be this particular Cateress, since nobody in our crowd had ever used her and that was a mark of great distinction.

Once the date had been set for the Party, the next 72 hours were dedicated to the List. My wife's procedure was to scribble a name on a scrap of paper, look at it for about five minutes, then scratch it out. She experimented with various combinations, maneuvering our close friends as though they were pawns in an international chess match. One couple was on and off the List 14 times. They finally made it by the flip of a coin.

Once the guests had been categorized according to personality, companionship, card sense, complexion and size, the Seating Arrangement came into being.

I was slightly confused at the extreme difficulty encountered here, so my wife patiently informed me of some of the pitfalls that may befall an unwary hostess. For example, she explained, never place any professional people, such as lawyers, doctors or architects, together. These people have a habit of "contacting" and obviously it does them very little good to "contact" one another.

The next major problem was the Menu. Until I was thoroughly indoctrinated, I was under the mistaken impression that when you invited people over to your house for dinner, it simply meant that you bought some juicy steaks, rounded up some fresh vegetables and bought a home-style pie.

I couldn't have been more mistaken. My wife began by consulting her diary to find out which of our dinner guests had eaten at our house lately and what was served them. To illustrate: If the Porters had eaten Beef Stroganoff at our house six months ago, under no circumstances could they have Beef Stroganoff again—so that immediately eliminated Beef Stroganoff. I asked my wife why this was necessary, since I seemed to recall that the Porters had enjoyed themselves six months before, were still our friends, and wouldn't, I thought, resent eating again what is supposed to be a great delicacy. My wife explained to me that this was something a man wouldn't understand and I completely agreed with her.

Once it had been satisfactorily decided what the guests would *not* eat, a more positive approach was taken and it was decided what they *would* eat. Steaks, roast beef and lamb chops were cursorily dismissed as being too obvious. Fish was out, too, since a Mrs. Taylor, who was to be one of the guests, was allergic to it. That led to the poultry department, and once there, chicken seemed to answer many of the problems that were confronting my wife. I learned that it could be prepared interestingly and amusingly, which meant that it could be disguised in such a way that you would never guess what you were eating.

After the main course had been decided upon (it turned out to be Chicken Exotic, a huge success fulfilling all the requirements, since nobody had the faintest idea what he was eating), the campaign really was stepped up into high gear. The ring molds, the salads, laden with anchovies, spices, herbs and artichoke hearts, the wild rice, the brandied peaches—all the occult, expensive and high-caloric foods were purchased and filed away in preparation for the Party.

As the fateful day approached, we entered into another and extremely important phase. This was known as Incidentals. Under this provocative heading came such items as flowers, nuts, liquor, cigarettes, candy, cigars, coasters, bridge scores, aspirins and cards. This activity began about two days before the Party. It so happened that there was some difficulty with the flowers. As the Party came between seasons and as there was nothing in the garden, my wife and the florist did a brisk, expensive business.

As we came down the homestretch, we ran into a form of activity which, for lack of a better word, I have simply called Borrowing. Most normal households have an adequate amount of platters, knives and forks, dishes, bridge tables and chairs, but not enough for 30 people. It is customary to start the Borrowing two days before the Party.

One of the unwritten laws, in regard to Borrowing, is that one cannot Borrow from a person or persons not invited to attend the Party. Aside from this, any one of the guests with an extra fork or spoon was fair prey; so we divided up the quarry and the chase was on.

Since I was physically stronger than my wife, I found that my assignment was to round up the heavier objects, such as bridge tables, chairs, large silver platters, vases, chafing dishes and water glasses.

Now we approached the final moment, the actual day of the Party. As I left in the morning, I synchronized my watch with my wife's. I promised her that I, along with the children, would use the back stairs when I arrived home. I was of very little use at the office because I had turned into what is familiarly known as a bundle of nerves, so I left at three thirty which I knew would give me plenty of time for all the last-minute details which had also been assigned to me.

I arrived home in time to fix the ice cubes, put extra boards in the table, set up bridge chairs, have my shower and change clothes. I found my wife distributing more cigarettes, rearranging the flowers, scrubbing the children and attempting to soothe the Hungarian woman who was threatening one of the waitresses with a French cook knife. By this time my wife had the panicky, hunted look of a trapped animal; so I convinced her to go upstairs, while she still had time, and take a nap.

At 7:28 the bell rang, and as my wife descended the staircase in her beautiful new dress, the front door opened. The Party had started.

* * *

It was now 4:15 A.M., and I must have been overstimulated from the last six weeks, because I found it difficult to get to sleep. I tried counting sheep, but all I could see were bills jumping over a fence.

Suddenly my wife turned in her sleep, and then I knew what really was keeping me awake. It was the awful realization that someday my mate, who does everything "so easily," would once again turn to me and say, "We owe simply everybody."

THE END

Then I tried counting sheep but all I could see were bills for the Party jumping a fence

ILLUSTRATED BY WHITNEY DARROW, JR.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Quality of Mercy

Inspector Chafik [illegible] a dead man's shoes and makes a dangerous telephone call on behalf of a corpse

THEY found the body of Farouk at the back of the Zawra Cabaret, in a district of Baghdad where secret alleyways trailed in the mud of the Tigris River like the hem of a slattern's skirt. The man, whose record was as unpleasant as the rotting garbage of his deathbed, had been shot in the stomach with a small-caliber pistol. And he had been robbed.

The police picked up Hannah, a beggar sodden with drink. Concealed among his rags were Farouk's watch and a roll of bloodstained *dinar* bills. Hannah was sobered by the belt of a dour sergeant of the Criminal Investigation Department, who finally despaired of extracting the confession essential to the law of Iraq and brought the prisoner before his superior.

"This one is unco-operative," the sergeant complained.

The Inspector in charge had the long head, high cheekbones and thin aristocratic nose of a people whose history was buried under the mud and dust of the drab land of his birth. His eyes were large, the color of ripe olives, and normally expressionless, but sometimes they reflected thoughts like shadows moving across a screen. He was a neat little man and sat with elbows squared on the desk and slender hands clasped to display the vanity of a signet ring. A cigarette dangled from his rather full lips.

"So he will not co-operate?" Inspector Chafik said. "But, my dear Abdullah, would *you* assist the hangman to stretch your neck?"

He turned to the report of the murder. Farouk, a habitué of the Zawra Cabaret, had left shortly before midnight. The prudent constable in that district kept close watch on the people who frequented the cabaret, because their business was often outside the law. He remembered seeing the man enter the maze of passages between the cabaret and the river, but it was two hours before the body was discovered by a patrol. The report added that Farouk had been stripped, his clothing ripped with a knife, and the body abandoned; the shoes were found later in Hannah's possession.

Chafik said, "The taking of the shoes is understandable. But would a beggar destroy clothing needed for his naked back? The crime has the odor of frenzy."

Sergeant Abdullah said, "Sir, permit me to suggest he tried to destroy evidence, to bewilder identification of his victim."

"Such a one as Hannah knows nothing of evidence. And there is another point. No gun was found. Would he have thrown away such a valuable possession, yet retained the damning shoes and watch?"

The sergeant tightened the chain binding the arms of the prisoner and brought him to his knees before the Inspector. "Explain what you did with the gun, Father of Dogs!" Abdullah said impatiently.

Hannah replied with his beggar's wail, "I did not kill! By the Merciful, All-Compassionate, I did not kill!" He strained against the chain and tried to kiss Chafik's feet. "I took the money, the shoes, the watch," he wailed again. "But I did not kill."

Chafik said, "To God a dead body possesses nothing, not even a soul, but the law of man says it shall not be robbed. You found this body stripped?" he asked sharply.

"Stripped, Father of Mercy. The clothes torn and useless." The beggar raised crafty, sore-encrusted eyes and said, "I met a man before I found the body, one who hurried away from it—"

Sergeant Abdullah gave the chain another jerk. "God forgive you your lies," he said and lifted his foot with intention.

Chafik warned mildly, "The imprint of your hobnails on this carcass might require explanation. Let him lie."

"You knew him so well," said Chafik, "perhaps you know why he was killed"

"May the Pit take me if I lie!" whined Hannah. "I swear there was a man. I asked for alms but he brushed me aside—may he be cursed. But I saw his face."

"And you would recognize it again?"

"Give me the chance—"

"Pray for that chance, Hannah. Otherwise you will see the face of the hangman."

Inspector Chafik rose, avoided the groveling prisoner, and went to the filing cabinets that walled the room. He opened a drawer marked "F." On top of the neat file was stored a child's illustrated adventure book and a deflated football; it was necessary to remove them to get at the dossier he wanted.

Chafik became aware of his sergeant's amused eyes and said self-consciously, "I have only recently become a father and it gives me pleasure to make gifts to my adopted son." He saw Abdullah's dour look melt, and added irritably, "I bought these gifts for Faisal this morning. Where else would you have me keep them if not filed under 'F'?" He brought the dossier back to the desk and studied it. "This Farouk is no loss," he announced presently.

"Sir, the stench of his reputation is worse than the prisoner's odoriferous rags."

"Soap can cleanse rags," Chafik said. "I see that Farouk started life well. He was born in Baghdad of good family. He had medical training and practiced for a time in Egypt. There his police record begins." He riffled the pages of the dossier. "Abortionist. Narcotics. Blackmail. He was deported to Iraq in 1946 and shortly thereafter became the confrere of Madame Zawra, whose cabaret he frequented."

The Inspector paused. The smoke of his cigarette wreathed the mask of his face as incense before an idol. "Zawra, a woman of the theater." He did not consult the file. His memory was as accurate. "Little known of her past. Possibly because she was born when the Turks held Baghdad; the sultan's police did not docket people as thoroughly as we do now. But she also has lived in Egypt. She returned here to start her own cabaret in 1938. And she has been discreet, there is nothing against her."

The sergeant said, "They say she is generous."

"Without doubt she has given her all." Chafik smiled thinly and picked up the police report again. "The observant constable, who was making a routine check of the cabaret, states that twenty minutes after Farouk left, a man arrived and asked for him. He was shown to the deceased's table, waited some time, then demanded Farouk's address and left. Who was he?"

"Sir, we only have his description. Medium height. Slim. Well-dressed. Possibly a professional man."

The crouching prisoner raised himself eagerly. "That was the man I saw—" he began.

Chafik silenced him. Then he said in the hollow voice of one who unwittingly speaks his thoughts, "It is possible. He may have returned to create an alibi. An overcautious man would do that if he feared the chance meeting with the beggar. But why did he ask for Farouk's address?" The Inspector shrugged. "I hear myself. I am wound up," he said wryly to Abdullah.

"Sir, I confess this case is not so simple as I originally deemed it."

"There are threads to untangle. Let us search for a loose end at the dead man's house. Also, I must have his background. I must stand in his shoes."

Chafik took a black *sidarah* from a peg, set it squarely on his sleek head, and looked at the prisoner with compassion. "Yes," he said. "God forbid I condemn any man unless I have stood in his shoes—or even in the dusty footprints of a beggar."

FAROUK had lived on Orfali Street, down by the river. It was a tall old house that had been converted to apartments arranged around a patio, which was shaded by a solitary, bedraggled palm tree. Shuttered windows made the place seem furtive. Feminine garments fluttered like bright banners from the balconies, and the arrival of the police caused an anxious scurrying.

Inspector Chafik said to Abdullah, "How strangely modest are these night moths. They flaunt their wings to the candle, yet hide their faces from the sun."

The dead man's rooms were on the third floor, at the back. Chafik stopped outside the door, listened, then carefully turned the knob and flung the door back. They walked in on a scene of confusion. Contents of drawers were scattered, the carpet was rolled up, the furniture disarranged. And in the middle of the room stood a woman.

Briefly she gave evidence of shock; a sheaf of papers in her hand rustled; then she was still waiting and wary, making no effort to speak.

She was one of those ageless women who retain the figure of a girl, but the contrast with her dyed hair, and rouged face was shocking. Her eyes were heavily circled with kohl. They were not the weary cynical eyes that went with excessive make-up, but Chafik saw that under the make-up her skin was wrinkled. She wore a green dress, high-heeled red shoes, and a *chadur* with the hood thrown back. Her fingernails were glaringly lacquered, but her hands were oddly ringless and she wore only one silver bangle on her brown arms. Unexpectedly in the presence of men, she did not shroud herself in her cloak. She stood unashamed, very straight, her full breasts lifted with pride rather than defiance. The *(Continued on page 60)*

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIKE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Younger Generation

By MARK HAGER

I WAS helping Lucy Elmore with a math problem when she let her hair tumble over in my face. "Excuse me, Joe," she said.

I started to say that was all right, but something in the way she said Joe made me look up. Her face was close, and something in the blue of her eyes spoke to me. Something came out dancing. It made me shiver, and I did not speak.

It was not love at first sight. I had been walking the same road to school with Lucy for ten years, but had never found anything to talk to her about except my hunting dogs, guns and fishing rods.

That evening I walked the road with Lucy. We walked slow and I watched the evening sunshine of May slanting on her heavy head of tumbly wild hair.

"Oh, Joe!" she said. "Just three months and we'll graduate from high school. Don't you hate it?"

"Kind of do," I said. "Going to school is such a nice thing."

We lingered until sundown at the forks of the road. That night I lay awake. I'd never before noticed the smell of spring and the twinkle of stars. The round yellow moon was pretty as it rode over the tops of the pine trees.

Next morning, I left my egg and biscuit. My mother wanted to know if I was sick, and I told her I was not sick, and then slicked my hair and started the earliest in my life for school. I had to wait a long time for Lucy at the forks of the road.

When she got there, I thought she had the prettiest eyelashes. They were wet, and pretty as spider webs with dew on them.

"You been cryin'," I said. "What about?"

"Pa," she said.

"Oh, I'm sorry. What happened to your pa?"

"He won't give me the eight dollars for my class ring," she said.

"Why won't he?"

"Oh, he thinks it is wastin' money 'cause they didn't have class rings when he went to school."

"You got the same trouble I got with my pa," I said. "The trouble with our pas is they belong to the older generation. They cannot understand us younger generation."

"My pa's got slightly more trouble than that," Lucy said. "He's got only four dollars, and he can't stand to owe a bill."

"Shucks," I said. "I got the other four dollars—right here in my pocket. I was savin' it to buy me a fishin' rod, but you come first."

I took out my four one-dollar bills. Lucy touched them to her cheek, and it as pretty as the sunny side of a peach.

We walked slow and considered the matter of raising this four dollars.

"Lucy, honey," I said, "let me tackle your pa. Your pa's a businessman, and I can approach him on a business basis and ask him to lend me his four dollars."

Lucy turned in the road and looked at me.

"Oh, Joe," she said, "if you can wheedle my pa out of that four dollars, I'll let you put the ring on my finger."

Then she let her soft hand slide down in mine, and we walked slow and said foolish things.

"I'll tackle your pa this evening," I said. . . .

When we got back to the house that evening, Lucy's pa was tacking a shoe on a mule's hind foot by the blacksmith shop. Lucy whispered she would go on in the shop and stand in the door and listen to the outcome of this deal.

"Mr. Elmore," I said, "I dropped by on a little matter of business."

"Unusual for the younger generation," he said. "Out with it."

"Well, sir, as you know high school's out pretty soon and I intend to get me a job and go to work and earn money; but right now I am in desperate need of four dollars. I was wondering would you lend me four dollars."

With that, the old man turned loose of the mule's foot and turned on me with the claw hammer.

"There goes the younger generation!" he yelled, shaking the claw hammer close to my nose. He backed me into the corner where the fence joined the blacksmith shop.

"You want to borrow four dollars. Lucy nagging me for eight dollars to waste on a class ring."

I tried to slide out of the corner, but I saw the mule's ears go flat on its neck, and that meant heels. It was the first time I'd ever seen a mule take sides in a fight, but this mule was taking sides with the older generation, and when I finally slid around under the mule's neck, it bit at me. I went home. . . .

"I was ashamed the way my pa acted," Lucy said next morning.

"Lucy, honey," I said, "don't you worry. This has developed into a fight between the older generation and the younger. I am going to whip your pa."

"Don't you let my pa hit you in no four-dollar fight. He's got arms as big as fence posts."

"I do not mean in physical combat, honey. I intend to outwit your pa, bring him to his knees. I intend to prove this younger generation has got the stuff. I am going to plow old Mrs. Conway's lower field and she is going to pay me four dollars to put with my four dollars."

"Oh, Joe," Lucy said, "if you do that, I will always be your rainbow."

For three evenings, I plowed from school to dark. My hands blistered and my arms ached from turning the big moldboard at the end of the furrows, but the effort had promise. I could see in my history book the picture of old Israel Putnam leaving his plow handles to go after the British, and it put fight in me.

When I got done, and Mrs. Conway paid me, I put the money with my other four dollars. Tonight I would stand with Lucy under the old apple tree in the corner of her yard fence. I could show her the eight dollars and my blistered hands, and watch the blooms sift down in her hair.

WHAT I hadn't counted on, though, happened. As I walked past old man Elmore's barn, he stepped out in front of me, but this time he didn't have his claw hammer and his voice was friendly.

"Oh, hello there, sonny," he said, and motioned me to sit down with him on the plow beam.

"I noticed the nice job of plowing you been doing for old Mrs. Conway."

"Thank you, sir. I picked up four dollars after school."

"Four dollars! Reminds me," the old man said. "Could be I was a mite rude about the four dollars you wanted."

"That's all right, Mr. Elmore. I wouldn't get mad at nobody over four dollars."

"Thank you," he said. "And bein' as you ain't mad at me, I was just thinkin'. Thinkin' that you bein' a boy and not havin' the trials and tribulations of us fathers with kids to raise, that you might not have immediate need for that plow money, and could lend it to me. I owe a little bill of four dollars and bills worry me."

The feeling came over me then that after you whip a man and knock him out, it's sportsmanship to help him up and wipe the blood, and so I handed the old man my plow money.

A sound was coming from the house. I could tell it was Lucy. She was gently touching the piano keys to the tune of a love song that made my heart ache, but I had nothing for her tonight, and got up to go, but the old man took my sleeve and pulled me back.

"One more little thing," he said. "This younger generation's too backward. Too slow. Now, take the older generation, when I was a boy. Why, if I had a girl that liked me like Lucy likes you, I'd pick a moonlit night like this. If there was an old apple tree by the house, I'd get under the fallin' blooms and whistle her out . . ."

Here the old man hesitated and dug a tiny package from the bib pocket of his overalls. "And when she came out, I'd slip this class ring on her finger."

"Give me here," I said, "and you go on in the house, for I am going to whistle." THE END

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY LUHRS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It takes truly fine tobacco to give you a smooth, mild smoke with never a rough puff. That's why

Malcolm M. "Mac" Hassel, *veteran tobacco warehouseman of Washington, N. C., says: "Year after year, I've seen the makers of Luckies buy fine tobacco—tobacco that makes mighty enjoyable smoking. I've smoked Luckies for 25 years." Here's* more *evidence that Luckies are a* finer *cigarette.*

LUCKIES PAY MORE!

Fine tobacco costs more—and Lucky Strike pays millions of dollars more than official parity prices for fine, ripe, light tobacco to give you more mildness . . . more smoothness . . . more real deep-down smoking enjoyment. There's never a rough puff in a Lucky!

Find out for yourself! Get a carton of Luckies—today!

COPR., THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

L.S./M.F.T.—Lucky Strike Means Fine Tobacco

So round, so firm, so fully packed—so free and easy on the draw

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

55,000 for Breakfast

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

his job at a dairy, hired him, and in a couple of days the new Dodd dairy was functioning.

"Before the winter was out," Dodd recalls, "we were milking 103 cows."

It was a good thing, too. Dodd had enough grain on his ranch to have realized more than $85,000 at present-day prices, but at the time he couldn't raise $9,000 on it to meet a note at the bank. However, the sale of milk netted $600 a month—and that was enough to keep the ranch going.

Learning to Be a Farmer

Because he knew so little about farming when he acquired his land in 1912, Dodd spent a great deal of time at the Pendleton agricultural experiment station, asking questions. Keeping up with new farming and land-use developments became second nature for him. In recent years, agronomists have developed a system of predicting wheat yields on a basis of the amount of subsurface moisture at planting time. Long before it was a proven science, however, Dodd was checking on ground moisture as a guide both to his wheat plantings and cattle selling.

"Even after he came to Washington," one of his former AAA associates says, "Ed watched the reports on the winter snow pack in the mountain country. Come spring, he would call up friends in half a dozen Western states to inquire about moisture. If they reported winter was breaking early and grass prospects were good, he would sell early; if they complained about light snows and poor grass, he'd hold on a while before selling."

Under Dodd's direction, FAO has moved in many practical ways to increase food output:

Hybrid corn seed has been supplied to 18 European and Near Eastern countries for testing and development of strains suitable to those areas.

FAO engineers are assisting Siam, Egypt, Greece, Iraq, Lebanon and Syria in developing irrigation and drainage projects in an effort to open new agricultural lands and to increase productivity of those now being farmed.

FAO veterinarians are directing development of rinderpest vaccines in a campaign to eradicate that dreaded livestock disease in Siam, the Philippines, India, Ethiopia and elsewhere.

A regional co-operative of Latin-American countries has been established to combat migrations of locusts, which annually destroy thousands of acres of crops.

An FAO-staffed Indo-Pacific Fisheries Council is at work trying to find means of increasing the catching and utilization of fish, and the 1949 FAO conference approved establishment of a similar council for the Mediterranean.

A country-wide demonstration of practical measures for protecting grain in storage and in transit has been started in Costa Rica for the benefit of other semitropical and tropical areas.

In co-operation with the International Children's Emergency Fund, FAO has helped set up bottling, milk-drying and other dairy plants in nine European countries in a campaign to increase Europe's supply of safe milk.

In Ecuador, FAO technicians directed the rebuilding of irrigation systems, grain-storage facilities, etc., destroyed in last year's earthquake.

Dodd went to Ecuador soon after the earthquake to advise top government officials how to develop a rehabilitation program that would give the country modern plants to replace the archaic ones that had been destroyed. He found, for instance, that most Ecuadorian grain had been stored in adobe and rock buildings with dirt floors—ideal breeding places for insects and rats. Nearly half of the grain put into storage had been lost. Although the cost was greater, he persuaded the government to replace these adobe warehouses with modern sheet-iron buildings which are ratproof and which allow fumigation of grain to kill insects and fungi. Instead of losing 50 per cent of its stored grain, Ecuador should now get the use of practically all of it.

In January, Dodd began a country-by-country tour of South America, and before spring is over he will visit at least half a dozen countries in Africa. His subordinates at FAO expect many new jobs to be tossed into their laps as a result.

Dodd acquires new ideas even faster than he always has been able to acquire dollars. Those who have traveled with him say he is a hard man to keep up with. He still lives farmer's hours—whether in his Washington apartment or on the road. Arising at the crack of dawn, he pushes at a fast pace until well after sundown. And wherever he stops, he spends as much time as possible talking with farmers. Joseph L. Orr, an FAO official who has accompanied him to many parts of the world, says Dodd has a remarkable facility for finding common ground with farmers of all nationalities.

COLLIER'S "Ever see such nervous people?" HANK KETCHAM

Except for his delicate hands, which might be those of a surgeon or musician, Dodd looks as you'd expect a farmer to look. Slightly over six feet tall, he is a man of big frame (until frequent attacks of asthma cut his weight to 185, he weighed well over 200 pounds), a roughhewn face, a shock of silvery, wavy hair and steady blue eyes with a perennial trace of a twinkle. His speech is sprinkled with the mild profanity characteristic of the Western cattleman; and somehow, even in the diluting process of interpretation into another tongue, his words seem to retain their original flavor.

Last year Dodd visited a village near Bangkok. The farmers were shy and suspicious when he was first introduced by a Buddhist priest. But then he began asking questions.

"How do you store your rice?"

On a mat under the house, a farmer replied.

"Doesn't it mold? Don't insects and rats get into it?"

A farmer nodded affirmatively.

"Why don't you put your rice on a platform—on stilts—like you build your houses?"

The farmers began to edge closer. What the man said made sense. One question followed another, and soon talk was flying as fast as it might have at a meeting of the East Oregon Wheat League.

"Dodd assumes," Orr says, "that a farmer is pretty much the same sort of fellow and has pretty much the same sort of problems wherever he may live."

Those who have seen him in conference with heads of government say Dodd convinces them, as he did members of Congress, that he "speaks for the farmer." More than one Minister of Agriculture, they say, has Dodd to thank for putting over an agricultural program for which he had been unable previously to get serious consideration.

"Let's put on our hat and go over and see the boss," Dodd would say.

Dodd's travel notes reveal a bent for stripping problems to their simplest elements. In Egypt he found boys in agricultural schools being taught to use short-handled hoes.

"An ordinary $10 hand cultivator such as used in the U.S.A. would do the job better," he noted. "No use teaching them to use machinery yet, but hand cultivators, good hoes, scythes to replace sickles and other hand tools can be made in village shops."

Elsewhere in Egypt, in India and in Pakistan, Dodd found farmers in many villages laid up with malaria. "The first step toward increasing food production," he noted, "should be to bring malaria under control. Sick farmers can't be good farmers. Malaria-ridden districts can be controlled by a little spray equipment and a few chemicals. Also, water holes used by man and beast alike could be drained, thus doing away with breeding holes for diseases."

On another occasion, he jotted down this general observation: "Farmers have to see things work on their own soil in their own climate. Because making an unsuccessful experiment while feeding a family on one acre means drastic loss." As a result, FAO is helping governments in many parts of the world to set up small, village plots where good agricultural practices can be demonstrated where farmers can see them.

Like many another farmer heavily involved in grain and livestock farming, Dodd came close to going broke in the crash of farm markets in 1921. It was then that he began to think seriously for the first time about the stake an Oregon farmer has in a bushel of wheat sold in faraway India, and about the "insane paradox," as he calls it, of surpluses piling up in one part of the world while people in other parts starve.

"If it had not been for the 1921 depression," says Keith Hinmebaugh of the Agriculture Department, "Ed probably would still be on the farm in Baker County."

In the twenties, Dodd's old friend, the late Senator Charles L. McNary (whom Dodd always had supported though he is a life-long Democrat and McNary was a Republican) became coauthor of a bill in Congress to set up a "two-price system" on farm commodities, under which surpluses would be sold at reduced rates or given away to needy countries. Dodd never has quite got over the idea that the McNary-Haugen plan was the most practical way of doing the job he wants to do now in FAO—to keep farmers prosperous in the U.S. and other "have" countries and at the same time feed the hungry in other parts of the world.

Although he worked loyally and hard for the various New Deal farm programs, the idea of restricting the output of American farms never has ceased to gall him. When his friend the Bengalese farmer goes to bed every night hungry, it doesn't make sense to Dodd that this year the Agriculture Department is asking him to reduce his wheat plantings by 135 acres. In the first place, he thinks restrictions in times like these are bound to hurt the American economy because when planting is reduced the farmer will have to lay off a hired hand, the elevator in town will have to lay off men, and so on down the line.

"A wave of unemployment washes out from my farm and every other farm," he says. "And every such wave crest has its trough—a trough of lost purchasing power. And food not grown is food wasted when somewhere bellies are empty."

Cheaper Food for the Needy

Since he has been Director-General of FAO, Dodd has been plugging hard for some kind of international machinery to make the food of surplus-producing areas available to the starving in other areas. At the annual FAO conference at Washington in November, Dodd put forward a proposal highly reminiscent of the old McNary-Haugen plan—a new agency he called the International Commodity Clearing House. Among ICCH's functions would have been the selling of surplus foods to needy nations at reduced prices.

ICCH was rejected by the conference. But two days after the meeting ended, Dodd was in Dallas, speaking to a meeting of bankers—still insisting that something of that sort had to be done.

"The gap between the well-fed and the ill-fed has grown wider," he declared. "This is the most dangerous division that can exist in the world, and I do not see how the world itself can exist as we have known it unless this gap can be reduced and finally closed."

There are "two main levers which together can be used" to close this gap, he went on. One is FAO's technical assistance program to give farmers scythes instead of sickles. The other must be some scheme for moving surpluses to those who need them. The first "lever" is a slow and tedious process. FAO's total budget this year will be about $5,000,000—roughly one hundredth as much as the U.S. government will *lose* in acquiring surpluses to support farm prices. Five million dollars cannot go far toward doing all that needs to be done, and Dodd is impatient.

Many delegates at the Washington conference believed the ICCH plan—which they dubbed "Itch"—had been disposed of once and for all. Dodd's old friends are not at all sure this is the case, however, for in his Dallas speech Ed said:

"I am sure that the world has to do something about it—and that something effective can be done." THE END

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Indoor Golf Clinic," by Douglass Crockwell. Number 40 in the series "Home Life in America."

Beer belongs...enjoy it

In this home-loving land of ours . . . in this America of kindliness, of friendship, of good-humored tolerance . . . perhaps no beverages are more "at home" on more occasions than good American beer and ale.

For beer and ale are the kinds of beverages Americans like. They belong—to pleasant living, to good fellowship, to sensible moderation. And our right to enjoy them, this too belongs—to our own American heritage of personal freedom.

At mealtime, too!

AMERICA'S BEVERAGE OF MODERATION

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"What's wrong with Susan?"

"Nothing, really. All this is simply to let you know she's been chosen for the lead in the school play. Impressed?"

"But definitely! Who knows — with the right kind of training—Susan may someday turn out to be a real actress."

"Such enthusiasm, Jim. Seriously though, it's good to be sure that there will always be money for Susan to complete her education . . . whether it's dramatic school or college she wants."

"Ahem . . . if I remember right, it was my idea to include an educational fund when we set up our Mutual Life INSURED INCOME program."

"Yes, you were foresighted, I admit."

"I was surprised at first, when The Mutual Life Field Underwriter showed me that I could afford Insured Income planning. Now I know you'll be able to pay the monthly bills, and educate the children even if I'm not around . . . and, if I am around, we'll have the income to retire on when the time comes."

* * *

Economical is the word for Mutual Life's Insured Income — because it builds family security on your present life insurance and Social Security.

The Mutual Life Field Underwriter near you will be glad to explain how your family and you can enjoy the benefits of Insured Income.

Insured Income FIRST IN AMERICA

THE MUTUAL LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY of NEW YORK
34 NASSAU STREET NEW YORK 5, N. Y.

Your Social Security—**WORTH $5,000 OR $15,000?**

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET — Learn the facts of Social Security . . . how it teams with your life insurance. If you live in the U. S., mail the coupon below. You'll also receive a handy filing envelope to keep official records you, or your wife, may need later to collect benefits without costly delay.

Yes, I would like your FREE Social Security Booklet—C-64.

NAME..... DATE OF BIRTH.....

HOME ADDRESS.....

CITY..... COUNTY.....

STATE..... OCCUPATION.....

Objective: To Elect and Elect

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

those states. Pavement pounding and doorbell ringing did it in part. Federal jobs, scrupulously dispensed through organization channels, helped.

"What Boyle is doing is wonderful," said Edward J. Flynn, Bronx County (New York) leader, a stickler for organization and discipline.

Another leader summed it up:

"The boys are happy," he said.

Not only are the clubhouse boys happy, but the reform do-gooders are happy too, a unique political situation. When Harry Truman took over in 1945, the New Dealers who had surrounded President Roosevelt and staffed many government agencies, left government in such droves that Washington came to call them "the government in exile." Convinced Roosevelt could never be replaced, the New Deal exiles treated Missouri politician Harry Truman with suspicion and disdain.

Now, when you visit Washington, you are amazed at the respect with which ex-New Deal administrators talk of Truman. They are delighted with him. And they are wild, simply wild about Boyle.

Seek to Preserve Coalition

What Roosevelt largely did with his personality, Truman and Boyle seek to do with straight party organization politics. With party organization they hope to hold the coalition of workers, farmers, small businessmen and independent voters welded by Roosevelt. And even to broaden it.

The patronage goes to the faithful who are liberal and the liberals who are faithful. For instance: By favoring rising young liberals over their conservative rivals, Boyle is luring the onetime La Follette Progressives and Farmer-Laborites into the Democrat tent. Straight machine politics has been harnessed to the job of hauling America along a left-of-center road to goals beyond the New Deal.

The Truman-Boyle straight-politics operation is a day-in-and-day-out proposition without letup—and without precedent.

In it, precinct workers, glorified by ex-precinct captain Bill Boyle, team up with union canvassers in one of the big vote registration drives of all time. Paid organizers open clubhouses, find local people to set up party machinery. Cabinet members, chosen for political savvy, tour the country, keep punching for Fair Deal proposals—and votes. Political war chests are being raised with crusading fervor.

This is a report on the Truman-Boyle political operation, on the emerging nationwide Democratic machine and on the other political tactician from Kansas City who's building it, Bill Boyle.

Daily there detrain and deplane at Washington at least 100 citizens, all of some consequence back home, determined to see Bill Boyle. These, swelled by a stream of congressmen, jobholders, labor leaders, journalists and persons referred from the White House make Boyle's visible calling list the longest in Washington. An invisible stream of long-distance and local telephone callers—governors and mayors, political bosses and big party contributors—heighten the struggle for Bill Boyle's attention. He is, next to the President, the most sought-after man in Washington.

Callers on Boyle find no stereotype of the rough, bluff politician. This political boss is a man of mild temperament, of naïve air, of plump and gentle face. His soft voice speaks college English.

Yet Boyle, of mild and gentle spirit, captained a precinct under Boss Tom Pendergast before he was old enough to vote. Later, as police director, he cleaned up hoodlum-ridden, brawling Kansas City. (Since then, the city unfortunately has relapsed into its old ways.) In his correct double-breasted suits, Boyle looks like a corporation vice-president in charge of sales —appropriately enough, for making sales (i.e., winning Democratic votes) is Boyle's most pressing occupation.

Boyle's gentle, salesman's mien is helpful, too, in a job that exposes its holder to the pressure of a tunnel sand hog. Boyle is the buffer, the safety valve for the White House and the Administration. On a day when a juicy federal job opens up, 15 to 20 importunate senators, each pushing the claims of a constituent, will blow their top at the party boss. At such a time Boyle will show a quality of absorption rare in a human being. His ear won't tire easily; his mind won't escape the verbal hammering by wandering. Only his eyes, prematurely pouchy at forty-eight, reveal the strain. He is taking it for his friend the President.

Friends of 25 years' standing, Boyle and the President are so close that, for Boyle, Harry Truman breaks the rule that the President calls on no one socially. The President and Mrs. Truman will come over of an evening for dinner at the Boyles' in their $30,000 home in the Chevy Chase section of Washington.

At such times Mrs. Boyle ("Gen" to the President) prepares Harry Truman's favorite dish: string beans Missouri style, i.e., cooked to stewish consistency with ham or bacon. Dinner over, the President will sit down before the Boyles' upright piano and play as much as he can remember from a sonata by Haydn or Mozart. Then the two friends will talk shop, i.e., politics.

To understand the sort of politics they talk, it is necessary to understand both men's faith in party organization as a way of democratic life.

To those who cry "Pendergastism" or think a party machine a wicked thing, Boyle says:

"There are good and bad bosses, but we must have party leaders and party organizations to make our two-party democracy work.

"Cities are too big for town meetings, and good party organizations take their place to give good government and good candidates. A man who starts out in precinct politics, who has picked up a few votes while helping his wife bring the groceries home from the corner store, knows his people—what they want. There are 10,000 political machines in this country. They're modern instruments for running cities and the nation."

With this faith (plus national committee cash and federal patronage) Bill Boyle is moving political mountains.

Take for instance the case of Oregon.

Building Up the Machine

Once, being a Democrat in Republican Oregon was like being a Republican in Democratic Mississippi. A few stalwarts played the game for federal patronage, and the party didn't even have a state headquarters. In this fall's Congressional elections there will not only be a state headquarters but a county chairman in every county as well. There will be party workers to drive voters to the polls, young Democrats to sit with babies while mothers vote, challengers in every voting precinct to keep an eye on the count, money to buy lunches for the challengers. There will be a Democratic candidate for every local office.

This well-oiled machine was put together by political apprentices so green to the game that their leader, Monroe Sweetland, had to go to Boyle:

"How do we organize, Bill?" Sweetland asked.

"Start with the precinct worker," said ex-precinct captain Boyle, and—in a 10-minute thumbnail lecture—spelled out the simple rules of block organization.

"The precinct worker gets a list of voters. He rings doorbells, gets acquainted. He asks: 'Any Democrats here? Any young people coming of voting age? Any aunts

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

living with the family?' All these he takes to be registered.

"Set up your channels. They're almost military. The precinct man reports to the ward leader at ward headquarters. The ward leader is responsible to the county leader—the regimental commander in the field. The county leader reports to the state chairman. And the state chairman reports to me."

Besides this blueprint, Boyle gave Sweetland something more substantial. He gave Sweetland cash to help pay a professional organizer who went to work setting up precinct committees, establishing local political headquarters. Boyle has a few simple tests for keeping tabs on the way the boys are doing their block-by-block job.

The Boss Knew the Answers

Recently, in Illinois, he turned to a local county boss:

"How many nurses in that hospital we're passing?" he asked.

"Seventy-two," said the county boss.

"Where do they live?"

"Right in the hospital."

"How many have you registered?" asked Boyle.

The county leader delighted the national boss by knowing the exact number.

"That's how elections are won," Boyle said happily. "Right in the precinct. Right at the doorbell."

Doorbell-to-doorbell organization, Boyle style, is transforming the political face of the Midwest and West.

In Wisconsin, national committee money primed the organizing pump, and federal patronage helped. Paid organizers moved into Republican strongholds, found local people to take jobs as Democratic county leaders, rented clubhouses, helped organize ward and precinct committees. Boyle gave the patronage nod (as in Oregon) to new faces—young mavericks who were seeking to oust old-line Democrats from party jobs and power. To Representative Andrew Biemiller (sponsor of the Administration's health insurance bills) and Carl Thompson, Boyle gave the right to name a federal district attorney in the area. This clinched the young liberals' control of the party and started young political hopefuls flocking to the Democrats.

At a recent Democrat conclave at Green Bay, Wisconsin, more than half the delegates were under forty.

In Minnesota, the state Democratic bosses are now thirty-nine-year-old Hubert H. Humphrey, Jr., the Fair Deal senator, and the thirty-four-year-old Orville Freeman. Boyle let them name the district attorney in the Minneapolis-St. Paul area, then cemented their hold on Democratic state politics by winning for one of their faction, Mrs. Eugenie Anderson, the job of ambassador to Denmark.

Idaho, the Dakotas and Michigan, traditionally Republican, have blossomed out with tight state-wide Democratic organizations. In Maine this fall there will be Democratic workers, challengers and candidates in every community. Noting that Maine voters have already sent 30 Democrats to the state legislature, Boyle believes that this year Maine may send a Democrat to Congress.

By favoring liberal and radical factions, Boyle has absorbed the old third-party movements into the party. Gone are the La Follette Progressives in Wisconsin and the Farmer-Laborites in Minnesota and the Dakotas who used to make a shambles of Democrat election efforts in those states. They are Democrats now, a portentous development for Republican fortunes there.

"This should indicate which way the Democratic party is moving under my direction," says Boyle.

To Truman, recognized as a shrewd, intuitive politician, a political party should go in the direction that wins elections. After all, the voters elect the candidates who reflect the going public sentiment.

Boyle organizes the faithful to get out the Congress vote for Administration bills the way he organizes to get out the vote in an election. Doing this, he has fashioned a powerful lobbying force.

When the House debated Truman's $4,000,000,000 slum clearance and housing program, congressmen were deluged with letters, telegrams and long-distance calls urging passage. The pressure could hardly be ignored. The letters were from registered voters.

Behind this lobbying pressure was the fine political organizing hand of Bill Boyle. To each of the 3,000-odd Democratic county chairmen in America, national chairman Boyle had sent a letter.

Cumulative High Pressure

"Write your congressman," it urged. "Get your precinct leaders to tell their people to write. Rally the labor unions. Line up the housing organizations in your district."

To Democratic governors and mayors Boyle made special personal pleas over the telephone. More than 7,000 letters went out from headquarters. And back to Congress came 20,000 pro-Administration missiles.

To outcries that he was creating a vast and sinister lobby from the Democratic party machinery, Boyle was unperturbed.

"We pledged these things, didn't we? And the people voted us in," he said.

Bill Boyle's day reveals the grueling tempo of politics-without-letup under his regime. It usually starts with a hotel breakfast conference to which his wife, Genevieve, chauffeurs him.

At nine thirty, Boyle enters the coun-

COLLIER'S "—to make matters worse, our anniversary and the wife's birthday are also on March 15th!" FRITZ WILKINSON

Ask for General Electric "All-glass" sealed beam headlamps ...they DO NOT GROW DIM!

"ALL-GLASS" sealed beam HEADLAMPS
THIS IS A G-E "ALL-GLA HEADLAMP
THIS CUTAWAY SHOWS WHY G-E HEADLAMPS DO NOT GROW DIM!
RUGGED HARD GLASS PRECISION LENS
ONE PIECE CONSTRUCTION KEEPS OUT DIRT AND MOISTURE
FILAMENTS FIRMLY ANCHORED TO WITHSTAND VIBRATION
MIRROR-LIKE REFLECTOR STAYS BRIGHT FOR LIFE

Road and laboratory tests prove that, on the average, G-E Sealed Beam Headlamps maintain 99% of original light output right up to the end of lamp life.

NOTE: Have your lights checked next time you leave your car for service

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Reflection . . . of Perfection

Seagram's 7 Crown

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Say Seagram's and be Sure

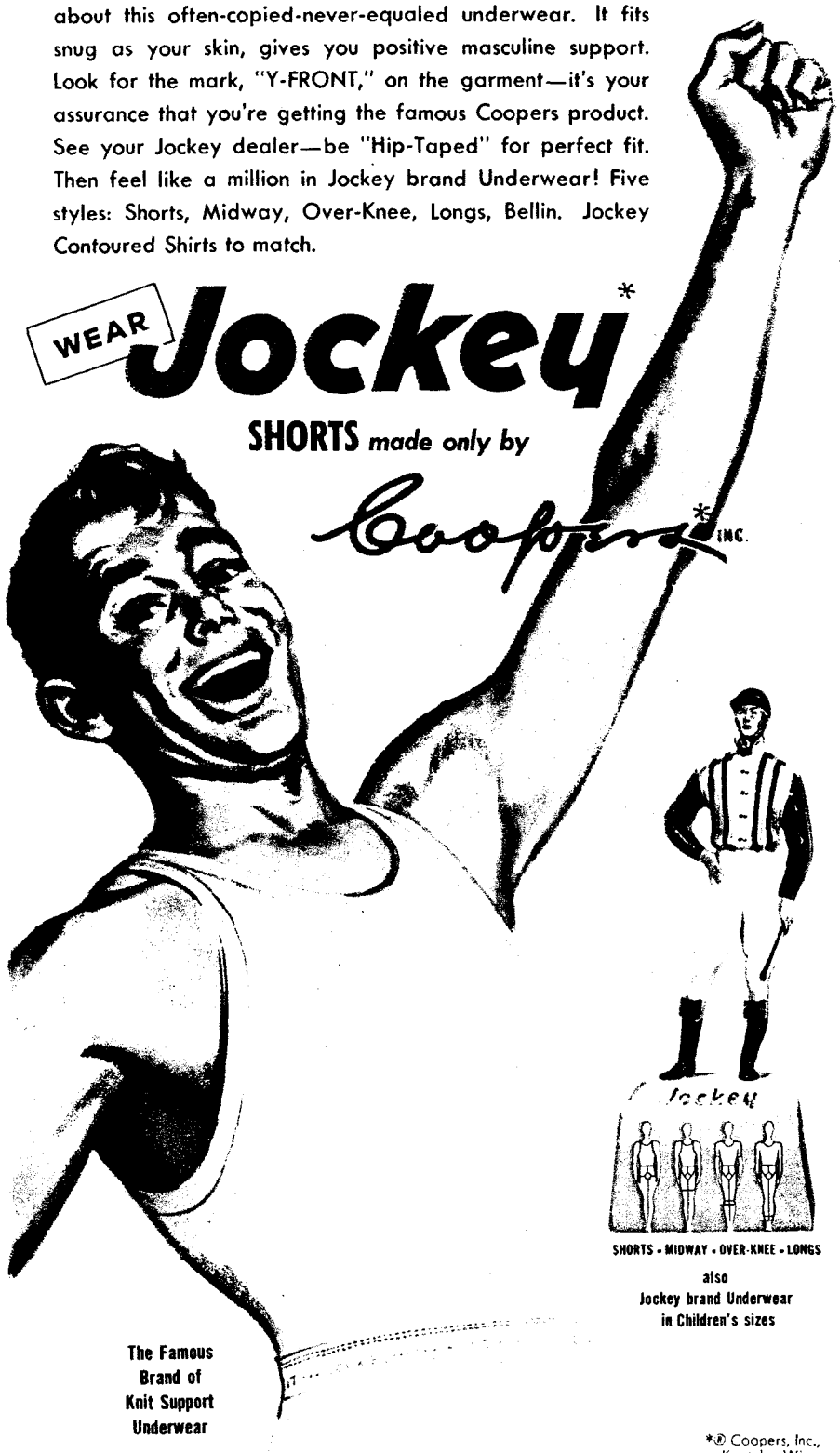
SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN. BLENDED WHISKEY. 86.8 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, CHRYSLER BUILDING, NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Feel like a million! Don't Settle for Less!

"For active sports, it's Jockey Shorts!" say men everywhere about this often-copied-never-equaled underwear. It fits snug as your skin, gives you positive masculine support. Look for the mark, "Y-FRONT," on the garment—it's your assurance that you're getting the famous Coopers product. See your Jockey dealer—be "Hip-Taped" for perfect fit. Then feel like a million in Jockey brand Underwear! Five styles: Shorts, Midway, Over-Knee, Longs, Bellin. Jockey Contoured Shirts to match.

WEAR Jockey* SHORTS made only by Coopers* INC.



SHORTS • MIDWAY • OVER-KNEE • LONGS

also Jockey brand Underwear in Children's sizes

The Famous Brand of Knit Support Underwear

*® Coopers, Inc., Kenosha, Wis.

Licensees: Canada, Moodie; British Isles, Lyle & Scott; Australia, Speedo; New Zealand, Lane-Walker-Rudkin; Switzerland, Vollmoeller; Colombia, Ego; Italy, Sacit; France, Verdier.

try's busiest political clubhouse: the $50,000-a-year quarters of the Democratic National Committee occupying an entire floor of the new Ring Building hard by the fashionable Connecticut Avenue shopping center.

As he enters this political beehive, Boyle can reflect with satisfaction that, before his regime, the national committee used to hibernate between elections, snoozing unobtrusively in a couple of rooms at the Mayflower Hotel. Now, Democratic politics is a day-to-day, year-around business. A big business that spends $900,000 a year (and $3,000,000 or so during election years), employs 55 persons—press and speech-writing experts, librarians, money raisers, precinct organizers. For the first time, too, it employs a full-time, paid national chairman—Boyle himself—at a salary of $30,000 a year.

Boyle lights the first of a chain of cigarettes which he smokes with nervous haste and is ready for a calling list that is longer than the President's.

First in is a top C.I.O. executive brimful of news about the registration drive his union men are making in a half-dozen Western states and in the big industrial cities.

An industrialist, who is chairman of a forthcoming Democratic dinner, calls next, and he speculates with Boyle on the money the shindig will bring. A $100-a-plate dinner in New York swelled the Democratic war chest by more than $300,000. This one might be even more profitable. Already, there is $600,000 stashed away in the bank, more than the party's ever had in between elections.

When Boyle remembers the hard time he once had raising $26,000 to put the President on the air during the '48 campaign, he regards the party's present affluence with grim satisfaction.

As the morning's rationed minutes speed by, Boyle sees—in 10- to 15-minute order—a chairman of a key House committee who wants party support for a bill; a delegation of ruddy-faced cattlemen who want less interference with their grazing of the public lands; a delegation of electric utility men who want the Administration to go easy on public power. A good deal of Washington lobbying, it turns out, is done in Boyle's office. The lobbyists lobby Boyle.

Boyle asks questions in a soft, almost purring voice, shakes hands earnestly and tries to send petitioners away happy.

Memory for Names Is an Asset

Boyle greets an astonishing number of callers by their first names. In his politician's capacious memory, Boyle has locked away the first names of every national committeeman (108 in all), practically every one of the 3,000-odd county committeemen—these last, prima donnas who insist on seeing Boyle in person when in Washington. "And if you add the people I know in Kansas City and Washington, it'll come to thousands," Boyle says.

Meanwhile, the telephone has been ringing at the rate of once every four or five minutes. Each call will probably require an additional call—to do the favor asked for. The calls come in from all points of the compass. There are two telephones at Boyle's elbow. One is for the exclusive use of wife and two daughters who call often and wistfully, for Boyle is home so little.

By 5:30 P.M., Boyle has talked and listened to more than 100 people in his office, answered over 150 telephone calls—about 50 of them long-distance.

Over at the White House, Boyle's friend, Harry Truman, is calling it a day and leaving for home at Blair House. But Boyle digs in for three or four more hours of work. Some 200 letters have come in during the day. Assistants have answered most, but Boyle reads each carefully and signs it.

He spends several hours a day studying dossiers on candidates for judges', U.S. marshals', district attorneys' jobs. Some 200 top-level appointments clear Boyle's desk every year as part of the list of several thousand—directly below cabinet level and above civil service—he sends to the President. From his desk to the White House once went a list of 1,000 postmasterships.

When William A. Julian, the United States treasurer, was killed in an automobile accident several months ago, there were waiting for Boyle—when he came to his office the next Monday morning—several dozen party functionaries who had hastened to Washington to nail the job. In the crowd, as determined as any man, was Mrs. India Edwards, director of the National Committee's Women's Division.

The Right Woman for the Job

"Why not a woman for the money housekeeping job?" Mrs. Edwards wanted to know. "I've got just the candidate. She's a banker, a merchant," and here Mrs. Edwards added the clincher, "and a national committeewoman from Kansas to boot."

There are 2,000,000 more women voters than men, according to Boyle's research, and this has a persuasive effect on Bill Boyle when women are suggested for jobs.

A fortnight later, Mrs. Georgia Neese Clark, the first woman treasurer of the United States, began to sign folding money and government checks. (Another woman, Nellie Tayloe Ross, appointed by F.D.R. and reappointed by Truman, is director of the U.S. Mint.)

At 8:30 or 9:00 P.M., Boyle ends his day, if it's one of the few when there's no political dinner. At home, exhausted, he sinks into an easy chair to spend his remaining waking hours before a television set.

"Never in my fondest dreams did I think I'd pass through the White House doors other than as a tourist," Boyle says. As he passes the guards on his way to the President's Oval Room, Boyle is still awed at the idea of his being there.

The moral is clear:

If you push enough precinct doorbells, you may wind up pushing the one at the White House. Boyle can't think of a time when he wasn't ringing precinct doorbells himself or coaching or exhorting others to do it.

As a child Bill Boyle learned precinct politics at his mother's knee. Mother Boyle was prominent in Kansas City politics and chairman of the Jackson County Democratic women's organization in Tom Pendergast's Missouri machine. With his twin brother Russell, now a lieutenant colonel with General MacArthur in Japan, young Boyle would listen to organization talk all week. Then of a Sunday, to the Boyles' big old-fashioned house would come the Harry Trumans, and there'd be more political talk. Or the Boyles would pack a lunch for a political picnic at Lonejack, Missouri.

As a teen-ager young Boyle was organizing young Democrats and bossing a precinct in the bon-ton country-club district fourth ward—a Republican island in a Democratic city.

As a youth, studying law at Georgetown University at Washington, Boyle would turn student bull sessions to talk of organization politics.

"I want to be a national party leader," friends recall his saying.

A youthful worker in the lower party echelons, Boyle says the only time he'd see the state boss, Tom Pendergast, was at church on Sunday.

When Tom Pendergast was jailed for cheating the government of income tax on half a million dollars in insurance boodle back in 1936, Boyle was secretary to the police director. A machine man who came out clean in the Pendergast disclosures, Boyle was raised to police director by the interim administration that preceded the reform regime—and promptly closed down the open town.

When a reform police board came in, Boyle was asked to stay but chose to practice law instead.

His old friend and hero, Harry Truman, then a senator, asked Boyle to come to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Washington to be an investigator and assistant counsel on the Truman Investigating Committee. Boyle soon became Truman's secretary as well as investigating aide. He ran the office, learned the lawmaking ropes on Capitol Hill, watched big-league politics played by the masters in the Senate. To investigate wartime steel, shipbuilding and aluminum bottlenecks, Boyle traveled long hours with Truman, became his faithful shadow.

Truman loaned Boyle to Bob Hannegan, then national committee chairman. In daily telephone touch with machine bosses throughout the country, Boyle began plugging Truman for Vice-President. The organization leaders, in 1944, didn't want any more of Henry Wallace. When this sentiment was conveyed to Roosevelt by Hannegan, F.D.R. decided that either Senator Truman or Supreme Court Justice Douglas should get the nomination.

Over the telephone to bosses in Illinois, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Boyle spread the word:

"Don't get tied up. Hold off."

Although they were officers of the national committee and therefore theoretically neutral, Boyle and Hannegan worked so hard for Truman's nomination that outraged Wallace and James Byrnes partisans wanted to throw them off the committee. When Truman was elected Vice-President, Boyle hung out a lawyer's shingle in Washington.

Boyle says he spurned offers that required lobbying or the obtaining of government contracts. His average yearly income during four years was $100,000.

Kitchen Cabinet Sessions

In the early summer of 1948, Truman and his closest kitchen cabinet intimates took to meeting weekly on the President's yacht, the Williamsburg, to map campaign strategy. In the group were Clark Clifford, then the President's counsel; Charles Murphy, now counsel; Matt Connelly, secretary, and Bill Boyle. Sometimes Oscar Chapman, now Secretary of the Interior, would join them.

What with press and radio deciding that Truman was finished, the meetings on the yacht were doleful until Boyle, the practical politician, made a simple experiment.

Boyle took a map and with blue crayon circled every state that had gone Democratic in the previous four elections. He blocked out the rebel Dixiecrat states and circled New York and California as doubtful. The states that had gone Democrat four times, Boyle insisted, would give Truman enough electoral votes to win. The yacht conferences perked up.

Next, Boyle got on the long-distance telephone and took soundings from Democrat workers in the farm states.

"We'll take Iowa by 40,000," the state chairman in Iowa told him.

"Why?" asked Boyle.

"In every general store," was the reply, "the farmers are putting up signs: 'Republican corn, 15 cents. Democratic corn, $1.95.'" (Truman carried Iowa by 28,362 votes.)

Leslie L. Biffle, secretary of the Senate, had mounted a chicken wagon and clopped across the country to Arkansas, taking the political pulse at the grass roots as he went.

Whistle-Stop Plan Suggested

With Biffle's and his own soundings as a guide, Boyle told the President, "We'll carry the Midwest farm vote if you go out there and talk to them." Boyle then outlined the "whistle-stop strategy" which is credited with winning the election.

Over Ohio and Illinois, Truman's kitchen cabinet fought Boyle heatedly.

"They're lost," the advisers argued. "Make more radio talks instead."

But Boyle won. He plotted every inch of Truman's 32,000-mile barnstorming itinerary, including a bus caravan into the heart of Republican downstate Illinois where some counties hadn't gone Democrat in 50 years.

On the day before the election Boyle predicted Truman would carry 29 states and named them. He was wrong on only one state, Maryland, which went for Governor Thomas E. Dewey by 8,000 votes.

Last fall Boyle got his reward, the national chairmanship of his party. In September, the local boy came back to his home town, Kansas City. The President of the United States, the Vice-President, the Cabinet, several dozen governors and all the diners who could squeeze into the arena of the Municipal Auditorium—9,000 in all—paid him homage. The Republican Kansas City Star was just as proud of Bill Boyle as anybody and devoted 29 columns to his triumph.

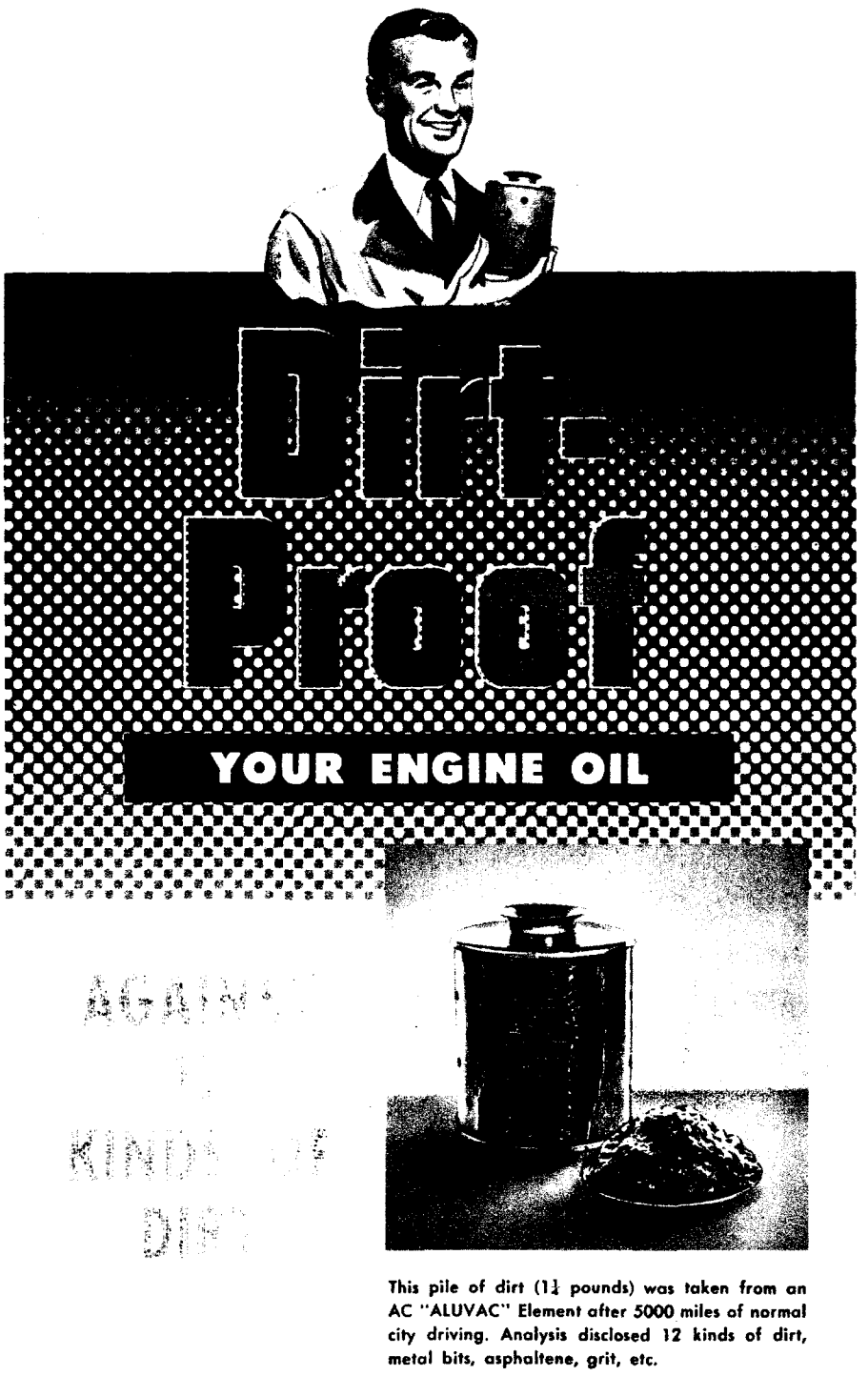
After a lifetime of ringing doorbells, Boyle had rung the bell.

Now, Bill Boyle is still ringing doorbells—ringing them for the candidate he thinks most likely to succeed—the rock-candy kingdom called welfare state. THE END

COLLIER'S

"Don't laugh, Janice! She may be somebody important's mother"

JOHN RUGE



This pile of dirt (1¼ pounds) was taken from an AC "ALUVAC" Element after 5000 miles of normal city driving. Analysis disclosed 12 kinds of dirt, metal bits, asphaltene, grit, etc.

In 1000 miles of driving, your engine oil accumulates from 3 to 6 ounces of a dozen kinds of dirt—all of it injurious.

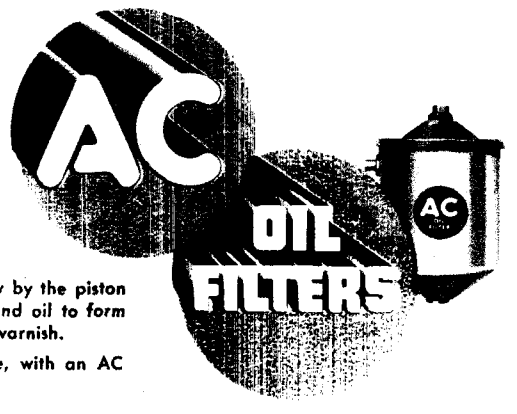
That's why changing oil is not enough. Dirt should be removed as soon as it enters the oil—not left in. Dirt and sludge clog piston rings, cause sticky valves and excessive engine wear.

"Dirt-Proof" your engine oil. Whatever make of oil filter you have, install an AC Filter Element—the kind that gets *all* the dirt. If you have no oil filter, an AC Filter will save its cost quickly, in fuel, oil, and lower repair bills.

HOW YOUR OIL *Gets Dirty*

Dust is picked up from the road. Metal particles wear off of moving parts. Oil spray oxidizes in the crankcase. Soot and water are produced by burning gases, some of which blow by the piston rings. Water emulsifies with dirt and oil to form sludge. Heat may form gum and varnish.

"Dirt-Proof" your oil as you drive, with an AC Oil Filter or Element.



AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The air is yours... **use it**

to keep your business trips on schedule

MODERN science has now made air travel one of the most reliable forms of winter transportation. Nowadays, it's seldom that a flight does not arrive on time; even in weather that makes surface travel long-delayed.

When you're planning your next business trip, ask your airline or travel agent to show you how reliably, quickly and economically you can make it by air.

United Aircraft
CORPORATION
EAST HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

Makers of Pratt & Whitney Engines, Hamilton Standard Propellers, Chance Vought Aircraft and Sikorsky Helicopters for the U. S. Armed Forces and the Finest Airlines in the World.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I Know There Aren't Any Ghosts

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

your kids expect to eat in the dining room you will have to serve. Lyd's feet bother her, and I like to watch the television."

"If you think I don't know who you're talking about," said Stu, "you are nuts. You mean my grandma. And there she is, on the steps! How purple her hair is!"

Mrs. Warhorst is real swell-looking though, with her lavender hair and dignity. She kissed the children and was polite to me.

Cherry and Stu love to have our bedrooms in the tower, on a narrow dark staircase that's enclosed. Mrs. Warhorst led us upstairs and Floyd carried our bags, tromping heavily like Billy Goat Gruff. There are two rooms in the tower, and they both have eight little windows in a half circle looking toward the bay a mile away, and window seats with red cushions. Stu has the upper room, and Cherry and I have two little beds in the downstairs room. My feet stick out a foot. I wish I weren't five feet nine. But now that I am eighteen, I won't grow any more, I hope.

Stu opened the register grating in the floor of his room and peered down at us. The register is a box of overlapping iron shutters to let heated air come up from our room below. "I can hear everything you and Cherry say," he called, "and it will keep me from being lonely." He tugged at the register and lifted it out of the fixed frame that holds it. "I could jump through the hole into your room," he said excitedly, "if it wasn't such a long drop." But Mrs. Warhorst made him put back the register saying he mustn't try to break his neck.

Cherry took a framed photograph of a very young soldier from a table and brought it to me. "This is our little Uncle Stuart that was in the war," she said. "Our room was little Uncle Stuart's room, Moosie."

Floyd glanced at Mrs. Warhorst and looked down, very solemn. "I knew him," he said.

"He wasn't that little," objected Stuart, yelling through the register. "He was big enough to be in the Army. He was nineteen years old. My room up here was his playroom, to roughhouse with his friends. My mother named me after him."

Mrs. Warhorst smiled and went away, but Floyd stayed to fix the window shades, and Stu came running down the little staircase. "You know where he is, De Lucie? Grandma told us that he emigrated to another star."

"Oh, he did not," cut in Floyd impatiently. "He died of influenza two weeks after he got in the Army. I seen him myself."

"Poor little Uncle Stuart," said Cherry softly. "When is supper, Moosie? I'm hungry."

I got to do something about the children's food. I feared the worst when I saw Lyd fold the enamel cover of the stove over the burners right after breakfast was washed up. I like to see soup or stew going myself. I asked Lyd if I could make apple dumplings for dessert—the trees are full of apples—but she said no, I might spill juice in the oven and dirty it.

"We generally serve cracked walnuts to the War Horse," Lyd said, "and Floyd and I eat candy."

Last night Lyd broiled two beautiful porterhouse steaks and Floyd carved out the two tenderloins and put them on his plate and Lyd's in the kitchen.

"Hey, the Iredale children get to eat one of those tenderloins, I hope!" says I. "I don't mind what piece I get, I have strong teeth that can chew nails, but Stu has two front teeth out, and Cherry is a pale little girl and they both need tender meat."

"Don't be silly," says Lyd. "The Great Stone Face don't know when she gets the tough half, so what's the difference? She can give the Iredale children the ground-up tailpiece, so lemme eat my supper before it gets leathery."

When I served dinner and passed the bowl of walnuts, Cherry and Stu said no thank you, and Mrs. Warhorst looked ironlike and asked me to call Lyd, which I did. She toiled into the dining room wiping her brow and sighing.

"Lyd, I want you to make desserts the children will like after this," said Mrs. Warhorst, "pie or cake or gelatin."

"My feet are killing me," said Lyd. "I'm not a well woman. Cracked nuts have lots of calories in them. This house is too big for a couple to do all the work. I ought to have a girl to do dishes and vegetables, and Floyd should have a man to wax floors."

"You mean one old house with one old woman in it requires four servants? I'll move into a hotel first. Tell Floyd to get the screens off tomorrow and wash the windows."

"Okay," says Lyd rudely, looking like thunder.

After dinner I took the kids a nice long walk and we went along a woodsy path to the village and I bought them cookies and ice cream at Grabbe's Sugar Bowl. The tall pasty fellow that served us was named Cloyd, Floyd's brother. He has long yellow hair that he is always combing. The front piece goes clear to the back of his neck, and the two sides sweep back over it. He patted Cherry's curls and she ran away, but he held on to one and she yelled bloody murder.

Our first night here was very strange. Some noise woke me out of a sound sleep. I sat up in the dark, and a little moonlight showed Cherry sleeping in her bed, but a foot from my face was a rope swaying back and forth, with a nice loop in it just the size to drop over my head. I was paralyzed. The sweat broke out on my forehead, and my heart ran mad. And then I heard a knocking, knocking, and a rush and scurry that lifted the hair on my head.

"Moosie! Moosie!" calls a frantic little voice, and I felt fine. No spook is going to call me nicknames. "Moosie, I want to climb down my rope lariat like a sailor, but I'm scared. Turn your light on."

I looked up, and here is Stuart hanging down through the register with his hand on the rope.

"Hold everything, I'll come up," I says. I ran upstairs in my bathrobe and pulled the rope up and coiled it.

"That's my lariat. Moosie, listen!" Stu said. "I know there aren't any ghosts, but something's knocking!"

I listened, and such a rattling and cracking in the window seat you never heard.

"You'd think little Uncle Stuart was roughhousing with his friends," says Stu, bursting out crying.

"It isn't that, Stu," says I. "I don't know what the noise is. I was raised in an orphan asylum and there weren't any fashionable goings on. But leave us not wring our hands over the horror of it all. You come downstairs with me and sleep in my little bed tonight right next to Cherry and I'll curl up on the window seat." So he trotted downstairs with me in his pajamas and bare feet, and got in my bed, and I gave him a hot-water bottle to warm away his fright.

But Cherry was awake by now, because there were squirmings and thumpings in our window seat too. I lay down on top of it curled in a blanket. "Don't worry, it will turn out to be mice," I says, thinking they must be wearing wooden shoes and carrying bats, and to cheer up the kids we all sang, very loud, a thing that we used to sing at the Industrial Home for Orphan Girls when I was a little girl there.

Rootititoot! Rootititome!
We are the girls of Industrial Home!
We don't smoke, and we don't chew
And we don't go with the boys that do.

COLLIER'S — "Oh well, I can't win 'em all!" — AL ROSS

We woke up Mrs. Warhorst bawling this tune, and she knocked on our door, so I got up and let her in. She had on a fancy lavender robe the color of her hair.

"It's the squirrels," she explained. "They have nests in the window seats and store nuts in there. They get in through little holes they have gnawed around the water pipes."

"We'll get after them tomorrow," I says. "I'll clean the insides of the window seats out, and Floyd can plug up the holes, and we'll set traps."

"No we won't," says Mrs. Warhorst. "This was my boy Stuart's room and nothing is going to get killed in it. These rooms are full of happy memories. That's why I wanted the children to sleep in here."

"I like you, Grandma," says Stuart suddenly. "I'm going to give you a wonderful present for your birthday, a week from Sunday."

Suddenly Cherry let out a shriek, pointing with her forefinger under my bed. A pair of large feet were sticking out. We all looked at one another, dumb. Then I ran over and whacked the feet with my hairbrush and they didn't shrink, so I pulled them out. Just a pair of my overshoes, with the toes turned up, so we had a good laugh.

Only Stuart has taken to putting shoes under my bed, to make me jump—old rubber hip boots mostly, that look like a man's legs lying there, and I pull them out and sneak them under his bed upstairs to get even.

Mrs. Warhorst knows nothing about food, but she sure works harder than any of us. Floyd sits all afternoon watching television and he hasn't yet made a move to take off a screen as she ordered. She's a trustee of the hospital, and one day she works as a volunteer in the tearoom, and two days she works as a Gray Lady, and she is on committees for the church and the Women's Club, so she doesn't see how much her servants loaf.

Yesterday I was hanging around the door, waiting for the mailman, and chinning myself on the strong lintel over the doorway. That's a quiet occupation. After I chinned myself about twenty times I dropped of exhaustion and the crash sounded like an avalanche.

Mrs. Warhorst came running into the hall with her purple suit and hat on all ready to go out, and winced. "Oh, it's you, De Lucie."

"Sorry about the noise," I said.

"I promised my daughter I would try not to mind it," she says with a deep sigh. "Are you expecting a letter from your young man, De Lucie? Is it still the handsome young policeman?"

"Yes—Rocky. Just hoping. But I do already have an invitation from Rocky for next Thursday, my day off, to meet him at the police picnic. If it's all right with you I will go and take Cherry and Stuart with me."

"Oh, no need for that. I'll look after the children. You are entitled to a day off. Have you written Rocky?"

"Hundreds of letters. But I've never mailed any of them. He has to write first. Wouldn't it be lovely if he did? I'd like a letter just to keep, to put under my pillow when I go to sleep."

"I know," she says very softly. "Do you know that I never had a single letter from my son Stuart that's in heaven? When he went away to school and camp, he happened to be quite near by, so I drove there most Sundays, and he didn't have to write me."

"I am sorry."

"He was in the Army just two weeks when influenza took him away. For years I hung around this doorway waiting for the mailman, thinking maybe my boy wrote me one letter—just one—from camp, that was lost somehow, and would still turn up."

Poor lady. I wish little Uncle Stuart had written her just one letter. "Don't look so sorry," she said. "It's like a dream now." Then she looked at the floor.

I felt so sorry for her that I am making a present for her birthday. I bought a shabby little oval walnut table at a secondhand dump for two dollars with those pretty slender legs that Stu says are called drunken-fight legs. I'm going to sandpaper it and varnish it a lot of times till it's smooth and shiny, and glue the legs in better and put new brass claws on the stubby feet. I'm doing it up in Uncle Stu's room with his tools while Cherry takes her nap in the room below. It's a little noisy—hope Mrs. Warhorst doesn't hear the plane and find out about the present. So will close now as I am going to scrape my entire surface and glue my legs in carefully. Respectfully your friend,

De Lucie

Monday

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Iredale:

Yesterday Stu and I were working in his room with the register open so we could hear Cherry when she woke up. Stu was making a model airplane and I was sandpapering the feet of my table, when Floyd knocked on the door and stepped in.

"What's the noise?" he asked, his little eyes darting all over. "Where did that table come from? It's mine."

"It is if I leave it to you in my will. You got a nerve! Floyd Grabbe is your name,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and grabby is your nature. I bought it in the village."

"Oh. I thought you found it in here. Mrs. Warhorst let me take anything out of these rooms I wanted to. I got drafted when young Mr. Stuart did and I was in the same platoon with him. He didn't last long, though."

"You cannot take anything out of these rooms you want!" shouted Stuart who had been getting redder and redder. "You are lots older than my little Uncle Stuart, and I bet you weren't friends."

"We wasn't, but on the other hand I am the only person the Great Stone Face—beg pardon, Mrs. Warhorst—knows that was in the Army with him. I came to see her after the war, and she gave me and Lyd a job and told me to take any of his clothes that would fit me. I got an overcoat and a raincoat and a Tuxedo and several suits, and what didn't fit I sold. I asked could I also have his radio and record player, and she hesitated but finally she said yes. She'd of gave me anything I asked for at that time, she was all broke up."

"The books?"

"Who wants books?"

"Well, beat it, Floyd," I says. "I hear Cherry waking up and we are going to walk to the village and buy me some nice brass feet. I'll have to get the right size or they won't fit on my legs."

"Be sure to get the kids an ice-cream cone at the Grabbe Sugar Bowl," says Floyd. "You want to get acquainted with my brother Cloyd."

"Oh, thanks. You mean you want to give the kids an ice-cream cone?"

"Are you crazy? You can pay same as anyone else."

So after I bought myself some brass feet we went into the Grabbe Sugar Bowl and got ice cream. Cloyd waited on us, and hung around, combing his yellow hair and watching me eat.

"I have a terrific present for Grandma's birthday," says Stuart, making soup of his vanilla ice cream with a spoon. "I found it in my tower room, and I know Grandma will be crazy about it."

"Something valuable? Gee, what is it, Stu?"

"It's a secret till Sunday. It's priceless. I hid it in my room again, right where I found it."

"Is it a dolly? Or a watch?" Cherry piped up curiously. "Or a diamond ring? Or a pearl? Or a ruby, like in the fairy tales?"

"Wouldn't you like to know!" chirped Stu, very self-satisfied.

"Stu, if you found money," I tells him, "you ought to put it in some safe place. It belongs to your grandma anyway."

"Don't you try to guess what I found, Moosie. It's been there for years, and I'm the first one that found it, so it's safe."

Cloyd put his two cents in. "Is it a block of stock? Valuable papers? A key to a safe-deposit box full of genuine gold?"

Stuart burst into roars of happy laughter. "I've got everybody going. Even Cloyd is curious! You'll never guess. It's a hundred times better than those things. It's something nobody else in the world could have."

Then something happened that made me very mad. Stu was getting out of his chair when Cloyd grabbed him and went through his pockets like lightning. Stu screeched and kicked him on the shins, yelling, "I'll never come here again as long as I live!"

"Stop that!" I roars, with difficulty remembering you want me to be a lady and not pull hair. "What are you, a thief? I'll tell Floyd what kind of a fresh guy you are!"

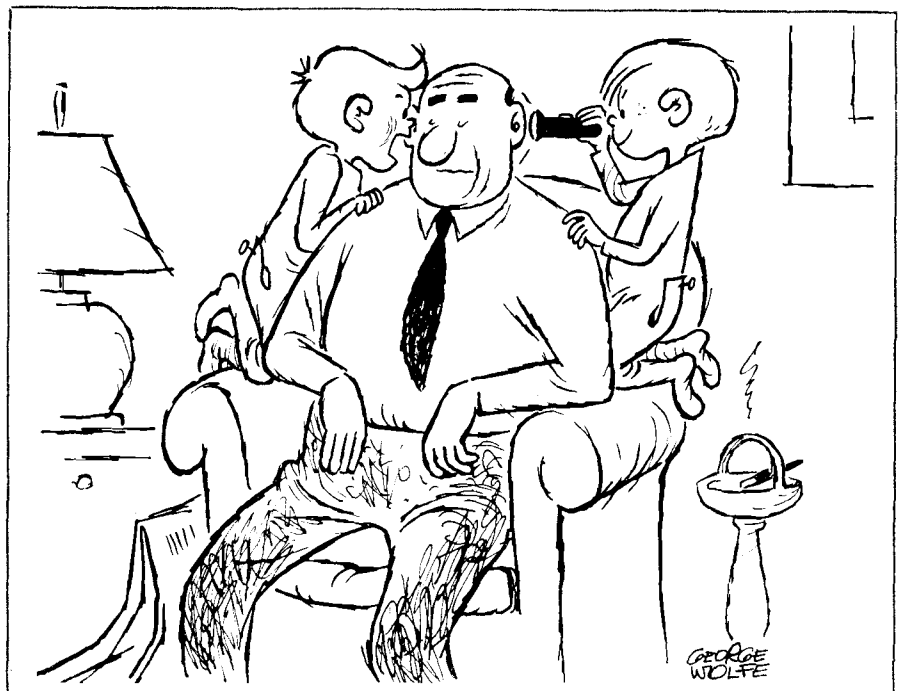
"I was just fooling," says Cloyd smirking. "I thought if the kid had really hidden the present in his pocket it would be a good joke to grab it and show everybody what it is. I'da given it back of course."

We marched out very stiff and icy, throwing the money for the ice cream on the table, but Cloyd really didn't care—he had gone into the telephone booth. When we got into our back yard the kids swarmed up an apple tree, and I asked Stu to keep an eye on Cherry while I fetched her a warmer sweater from the house. I went inside and slipped up to Stuart's room as quiet as a mouse. No one was there, everything was all right. And I tiptoed down to Cherry's and my room, and everything was all right there too. Except I saw two big shoes under my bed. Some more of Stu's jokes, I thought, and I'll put those big men's shoes he planted under my bed right between his own nice clean sheets. I leaned over and grabbed the shoes and pulled.

But this time I pulled out a man—a live man. He leaped to his feet sputtering, but I was yelping myself. "Floyd! Why are you hiding in here? You've worked for Mrs. Warhorst too long. You act as if you owned the place."

"Well, I was after a squirrel," Floyd said. "I was passing by in the hall and I actually saw a squirrel, and he darted in here. I wasn't looking for anything. The squirrels are getting too fresh. This prohibition against killing things has gone far enough."

"I think so too," I agreed, giving him a glare. He shifted to another excuse. "You heard Mrs. Warhorst ask me to take off the screens and wash windows, didn't you? I was about to start in on your windows, but I dropped my cloth and was looking for it."



COLLIER'S "Are you sure it's turned on? The light doesn't shine through!" GEORGE WOLFE

"I see," I says mildly. But the funny thing is, a couple of days ago I took off the screens myself, and washed the windows. I I almost think Floyd might be a liar.

Must go now and varnish my legs. Respectfully your friend,

De Lucie

Saturday

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Iredale:

I didn't get a letter from Rocky. I wonder if he knows how I feel about him—does he take it for granted that I will come to him at the police picnic, though hell should bar the way, as the poet says? Mrs. Warhorst said she would take the children for haircuts and to the county fair, so I kissed them good-by and put on my red suit and caught the morning train to New York.

I didn't feel happy. I wished Stu and Cherry were with me. I had promised you to take care of them, and while Mrs. Warhorst is their grandmother, she didn't know a thing about the priceless present that Stu was hiding in his room. A tiny girl sat across from me in the train. She was trying to unscrew the window frames with a toy screw driver, and I thought what a pity I'd never given Cherry one to play with. She would have so much fun unscrewing doorknobs and things. And this made me decide to go back home and ask Mrs. Warhorst to let me take the children to the police picnic. I got off at Jamaica and had a pretty long wait for a train back. Rocky would think that hell had barred the way, after all. After the long walk home from the station, I let myself into the house with my key, but no one was there. I remembered that Floyd and Lyd were off too. I went up to my room, and I couldn't get in. The door was locked on the inside!

I slipped up the dark little staircase to Stu's room, and opened the register slowly so it wouldn't squeak, and peered down. A man with a big felt hat jammed over his forehead was standing in front of the bookcase, tossing piles of heavy books on to the window seat, and feeling the empty shelves. The squirrels were rattling in the window seat. I looked for something heavy to drop on the man, to scare him away. I tied the soldering iron to Stu's lariat, and lifted the whole register out, and leaned over to conk him on the head when he got in position. I waited, puzzling over the tapping in the window seat below. It was rhythmical!

De de de DA! de de de DA! DA de de DA de de DA de de DA!

And it came to me! "Rootititoot! Rootititome! We are the girls of Industrial Home!"

Stuart Iredale was in that window seat, and he was tapping to attract my attention, if I was anywhere near!

I dropped the soldering iron quick, and missed him, and hurled a pot of glue, but it only caught him on the hand. He jumped, and stared up at me. His face was all blacked up, with burnt cork or something. He ran to the door, and began to draw the bolt, and I shot down those stairs in one awful leap, thinking only of Stu. I flew past the man in the doorway and started to throw the books off the window seat. "So it's in there, is it!" he exclaims. The guy grabs me from behind, half choking me. I fought, but he tied up my hands with the lariat, and caught my heels in it too. He started to shove a dresser scarf in my mouth, just as I heard Floyd's heavy footsteps pounding up the stairs. I screamed, "Floyd! Help!"

The footsteps paused outside the door, and then I heard them calmly ascending the black staircase and walking across the floor above. I guessed Floyd was going to peek through the register before he decided whose side he was on. Then a trouser leg shot through the register, and Floyd bellowed— he had tripped into the open register and fallen through to the hips and stuck there. And he couldn't get out!

My enemy had tied the scarf around my face with a horrid knot in my mouth, and thrown me into a chair. Faintly I heard tapping from the window seat.

The guy shouted, "You hiding your damn' cop in there? I'll fix him!" He picked up the soldering iron and went over to the window seat and started taking books off, very fast, with the iron ready in his right hand. The lid flew open and Stu popped up like a firecracker, and I saw the soldering iron in the air—

You'll hardly believe what happened next. Rocky seized the man from behind, exactly the way the guy had grabbed me. My Rocky! My big quiet calm cop! My Rocky that I thought was eighty miles away at the police picnic.

"Look out! The man in the register! Above! Above!" I kept trying to yell, but just an awful groany sound came out through the dresser scarf over my mouth.

Mrs. Iredale, and Mr. Iredale, I just can't write any more tonight. I'll tell you how Rocky happened to drive out and everything that happened when I get time to write on Sunday. Because tomorrow is your mother's birthday and I got to go and trim a quarter inch off my feet so they won't be too long when I fit the brass claws on them. Respectfully your friend,

De Lucie

Sunday night

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Iredale:

I was certainly surprised when you telephoned last night. Did I write something that upset you? I'll answer your questions in full right now and send the letter air mail.

Rocky had decided to meet me at the train station in New York, and when I didn't come, he jumped into his jalopy and drove to Mrs. Warhorst's house as fast as he could. He knew there was something very wrong, because I would come though hell should bar the way.

Rocky punched the blacked-up man several times, too hard I guess, because the goon fell down, and Rocky took off his hat and wiped off some of the black. The man was Cloyd, Floyd's brother. And Rocky drew back his foot and says, "I'd like to kick your teeth in, for tying up De Lucie," but he didn't. Rocky wouldn't. He came over and untied me, although he could hardly do it because Stu was all over us, hugging him and me and sort of laughing and crying. He told us that after his grandma had his hair cut, she dropped him off at home to change his sweater because the other one tickled, intending to pick him up in a couple of hours, after she and Cherry had their hair cut and curled at the beauty parlor.

He heard footsteps coming, and thought it was Mrs. Warhorst, and got in the window seat to surprise her, but then books started showering down on top of the lid, which scared him badly. He was telling us this story when his grandma and Cherry came running up the stairs, calling "Stu! Stu!" Cherry jumped into my lap with Stu. But Mrs. Warhorst just stood and stared at Rocky and the man on the floor.

Cloyd was awake but pretending not to be—and Floyd's legs sticking through the ceiling.

"Who took that register out? Why don't you get out?" Mrs. Warhorst called.

"I can't move, I'm hurt so bad," Floyd groaned. "If I've got bones broken, I'll sue you."

Cloyd sat up, holding his teeth in. "What were you intending to do with that iron?" Rocky inquired in a soft voice. "I should have croaked you."

"I didn't hurt her much. Nor the kid. I was looking for the jewels the kid is hiding for his grandmother's birthday," whined Cloyd. "Floyd promised to pay me if I located it for him."

"That's a lie!" yelled the legs in the register.

"You're a liar yourself!" Cloyd shrieked at his brother.

"Floyd!" exclaimed Mrs. Warhorst in a terrible voice. "Would you steal from me?"

"Well, the jewels ought to belong to me," whimpered the legs. "One time you told me to take whatever I wanted out of these rooms, and all I took was clothes and a radio. I didn't know there was valuables hid."

"Nor I either. There aren't any jewels,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Floyd," said Mrs. Warhorst sadly. "The only jewel my boy left was a lovely memory."

"Get me out of here!" groaned Floyd. "I'm sick! I'm sick!"

You know what? It took four men to get him out of the register, he was stuck so tight; Rocky and Cloyd and the intern on the ambulance and the driver. His hip was fractured. It hurt him terribly to move him. He'll be up in the hospital for several weeks.

Cloyd is going to do time: three months. I would've let him go, but Rocky wouldn't. And Lyd packed up her clothes and quit. Good riddance. Mrs. Warhorst was real relieved.

I'm doing the work and cooking her some decent meals. Astrid—she's the upstairs maid next door to your house, Mrs. Iredale—is going to come here with her new husband Dominick and be a couple for Mrs. Warhorst, when we go home.

Oh, the birthday presents.

Stu's present to his grandmother was something nobody else could have, just as he said. It's a grubby-looking schoolbook that he happened to open from the bookshelves, called Werner's Arithmetic, Book Seven.

On the front page is written, "Stuart Warhorst. Sept., 1936. I pity the baker, I pity the cook, I pity the theef, that steels this book." And along the edge of one page is written in the same sprawly handwriting, "You tell all the kids we can play football in my yard this afternoon my mother never minds she bought me a new helmet."

Mrs. Warhorst was sitting in a chair when Stuart gave her this, and she kissed the dirty old book as if it was a letter from heaven, and maybe it was. The tears came into her eyes, and I thought I was going to suffocate from the lump in my throat. She's a brave old girl. She never wrings her hands. We like each other a lot.

"Aren't you glad, Grandma?" Stuart asked. "It shows how nice you were to my little Uncle Stuart and how he bragged about you to the other kids."

She hugged him and hugged him, smiling and trying not to cry. I know she liked it a lot, better than any jewel those fools thought was hidden in this room.

But I didn't give her the table. I bought her a big box of candy.

Because after the Grabbes were hauled away I showed Rocky the little table I had been fixing up. I've sandpapered and varnished it, and resandpapered and revarnished it eight times, and the whole surface is like glass. The legs gleam like a new automobile, and the claws fit perfectly. Rocky ran his hand over the table and said, "What a beautiful job, De Lucie!" He was really nuts about it.

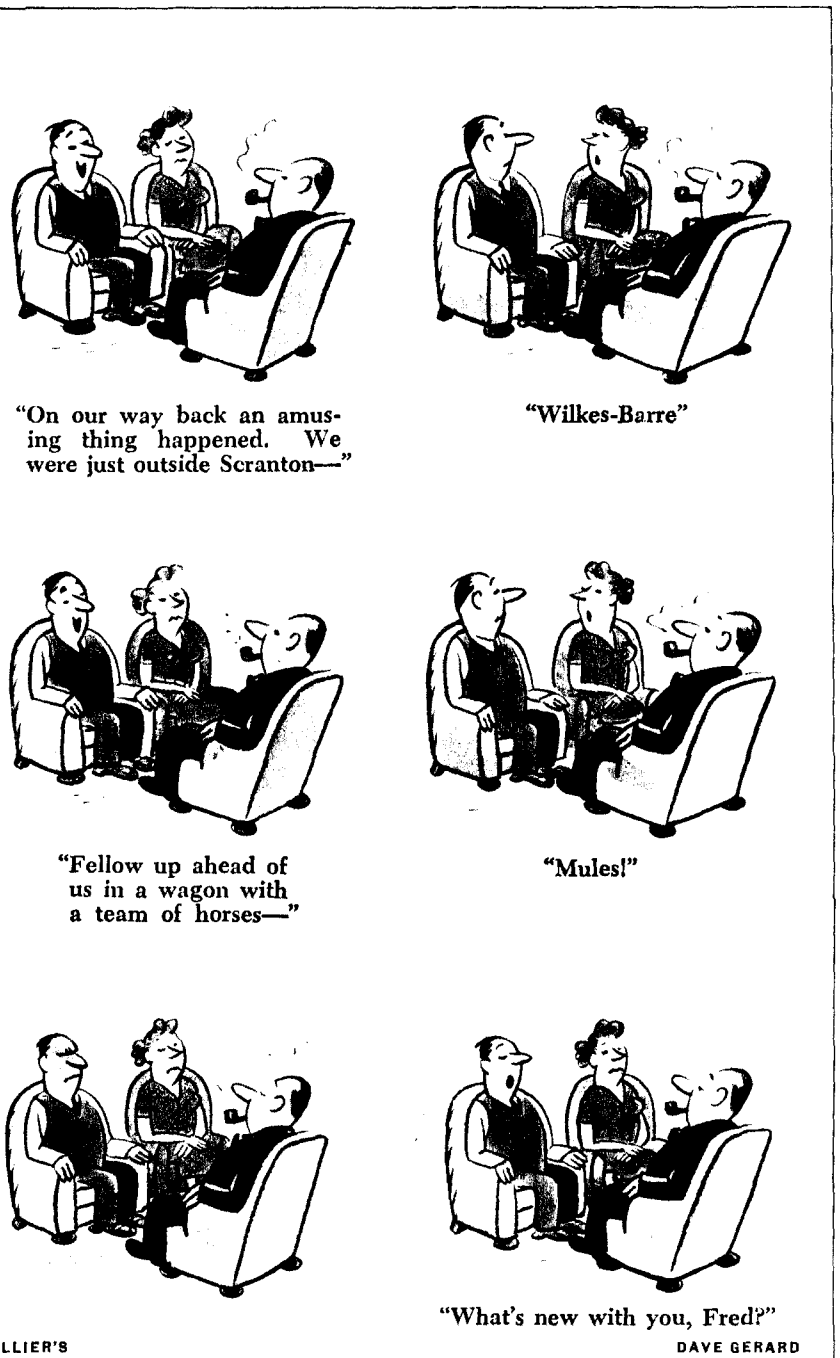
And then I nearly fell over in a dead faint from sheer bliss, because he says, "We ought to put this beautiful little table away for our hope chest, De Lucie. We'll need it ourselves someday."

Stuart let out a howl like a wolf, and Rocky got rather red and changed the subject.

Did you ever float across a room three inches above the floor? That's the way I'm walking. All my dreams are coming true. Respectfully your friend,

De Lucie

THE END



"On our way back an amusing thing happened. We were just outside Scranton—"

"Wilkes-Barre"

"Fellow up ahead of us in a wagon with a team of horses—"

"Mules!"

"What's new with you, Fred?"

COLLIER'S

DAVE GERARD

No Other Dentifrice Offers Proof of Such Results! Proof That Using

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM HELPS STOP TOOTH DECAY!

2 Years' Research by LEADING UNIVERSITIES Proves That Using Colgate's Right After Eating Helps Stop Tooth Decay Before It Starts!

THE MOST CONCLUSIVE PROOF IN ALL DENTIFRICE HISTORY ON TOOTH DECAY! Proof based on more than 2 years' scientific research at leading universities—hundreds of case histories! Modern research shows that tooth decay is caused by mouth acids which are at their worst right after eating. Brushing teeth with Colgate Dental Cream as directed helps remove these acids before they can harm enamel. And Colgate's active penetrating foam reaches crevices between your teeth where food particles often lodge.

YES, THE SAME TOOTHPASTE YOU USE TO CLEAN YOUR BREATH WHILE YOU CLEAN YOUR TEETH, has been proved to contain all the necessary ingredients, including an exclusive *patented* ingredient, for effective daily dental care. No risk of irritation to tissues and gums! And no change in Colgate's famous flavor, foam, or cleansing action! No dentifrice can stop *all* tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But brushing teeth with Colgate Dental Cream as directed is a safe, *proved* way to help stop tooth decay!

ALWAYS USE COLGATE'S TO CLEAN YOUR BREATH WHILE YOU CLEAN YOUR TEETH – AND HELP STOP TOOTH DECAY!
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
COLGATE
DENTAL CREAM
ECONOMY SIZE 59¢
ALSO 43¢ AND 25¢ SIZES

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GENTLEMEN'S GAME

By MILLER HARRIS and R. W. McLAUGHLIN

In which two dubious gentlemen teach a sucker not to play golf with strangers, even if you know them

IT IS always a pleasure to caddie for Mr. Healy. You get to see so much more of the course. Also he tips big and he don't threaten to cover your body with honey and place you on a anthill like Mr. Grof does if you happen to lose a ball or a tee. Mr. Grof, while he is a better golfer and all, don't tip so big. He says there is a beauty in caddying and it should not be tainted with money.

Mr. Healy ain't no great golfer. Golf is like everything else, you gotta have form but you also gotta believe you can do it. If you need to look up to see where the ball's going, you never need to look far. It's prolly lying at your feet. Healy, he don't have much faith. Also he don't have much form. He stands about two yards behind the ball, which is wrong. I'd tell him, only some people don't like to be told and Mr. Healy is new at the club.

Then he winds himself up into a corkscrew position and holds himself like that for about thirty seconds. This also is not good. Then he closes his eyes, jumps forward about two steps and, whistling through his teeth, unwinds at the ball. Whether he hits it or not, this swing still counts a stroke which is something Mr. Healy may not know because he scores himself around 90 and shoots around 120.

It is always a surprise to me to see him playing with Mr. Grof and Mr. Curtiss, who shoot in the seventies. The early part of the summer is when they started playing together, just after Mr. Healy comes from New York to take charge of the local office where the other two work: the Fahensahr Cast-Iron Lawn Dog Manufacturing Company.

The three of them play skats for a buck a hole. Just to make it interesting, they always say. Skats work like this: The guy who wins the hole takes a buck from each of the others, but if two tie, all tie. So if Grof and Curtiss both have pars, say, and Healy comes in with a ten, Healy don't lose nothing. With Grof and Curtiss playing pretty even there ain't never much blood. Usually Healy loses a little but not enough to hurt.

Mr. Grof always says Mr. Healy has the makings of a real pro. He'd sure make a good-looking pro. In them knickers and that old turtle-neck sweater with the "C" for Collingswood High and that paunch and that red, beery face hanging down to his shoulders, a hot-looking pro he'd make. Mr. Grof always tells him he's proud to have a great golfer like Mr. Healy for a boss, and that Healy plays golf almost as well as he makes cast-iron lawn dogs. Well, I never seen none of them lawn dogs but they must be bums.

This one day I'm kneeling by the caddie house banging dice up against the wall improving my mind, when Curtiss and Grof arrive. Curtiss wears a pair of thick horn-rimmed glasses which covers most of his face and a sun-visor hat which covers the rest of it. From the neck up, he looks like a pair of binoculars and from the neck down, he looks like a matchstick. Dressed in a tan kinda sackcloth playsuit, he looks kinda mousy next to Mr. Grof, who is wearing his maroon outfit today —maroon suède shoes, maroon towel shirt, maroon felt cap, and a maroon watch fob. He always wears yellow pants. Big Grof is the talker, while Skinny Curtiss usually just nods his head and blinks. He don't talk much out loud, gets it across mostly by blinking, like a battleship signaling.

This day they're talking about Healy. They say Healy has just been transferred out of their office and back to the New York office, and it seems to me all of a sudden they don't think he's such a hot golfer any more. Or even *(Continued on page 64)*

"Got to sink this one, boy," says Mr. Healy to Mr. Grof. "Got to save us a little moola here"

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

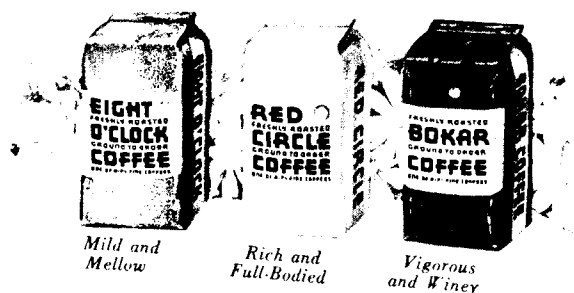
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SIMPLY . . . MARVELOUS!

These fresh-picked daisies are lovely in their simplicity. They don't need a fancy vase to make you appreciate them. And in its way, A&P Coffee is like them. Money can't buy finer, fresher flavor than A&P Coffee gives you. True, it comes in a practical paper bag, while other coffees are expensively packaged. But the rich flavor so vital to good coffee is fully protected. That's because A&P Coffee, unlike most others, is kept in the flavor-sealed bean till you buy. Then in mere seconds, it's Custom Ground for the way YOU make coffee. The extra flavor that results from this extra service makes A&P Coffee America's best-liked coffee. Try it. You'll say . . . "it's simply marvelous!"

A&P COFFEE

AT ALL A&P FOOD STORES



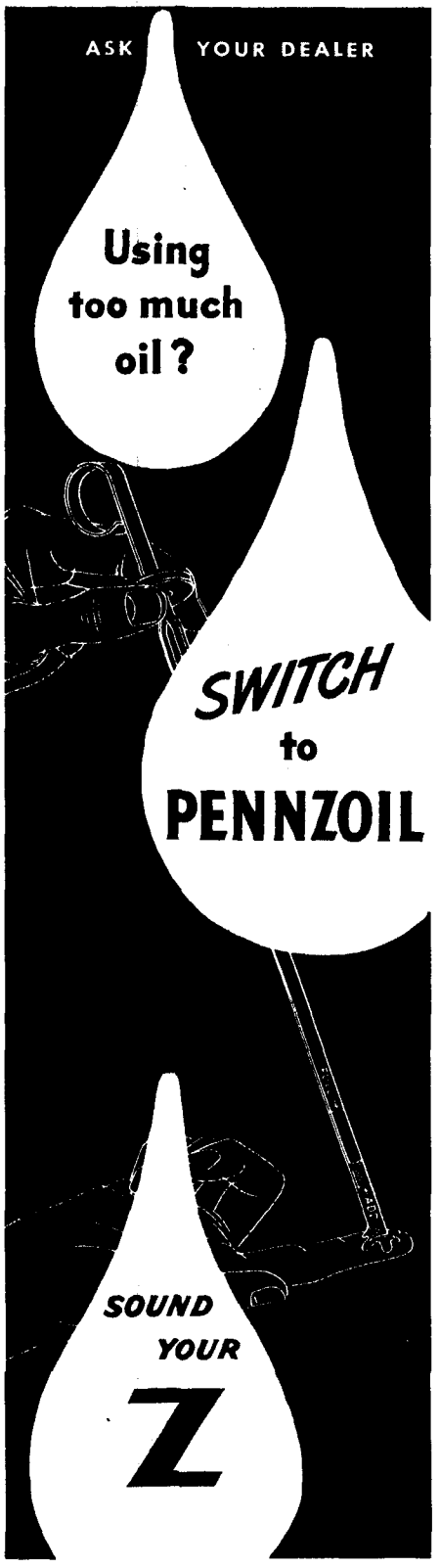
Mild and Mellow — *Rich and Full-Bodied* — *Vigorous and Winey*

3 DISTINCT BLENDS
(ALL WONDERFUL)

Unlike most coffees which come in one blend only, A&P Coffee offers you the blend that exactly suits your taste.

A&P

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



If you suspect you've been using too much oil, why not find out? Switch to Pennzoil, the 100% Pennsylvania oil with *staying power*.

Over 60,000 better dealers, coast to coast, recommend Pennzoil. It's worth looking for, easy to find at the yellow oval sign. Just sound your Z—get the genuine.

SOUND YOUR Z
100% Pure Pennsylvania
PENNZOIL
Safe Lubrication

Member Penn. Grade Crude Oil Assn., Permit No. 2

TOUGH-FILM PENNZOIL® MOTOR OIL & LUBRICANTS
AT BETTER DEALERS . . . COAST TO COAST

Escape to Shangri-La

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

Henry, a handsome young blond, is thirty-six. Prior to the war he was a member of the Austrian Olympic ski team.

As we sat on the roof of the villa in Lhasa where Lowell, Jr., and I were staying, maps spread before us on a table, they detailed their story for the first time.

The British had interned them, along with 3,000 other Germans and Austrians, at the Dehra Dun camp. From behind the wire fences they could look out at the row of snow-capped Himalayan peaks—not many miles away, but thrusting almost five miles into the sky. They knew if they could escape to those heights, there were few policemen or soldiers in India who would be able to follow them.

There were a number of attempts at freedom, and Harrer and Aufschnaiter were involved in every one of them. They feel now that when they finally made it, in April, 1944, it was because a new British officer was in command of the camp, a chap who was not too alert.

Parties of workmen often came into the prison compound, natives accompanied by British commissioned or noncommissioned officers. In some way the prisoners had succeeded in accumulating enough British and Indian clothing to disguise themselves. One day, five of them painted their hands and faces with potassium permanganate and posed as Indian workmen. Two others masqueraded as British officers. Then all seven boldly walked right out of the prison camp, supposedly part of a work detail.

Henry Harrer was not a member of that escape party. He succeeded another way. Around the camp there were two high wire fences. Between them was a wide space the prisoners called the "chicken run." Over it, at one point, was a roof that extended from one wire fence to the other so as to provide shelter for the sentry. Henry managed to get across both fences by way of that rain shelter on the same day as the mass escape. Shot at but missed, Harrer was able to rendezvous with his friends on the outside.

Deserted Village a Haven

Two of the eight escaped prisoners, donning the stolen British officers' uniforms, headed for a railroad station in an attempt to make their way out of India. The other six struck off for The Himalayas, with Tibet as their goal. At 11,000 feet, they reached the uninhabited village of Nelang. The villagers, who abandoned Nelang every winter when snow clogs the passes, had not yet returned, so the prisoners felt safe. They rested there ten days and made plans to continue on to the Tibetan frontier, still two days distant.

At Nelang, one of the escaped party decided that life behind the wire fences at Dehra Dun was preferable to the icy fastness of the world's bleakest land; he turned back. The remaining five pressed on over The Himalayas, heading for the valley of the Sutlej, one of Central Asia's greatest rivers.

Here there was a disagreement about which way they should go. The group split up, two men heading west toward the Spiti valley, a region of Tibet known for its murderous brigands. Peter Aufschnaiter, Henry Harrer and a third man named Kopp pushed north, with the Indus River valley as their goal.

Their first objective beyond the frontier was the largest monastery in western Tibet, at Tholing. The fame of the abbey there is known far and wide in that part of Asia. It is supposed to be one of the oldest, and exceedingly rich as well.

Without benefit of telegraph or radio, word travels rapidly in Central Asia. Tibetan officials in Tholing somehow heard about the three Europeans who were heading that way. Instead of waiting for them to arrive, the Dalai Lama's representative in that far corner of Tibet came out and met them when they were still two days from Tholing. They told the fleeing Austrians they must turn back.

At first the Tibetan officials were exceedingly courteous, almost gentle with them. But when the Tibetans found the three Europeans persistent, they blocked the road and adamantly insisted that the intruders turn back. Nevertheless, the escaping prisoners pushed past them and continued toward Tholing.

Arriving at the great monastery, they asked to see the high abbot, the lama who is the chief administrator. The official explained that, much as he might like to help them, there was nothing he could do. But he did suggest that they continue for a few days more, and he sent along an escort to take them to the town of Shangtse, a two-day march to the northwest.

There they were turned over to the top local Tibetan official, the *dzong pen*, governor of the region. The *dzong pen* presented them with the usual ceremonial white silk scarves, ordered a banquet set before them, and gave them endless cups of yak-butter tea. He listened courteously and sympathetically to their story. But he explained that without orders from Lhasa, there was nothing he could do either. They must go back to India. In fact, he ordered them to go by the most direct route, over Shipki Pass.

Lowell Thomas comments on the news daily, Monday through Friday, on CBS

With sinking hearts they headed south. But when they came to the border, their hopes rose again. There were no frontier guards. All they saw was a signpost reading: "Simla, 200 miles." Simla, the summer capital of India, was the last place they wanted to see.

Luckily, the *dzong pen* of Shangtse had not sent an armed guard to make sure they crossed into India. He had simply ordered them to go. There, at the Tibet-India border, the escaped prisoners told officials that they were Americans. Even in that remote corner of Central Asia there is magic in the word "American." Aufschnaiter and Harrer had no intention of crossing. They were determined to stay in Tibet. But their companion, Kopp, left them and went back to Dehra Dun to give himself up.

Without telling the Tibetans on the frontier what they had in mind, the two men detoured into the mountains and then started northeast over a pass seldom traversed even by tribesmen. Its name is Budbud-la, its altitude—18,000 feet.

Peter and Henry journeyed by night, keeping away from villages and the tents of nomads. Five days later they descended into the Indus valley. There they came to one of the great caravan routes of Tibet, the main trade way between Ladakh, and Lhasa. It runs east and west from Kashmir to the Dalai Lama's capital. Traders and others who encountered them on this road paid no attention to them.

Officials Appeared Friendly

After five days more of travel along this caravan route they arrived at Gartok, the present-day capital of western Tibet. Here they could not avoid the monk official and the lay noble representing the Dalai Lama. This time luck seemed to be with them. They made friends with the two officials, who allowed them to continue on to the southeast.

But there was a catch in it. They were given this permission only with the understanding that they were to journey along that caravan route for approximately one month. At the end of that time, when they came to a junction where an important trail turns south over the mountains to Nepal, they were to take that route and leave Tibet. Nepal is a semi-independent state and, naturally, if they were obliged to go there, at least that would be better than being sent over a pass that would lead them directly into India and prison.

The friends they had made at Gartok treated them handsomely, outfitted them with Tibetan clothes, supplied them with food for the journey and gave them three yaks as their pack animals.

Eight days southeast of Gartok brought the Austrian pair to one of the fabulous lakes of high Asia. The people of India call it Lake Manasorawar. Sven Hedin, the eminent Swedish explorer, once described it as the most beautiful lake in Asia. Lake Manasorawar is at an altitude of 16,000 feet, and it is surrounded by snow-capped peaks. One of these, Gurla Mandhata, is a 25,000-foot mountain. The azure lake is regarded as holy by most of the peoples of Central Asia. Thousands of pilgrims visit there each year.

Although Gurla Mandhata is the loftiest mountain overlooking Lake Manasorawar,

COLLIER'S

"Miss Jones said if I was late again it would show on my report card"

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tune in HENRY J. TAYLOR, ABC Network, every Monday evening.

Now it's your turn to blossom out

FRESH NOTE IN FRONT-END DESIGN

This sturdy bumper-grille means smartness—rugged protection—low-cost repair in case of damage.

YOU'VE seen it happen with lots of folks.

They started out, as most of us do, with a car of modest size—and still more modest price.

Maybe they moved themselves up a bit, step by step, to the top-bracket models in that particular price range.

Then they discovered something.

It doesn't cost much more—sometimes no more—to really blossom out in a Buick.

It's not such a long stretch to take command of a great-hearted valve-in-head straight-eight—to move into the room and restfulness and steady going of a Buick—to cloak yourself in styling that's today's height of highway fashions.

You can know the good, satisfying feel of a Buick wheel in your hand—*you* can have the gentleness of soft coil springs on all four wheels—*you* can revel in the handiness of cars that are big in room and big in repute, yet traffic-sized and easy to park and put away.

Maybe—who knows till you inquire?—you can manage the magic silkiness of Dynaflow Drive* in all its 1950 perfection. Surely you'll find the model that's twin to your heart's desire among the many choices Buick gives you this year.

So why not make this your year to blossom out in a Buick, as so many have before you? Why not find out the dollars-and-cents story of Buick—it even includes some very happy figures on gas economy—from your own Buick dealer?

See him now—and help yourself to some real fun this season!

BUICK *Division of* GENERAL MOTORS

**Standard on ROADMASTER, optional at extra cost on SUPER and SPECIAL models.*

Features like these mean BUICK'S THE BUY

HIGHER-COMPRESSION *Fireball valve-in-head power in three engines, five hp ratings. (New F-263 engine in SUPER models.)* • ***NEW-PATTERN STYLING,*** *with bumper-guard grilles, taper-through fenders, "double bubble" taillights* • ***WIDE-ANGLE VISIBILITY,*** *close-up road view both forward and back* • ***TRAFFIC-HANDY SIZE,*** *less over-all length for easier parking and garaging, short turning radius* • ***EXTRA-WIDE SEATS*** *cradled between the axles* • ***SOFT BUICK RIDE,*** *from all-coil springing, Safety-Ride rims, low-pressure tires, ride-steadying torque-tube* • ***DYNAFLOW DRIVE*** *standard on all ROADMASTERS, optional at extra cost on SUPER and SPECIAL series* • ***WIDE ARRAY OF MODELS*** *with Body by Fisher*

WHATEVER YOUR PRICE RANGE

"Better buy Buick"

GM YOUR KEY TO GREATER VALUE

When better automobiles are built BUICK will build them

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PARK & TILFORD
RESERVE
– the finest-tasting whiskey of its type in America!

The PREMIUM Whiskey at a POPULAR Price!

For those who prefer a light-bodied whiskey, we recommend Park & Tilford RESERVE as the *superlative* example and the *incomparable* value. These are the attributes that have long made it an American favorite.

PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC., NEW YORK • 62½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 86 PROOF

there is another alongside it that is regarded as much more sacred. Mount Kailas, a 22,000-foot Himalayan monarch, ranks with the Mount of Olives and with Fujiyama as one of the most revered mountains on earth. To some hundreds of millions of Hindus and Buddhists, Mount Kailas is the most sacred peak in Asia. The Austrians spent several days exploring that region and then moved on. Day after day, week after week, the two men continued their long trek down the ancient caravan route.

Dame Fortune was smiling on Aufschnaiter and Harrer this time. When they approached the intersection of the caravan routes, the place where they had been ordered to turn south for the journey over The Himalayas into Nepal, they met two high officials with whom they made friends. These Tibetans, instead of confirming the order given at Gartok, told them they could stop and rest for a week or two at the small town of Tradun. These officials also gave them a pass to another town that turned out to be by far the most pleasant they encountered in their long and strenuous wanderings. It was the Tibetan village of Kyirong Dzong.

Although just about all of Tibet is at an altitude above 14,000 feet, Kyirong Dzong is the exception. Here you drop down to 9,000 feet, which is extremely low altitude for that country. The town is below the timberline and, of course, has an entirely different climate.

The Austrians stayed there for a number of months, resting in a glorious spot surrounded by lofty mountains, in the midst of what they described as a wonderful forest.

In Defiance of Orders

In the autumn of 1945, they took to the trail again. This time the Tibetan authorities ordered them to journey south into Nepal. Peter and Henry started in that direction; but as soon as darkness descended, they left the caravan route, circled back and headed north. They were still determined to reach the sacred city of Lhasa. For a week or so, they traveled only by night. Then for 34 days they journeyed across a region called the "Changthang," the great northern plain that is the wildest part of Tibet. Making their way over some of the highest passes in Tibet, they drove their pack animals through an almost uninhabited territory, a land of many rivers and of thousands of lakes. All of the rivers in the Changthang flow into lakes that have no outlets. These lakes, by the way, are one of Asia's main sources of salt and borax.

During this part of their long jaunt they were in a desolate region where there are no villages. No grain will grow on the lofty plains of the Changthang. The only inhabitants are a few nomads and their yaks.

It was on this stretch, a few days before Christmas, 1945, that they had their narrowest escape. Peter and Henry noticed that they were being followed. And they were experienced enough to know that the men who were coming up one of the passes behind them were brigands. This is a section of Tibet where it is common knowledge that robbers will murder you merely to steal your clothes. The two Austrian mountaineers eluded the brigands by leaving the narrow footpath and doubling back around one of the peaks. Then they struck out cross-country, traveling over a region of glaciers and rocky cliffs.

In January, when they figured they were within a week's journey of Lhasa, they crossed another ice field and arrived at the top of Guring-la, 19,300-foot snow-swept pass at the very summit of Tibet.

Descending from there into the valley of the Kyi Chu River, they entered the Forbidden City by night in mid-January, 1946. Their faces were so burned and weatherbeaten from the winds and the ultraviolet rays that they might have passed for almost anything except Europeans. They had long beards and were dressed in torn sheepskin outer jackets, fur hats, and wore yakhair shoes on their weary feet.

Once more, and at the most important time of all, Lady Luck was with them. They encountered a Tibetan who was a hospitable, friendly person—Thangmay by name. He invited them to his home. After he heard their story, he passed it along to some of his influential friends.

We suspect the Tibetans had great admiration for these Austrians—especially for the way they had crossed that 19,300-foot pass in midwinter. At any rate, as the days and weeks went by, they made more and more friends; and the officials of the Dalai Lama's government decided that it might be a good plan to allow them to stay. The two Austrians did everything they could to make themselves useful. In Tibet there are no engineers and both men had knowledge that could be put to good use. Slowly, they worked their way into the confidence of the Dalai Lama and the men around him.

Months passed, and then years. They virtually became Tibetans. Today, both are engaged in work on important projects. On the outskirts of Lhasa, Peter Aufschnaiter is directing the digging of a canal. Henry Harrer works with the Tibetan Foreign Bureau, and we found him busy revising badly needed maps.

Voice from Tibet

Reginald Fox, the British radio operator whose work for the Dalai Lama is described in this installment, has been heard recently broadcasting short-wave appeals for aid so that Tibet might defend itself against the Chinese Communists. Picked up as a thin, wavering voice in New Delhi, the forty-nine-year-old Fox asked in the name of the Dalai Lama for help from all neighboring countries to thwart the Reds' announced intention of "liberating Tibet." He said in his initial broadcast that the Tibetan people were "firmly resolved to protect his holiness (the Dalai Lama), their religion, their country and their lives." "Radio Tibet" said that it would continue these air appeals in English, Chinese and Tibetan because "the government and his holiness are shocked at the threat of Communist invasion."

The two wear purple robes, eat Tibetan food and speak the language like natives. The Tibetans are fond of them. They, in turn, like the Tibetans. So it seems to be an exceedingly satisfactory combination—so much so that both Peter and Henry told us they think they will remain as residents of Tibet for the rest of their lives.

When we left Lhasa, Peter and Henry were there to bid us good-by. We wondered what thoughts really were going through their minds—whether they wouldn't have liked to join us and return to their homeland and to their families. It's a strange life they have chosen, in the strangest of all lands.

But when we asked them directly why they would rather live in Lhasa, their answer seemed to make good sense. Speaking for Henry Harrer and himself, Peter Aufschnaiter said:

"When you look at the aftermath of the war in Europe, do you really wonder why Henry and I choose to remain here—with our good and faithful friends in Tibet?"

Next week's installment concludes this series on Tibet. The Thomases explain more of the weird manners and mores of the land on the roof of the world and report on the dangers encountered on their journey home

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Brat's a Giant

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

encomium: "He can't run, he can't hit and he can't throw, but I wouldn't trade Eddie for any player in the National League." It was a description which Durocher parroted on more than one occasion.

The scene shifts now to Boston, in late April of the same year. The Dodgers are playing at Braves Field. Stanky lofts a futile pop fly and as he jogs back to the bench, the piercing voice of Durocher assails his ears from the Brooklyn dugout. Eddie, who, like Durocher, is notably short on temper and long on invective, replies in kind.

The repartee, while spirited, hardly sounds as though Noel Coward wrote the dialogue. On the steps of the Braves' dugout, Stanky pauses for one final shot at his former buddy.

"You're nothing but a busher, Durocher," screeches Eddie, "you always were and you always will be!"

The acoustics at Braves Field are excellent. Nobody in the stands or in the press box had any difficulty hearing Stanky's blast. It was duly recorded in the press, gleefully in such sections of it as fail to consider Durocher one of nature's noblemen. On the train returning to New York, the Lip was still quivering with rage. "That Stanky," he said contemptuously, "I need him as much as I need a hole in the head." This bon mot also was dutifully reported.

At its inception, the Durocher-Stanky vendetta seemed to have all the ingredients, save gunplay, of a super-duper Hatfield-McCoy feud. Both were truculent, aggressive, highly vituperative and vocal. Sliding back into third base at Ebbets Field in July, Stanky broke his left ankle. A week later, Durocher suddenly found himself managing the Giants. By the time Eddie returned to the Boston line-up, the pennant his early play had promised the Braves was in the process of being delivered.

The feud was forgotten until last December when the Giants obtained Stanky and his double-play partner, young Alvin Dark. Then it was gleefully revived. How would Stanky react under a manager whom he had accused of taking bread and butter out of his family's mouth? What would Durocher think of the player who had publicly labeled him "busher"?

Durocher fell back on his old line. "He's still my kind of ballplayer," proclaimed the Lip.

"There's nobody I'd sooner play under than the Lion," said Stanky, employing his private nickname for Leo.

As a matter of fact, when Stanky learned he had been traded to the Giants, he sent Durocher a telegram which wiped out any embers that might still have been smoldering. "Just heard the good news," read the telegram. "Delighted at the chance to play for you again."

After receiving this message, Durocher phoned Stanky at his home in Fairhope, Alabama, and spoke to his new second baseman for half an hour. The knife which Eddie claimed Durocher was planting in his back during his 1948 contract dispute was removed without leaving a scar. It turned out to be only a flesh wound, after all.

* * *

Stanky was only a journeyman ballplayer with the Cubs until he came to Durocher and the Dodgers in June of 1944 in exchange for Bob Chipman, a left-handed pitcher of unremarkable talents.

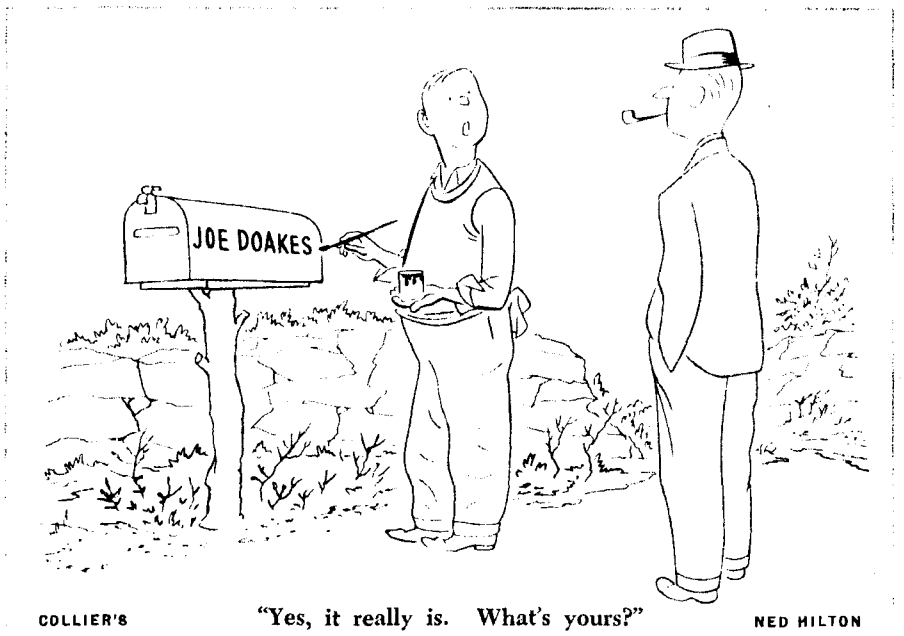
"I would have swum the Gowanus Canal to get him," said Durocher in a somewhat quixotic outburst of enthusiasm when the trade was announced.

Under Durocher, Eddie bloomed. He was the perfect foil for Leo on the field—a holler guy, a take-charge guy, a player of great inspirational value to his teammates. Other players caught fire from Stanky, and the Dodgers, with Durocher spurring them from the bench and Stanky leading them in the field, became the modern "Gas House Gang." Eddie was felicitously nicknamed "the Brat" in recognition of his fiery play. Branch Rickey publicly and proudly referred to the Dodgers as "a band of ferocious gentlemen."

It was Durocher who moved Eddie from shortstop to second. For the next three seasons, the Brat led the National League second basemen in double plays. The Dodgers won one pennant and tied for another. Eddie was the darling of the Flatbush faithful and the storm center of more than one explosive outburst of fisticuffs. Then came the trade which took Stanky to Boston and brought $100,000 to Brooklyn. Dodger fans missed Eddie. With Boston, Stanky was a keyman as the Braves won their first pennant in 34 years, precisely as Tiger Murray, the press-box Cassandra, had prophesied.

Actually, there are two Eddie Stankys—the stocky little bantam rooster in a baseball uniform who seems to court trouble, and the affable, off-the-field Stanky in slacks and a sport jacket who looks like the popular basketball coach of the town high school. Only in one characteristic do the two Stankys dovetail. On or off the field, Eddie speaks his mind.

Last summer Stanky was the storm center of the intraclub mess in Boston. It was far from a tea party. It began in the training camp with stories of dissension and ended with Manager Billy Southworth taking a leave of absence in midsummer to avoid a nervous breakdown. As a final fillip the players voted, eleven to eight, to



COLLIER'S "Yes, it really is. What's yours?" NED HILTON

the one and only topcoat that gives you these two advantages

"BOTANY" brand 500

In gabardine or covert, in various models, styles and colors, this topcoat gives you two big advantages...the fabric that's the soul of the clothing...the style and tailoring that are the heart and body of the apparel. You'll find this 100% virgin two-ply worsted beauty at leading stores from coast to coast. $60.

The Fabric is the soul of the Clothing

Look for this label

TAILORED BY DAROFF

"BOTANY" IS A TRADEMARK OF BOTANY MILLS, INC., PASSAIC, N. J. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. COPYRIGHT 1950, BOTANY MILLS, INC., PASSAIC, N. J.

FABRIC BY BOTANY MILLS, INC., PASSAIC, N. J. • TAILORED BY DAROFF, PHILADELPHIA

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

give Southworth only a half share of their fourth-place prize money, a decision which Commissioner Happy Chandler eventually overruled.

Because of his aggressiveness and leadership on the ball field, Stanky was labeled —and libeled—as the leader of the insurrectionists among the Braves. Eddie still resents this deeply. "I always gave Southworth a full day's work on the field, the same as I've given every manager I ever played for and will give any I play for in the future," Stanky declared.

It was on the afternoon of July 23d that Stanky's troubles came to a head in Boston, in a game against the Pirates. With Warren Spahn, the Braves' pitcher, on first base, one out and Stanky at bat, Eddie gave the pitcher the hit-and-run sign.

For the benefit of the uninitiated, this baseball tactic calls for the base runner to be off with the pitcher's motion, with the batter planning to hit the ball if it is humanly possible. It is commonly used as a safeguard against the possibility of a double play, to enable the base runner to take an extra base if the batter hits safely, to place the runner in scoring position if the batter grounds out. The batter always gives the base runner the signal, by rubbing his hands across his chest, twitching the visor of his cap, tapping his spikes with his bat or any gesture which may be passed off as a nervous mannerism.

Stanky gave Spahn the sign in the third inning, but couldn't hit the ball; yet the pitcher, because of his start, was able to steal second base. In the seventh inning, under the same conditions, Eddie again flashed the hit-and-run to the southpaw. This time Stanky hit a pop-up near first base and Spahn had to reverse himself and dash back to first to avoid being doubled up. In the ninth, Spahn was unable to hold a 9-to-6 lead and was knocked out of the box, Pittsburgh eventually winning 12 to 9.

In one of Boston's Sunday papers, there appeared two-column pictures of Stanky and Southworth side by side. The caption asked: Who is giving orders to whom? The article charged that Stanky's employment of the hit-and-run with Spahn had tired out the pitcher and was directly responsible for his ninth-inning collapse. It quoted Southworth as saying that he had not signaled to Stanky to use the hit-and-run, that Eddie had given the signs on his own.

Before the double-header that afternoon, Stanky told Southworth he didn't think Billy had handled the interview properly; that the manager should have told the inquiring reporter that he, Stanky, had always been given a free rein to use his own judgment in calling for the hit-and-run.

The Sunday double-header wound up a Braves home stand, and on Monday, before the club left for Cincinnati, Stanky called up general manager John J. Quinn and asked if it would be possible to have a conference to clear up the rumors of dissension.

When the Braves checked into Cincinnati, Southworth called Stanky and told him that Quinn had not made the trip, but that President Lou Perini was on hand. He asked Eddie if that would be satisfactory.

"I told Billy that it would be and went right to their room," Stanky remembers. "I told Mr. Perini that I didn't like the rumors that I was stirring up agitation within the club against the manager and that I thought it was unfair to me that such rumors were never officially denied.

"I then asked Billy in front of Mr. Perini if he had any complaints about my play, if I hadn't been hustling for the club all along. Billy said he had no complaints at all. I then reminded him that when I was traded to the Braves he asked me to room with Alvin Dark, who was going to be our shortstop, and to give the boy the benefit of my experience.

"I also told him that when I had joined the team, he asked me to work on the field the same way I had worked in Brooklyn under Durocher and Burt Shotton—to talk to the pitcher when he was in a jam, to deliver a beef to the umpires when I thought one was justified. Billy said that that was so and that he wanted me to continue acting that way. I felt then that the meeting had cleared my reputation in front of Mr. Perini. That was the last time Billy and I had any conversation, as he left the club shortly after."

Incidentally, Stanky revealed for the first time that whenever he called for a hit-and-run with a pitcher on base, the pitcher had an "answering" sign by which he could let Stanky know whether he was going to go through with the maneuver. Since the pitcher bats last and Stanky was the lead-off hitter, he frequently was at the plate with a pitcher on base. Immediately after the story broke in Boston, Spahn publicly came to Eddie's rescue by saying that his failure to get any of the Pirates out in the ninth was not due to exhaustion induced by his base running. "I just lost my stuff," Warren said simply.

* * *

You'd never think so to see Stanky charging determinedly around an infield, but the first ball club he ever played on was the Nicetown Boys Club in Philadelphia. He also represented the Nicetown boys as a boxer, won a couple of ring engagements as a lightweight, but decided to concentrate on baseball after he was flattened by another 135-pounder.

By no means a robust hitter, Stanky is a troublesome one. Eddie always is scheming ways and means of getting on base. He chokes his bat slightly and bats from a crouch which he exaggerates when the count is against him. He is adept at fouling off pitches to tire a pitcher out and coax him into giving up a base on balls. He led the National League in runs scored in 1945 and he also set a league record for walks with 148. That was when the Dodgers nicknamed Eddie "Mr. Gromyko," after the gentleman who also was setting a record for walks at the sessions of the United Nations.

Stanky came to the big leagues the hard way and there is no doubt his long years in the minors conditioned him to the type of ball he plays. His physical skills being limited, Eddie had to get by through cuteness. He fought hard to get where he is and he will fight just as hard to stay where he is. He remembers the dusty parks, the bus rides, the inadequate lighting equipment and the greasy lunch counters of the bushes. Most of all, he remembers the low pay. He decided long ago that he wouldn't go back if he could help it.

Phil Haggerty, a scout for the Athletics, was the first to spot Stanky's baseball ability, when Eddie was playing with semipro teams around Philadelphia, after leaving North East High, where he also had been a star soccer player.

Haggerty asked Stanky if he would work out with the Athletics and then see Connie Mack. This was in 1935. Eddie obliged and then visited Connie, who told him he had a future in baseball and sent him to the Greenville, Mississippi, club in the East Dixie League. "That was the last time I ever saw Mr. Mack," Eddie says reflectively.

At Greenville, Stanky batted .301 and the A's promoted him the next season to their Williamsport, Pennsylvania, farm in the New York-Penn League. He remained the property of the Athletics through 1936 and part of 1937, when the A's sold him from Portsmouth, Ohio, to Portsmouth, Virginia. The future which Mr. Mack assured Stanky was his seemed dim.

Stanky played in the Piedmont League until after the start of the 1939 season, when he was purchased by Macon of the Sally League, an event which was destined to alter both his personal and his athletic life. Macon was operated by Milt Stock, vice-president, business manager and field manager of the Peaches.

Stanky had not distinguished himself particularly in his previous peregrinations, but he settled down in that Georgia city and played fine ball for Stock. He was the best shortstop in the Sally League and hit over .300 in his three years there. Milt, who had purchased Eddie for $500, was able to sell him to Milwaukee of the American Association for $3,500 in 1942.

Before Stanky played a game with the Brewers, however, he asked manager Charlie Grimm for a couple of days off to get married. The girl of Eddie's choice was Myrtle (Dickie) Stock, daughter of his boss in Macon. Marrying the boss's daughter is in the approved American tradition, but Eddie can point out that his father-in-law made a $3,000 profit on him, though he admits, "It wasn't quite what Joe Cronin made for his father-in-law, Clark Griffith."

COLLIER'S

"There's a creature in the next booth playing Mule Train!"

BARNEY TOBEY

It wasn't, either. Griff, president of the Washington Senators, sold Joe, who had married his adopted daughter, to the Red Sox for a reported quarter of a million bucks.

The pint-sized Stanky was a riot in Milwaukee. He led the American Association in batting, in runs scored, in two-baggers and was voted Most Valuable in the league. Grimm sold him to the Cubs, where he played as a regular in 1943; but he had been reduced to part-time status in 1944 when he was traded to the Dodgers.

From there on, Eddie became a regular with Brooklyn and Boston and one of the most controversial players in the game. Pitchers hated him because he enticed them into yielding passes; infielders didn't exactly cherish him because he came in hard to break up double plays. He was a throwback ballplayer and, as such, was regarded with suspicion by those who believed there was a less violent way of winning ball games.

* * *

Manager Durocher's future at the Polo Grounds is pretty much wrapped up in Stanky. If Eddie and his side-kick, Al Dark, can give the Giants a tight infield defense which can execute the double play, the pitchers will be spared many of the long hours and much of the embarrassment which was their lot last summer. The trade was engineered at the insistence of the Lip, and the Giants parted with considerable power—Sid Gordon and Willard Marshall —as well as a competent shortstop, Buddy Kerr.

Should the Giants find the defensive assistance they expect from Stanky and Dark sufficient compensation for the loss of power, Durocher will receive a new contract as manager for 1951 and possibly longer. If not, the Lip will be out in the cold. Leo is relying heavily on the player he once said he needed "like a hole in the head."

Stanky thinks he and Dark will be able to help the Polo Grounders. Eddie's broken ankle is stronger now than it was last year and he went into an intensive course of training shortly before Christmas, jogging six or eight miles daily in the heavy sands along the shores of Mobile Bay and exercising his wrists with a contraption of his own design—two paving bricks suspended by rope from a broom handle.

Dark, like Stanky, came to the majors after a big year with Milwaukee. Signed out of Louisiana State after the graduation of the 1946 class, Al, who received a sizable bonus, one of the highest ever paid a college player, was farmed to Milwaukee in 1947 and was a regular with the Braves in 1948, teaming up with Stanky to lead the club to a pennant.

The ball park in Milwaukee is fashioned a lot like the Polo Grounds, with short foul lines. Dark and Stanky are the type who hit along either foul line and their home-run production, negligible in spacious Braves Field, should improve within the friendly boundaries at the Polo Grounds. Neither, however, is likely to lead an assault on Babe Ruth's record.

It should be an exciting summer at the Polo Grounds, particularly for the umpires. The Brat is a jealous defender of what he considers his rights on the field, and Durocher didn't earn the nickname of the Lip because of any reticence on his part.

Stanky's attitude toward umpires is illustrated by an exchange he had with one of the men in blue last summer in Boston. With two strikes against him, Eddie had dipped into his exaggerated crouch to give the pitcher as little as possible of the strike zone to aim at.

"Stand up there and hit, Stanky," barked the umpire. "You're not going to show me up by crouching like that."

Eddie stepped out of the batter's box and walked back to confront the umpire.

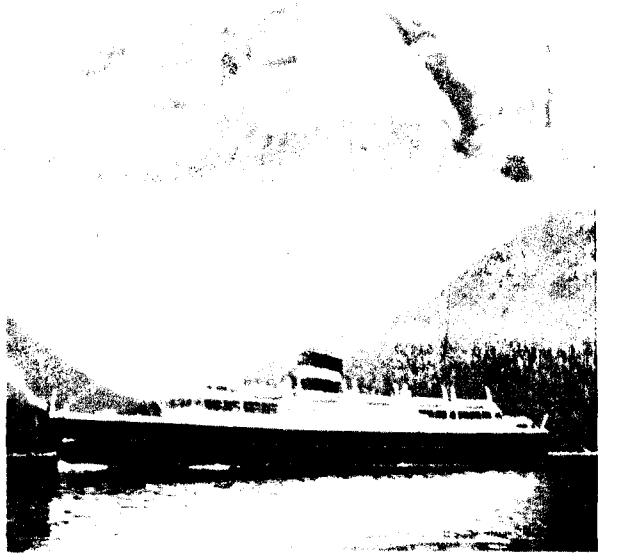
"Are you," he asked coldly, "trying to tell me how to earn my living?"

There is no doubt that the Lip will get a full day's work from the Brat. It's the only way Stanky knows. THE END

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"HERE IS THE WAY VACATIONISTS GO

ACROSS CANADA*"



ALASKA CRUISE. Ten glorious days of fun afloat aboard the smart S.S. "Prince George". Sail the scenic, sheltered "inside passage"...see mighty glaciers...fjords ...totem poles. First sailing June 16 from Vancouver. *One of Canada's 10 top vacations.*

MOUNTIES guard the Houses of Parliament in Ottawa, Canada's capital. Sightsee and shop in Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Saskatoon, Edmonton, Vancouver and Victoria on your Canadian National tour across Canada.

CHOOSE ANY of Canada's ten top vacations: 1. Across Canada. 2. Alaska Cruise. 3. British Columbia ("Triangle Route"). 4. Eastern Cities & Laurentians. 5. Gaspé & Saguenay. 6. Hudson Bay & Winnipeg. 7. Jasper in the Canadian Rockies. 8. Lake of the Woods (Minaki). 9. Provinces by the Sea. 10. Ontario Highlands. Let Canadian National help plan your trip.

The Continental Limited passes Mighty Mt. Robson

ACROSS CANADA . . . ONE OF CANADA'S 10 TOP VACATIONS!

Travel the "Scenic Route" across Canada — to California or anywhere West — to New York or anywhere East. Go the vacation way by Canadian National's "Continental Limited", two trains daily each way. Enjoy stopovers enroute; play and sightsee at Jasper Park Lodge in the Canadian Rockies, and at famous Canadian National hotels in key cities. Remember — your U.S. vacation dollar goes further in Canada.

Canadian National offices in Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Cincinnati, Detroit, Duluth, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Minneapolis, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Portland, Me., San Francisco, Seattle, St. Louis, Washington, D.C. In Canada, 360 McGill Street, Montreal.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For a carefree vacation...

Go Pullman

COMFORTABLE, DEPENDABLE, AND - ABOVE ALL - SAFE!

© 1950, THE PULLMAN COMPANY

The Man Who Flew into a Rage

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

walked around the umbrella and saw the Navy officer—it was Herbert Kane. Baker looked at him without any show of emotion and said, "Well, Kane."

Kane jumped up, grinning. He was young and pretty and had very good teeth. When the war had ended he had been the leading ace in TG 58.3, a task group in a task force, and he had been nicknamed Killer, as had been all men in the Navy whose last names were Kane.

"Well, old man!" Kane said. "It's good to see you after all these years. Put her there!"

Baker put her there and took her back. "How you been?"

"Not so good, but wonderful now," Kane said. "I've been stashed away in the Pentagon too damn' long, but I've been assigned here. I'm going to fly again and I've just met your charming wife. You've no idea how wonderful it is to get your sea legs back."

"Yeah?" Baker said.

"No idea," Kane said and laughed and clapped Baker on the shoulder. "Say, I hear that you're doing wonderful things, endangering your life every day out of economic necessity and love for your country. That's exactly what I want to do. My existence has been far, far too tame."

"Oh, Baker is absolutely fearless," Bernie Blackburn said. He was small, dark, and his chest was thick with hair. He never spoke to Baker, or about him, except mockingly.

"Yeah," Baker said. He hated Bernie; he had hated him as long as he had known him.

There was general laughter.

"Well, I'll see you, Kane," Baker said and turned and walked toward the back door of the house. Behind him he heard them settle back to their conversation again, heard Lucille laughing and someone asking for another drink.

Baker stopped in the kitchen and got a drink of water.

WHILE he was at the sink, drinking, Lucille came in. She was only nineteen, very small and blond and Southern. She was carrying the cocktail shaker and she put it on the drain beside the sink.

"Where'd Kane come from?" Baker asked.

"Bernie's known him a long time," Lucille said. "Isn't he the prettiest boy you ever saw in your life?" She uncorked the gin bottle and began pouring gin into the shaker.

"Want to go out to dinner?" Baker said.

"Well," Lucille said, pouring vermouth and watching the level in the shaker rise slightly.

"I mean get an early dinner—say about six thirty or seven," Baker said. "And go to bed early. That's what I'd like to do myself."

"Well, if they leave," Lucille said. She kissed him hurriedly and said, "Anyway, we'll see," and ran out, letting the door slam.

Baker went into the bedroom at the rear of the house and took off all his clothes except his underwear and lay across the bed and rubbed the back of his neck. Through the open window he could hear Lucille and Kane and the Blackburns laughing. Bernie was at it again, a little tight, and talking too loudly.

"Well, I do," he kept saying. "I do love Lucille. Listen to me, Lucille, I love you and you know it. I've told my wife and she"—here Jackie laughed louder than the others—"knows. She knows, I tell you. So why can't I just walk right in there now and tell this Baker guy how this thing is between us? That we have to keep sneaking around meeting each other at night behind the garage and places like that? I mean, after all, Lucille, our love is entitled to its fullest expression—"

What a funny fellow he is, Baker thought. He hated both the Blackburns, but he hated Bernie the most because Bernie was such an outstanding ass. The Blackburns lived next door and they had managed to make it over the small hedge that divided the two plots every afternoon at cocktail hour as long as the Bakers had lived there—about two months. Mostly, they drank indoors, but on nice days—like today—they had cocktails on the lawn. The first afternoon Baker had said privately to Lucille, "Don't offer that guy another drink, baby, he might move right in with us."

"Why, Pappy, I think he's funny," Lucille said.

So the Blackburns had stayed and Baker had listened diligently and tried hard to laugh, but Bernie's humor had escaped him. He had decided that it must have something to do with age and that he was too old to get the point. The cocktail hour that day had ended at eleven that night. The next day Bernie and Jackie had been back and the next and the next.

Baker asked his wife one night after the Blackburns had begun to put in their daily appearance just what it was that she liked about them.

"They're fun," Lucille said.

"But don't you think he's a jerk?" Baker asked.

"Well, maybe he is. But I like him," Lucille had said. "I don't know, Pappy. Maybe I'm lonesome. I guess I'm lonesome. After all, honey, I've lived all my life in one town. Not like you. And I guess I'm kind of used to having people around, kind of homesick. We haven't even been married six months, honey. And I like to have a little fun. I was always very popular. I just can't sit around. You know. After all, nature just abhors a vacuum, honey."

"Well," Baker had said, "it's all right with me. I mean, whatever you want, you know."

He was twice her age and he had never been married before. He had never been so close to anyone before. Lucille was very pretty and knew how to make him happy. She meant no harm in seeing so much of the Blackburns, but Baker loved her terribly, and he could not tell her how he felt. All he could do was squeeze her now and then and whisper in her ear, "Baby, I'm nuts about you."

Baker got up from the bed and went into the bathroom and showered, thinking about Kane. He had not seen the Killer since the war. They had not been friends; they had been in the same task group, but on different carriers, and they had really been competitors more than anything else. Baker had been doing test flying before the war and when he joined the Navy he was put to flying a PBY.

Baker got out of the shower, dressed and then went slowly through the house and out the front door. There was a boy about eight years old playing in the next yard with a small black cocker spaniel. Baker had been trying to make friends with the boy for some time.

"Hello," Baker said. "How are you today?"

"All right," the boy answered shortly. He was holding a ball.

"What're you playing with the dog?" Baker asked. "Some kind of game?"

"Nothing," the boy said. He put the ball in his pocket and whistled for his dog.

"How about a little catch?" Baker said.

"I've got to go in now," the boy said and walked away with the dog at his heels.

BAKER liked children, especially boys, and he had been trying to get the boy to play catch with him for two months without any success. The boy did not want to be friends. Maybe I should give him something, Baker thought; maybe that would make him loosen up.

Baker went back in the house and sat down in the kitchen and turned on the small radio. It was six thirty. He could hear Lucille and Kane and the Blackburns laughing. He drank a glass of milk, and shortly Lucille came in.

"We're going to dinner now—put on your tie," she said. "Jackie's gone home to change. I've got to put on a dress."

"Jackie?" Baker said. "She going to eat with us?"

"We're all going to celebrate Herbert's release from bondage," she said. She meant Kane. "Put on your tie."

"I don't want to go," Baker said.

"You don't?" Lucille said, surprised.

"And I don't want you to go either."

"Well, why not, for Heaven's sake?"

"I want you here, baby," Baker said. "With me."

"I think you're crazy," Lucille said. "You talk like we're going out and take dope or something. Anyway, I'm hungry. I'm starving and I don't want to cook."

"I'm starving, too," Baker said.

"Well, come on then."

"No," Baker said. "I won't. And you won't. You won't go either."

"Now, listen here, Pappy," Lucille said.

"I'm sorry, baby, but I can't let you go."

"Well, I like that!" She was angry and she turned and walked into the bedroom with her fists doubled up.

COLLIER'S "Oh, never mind, boys. Here comes my husband" STAN FINE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Baker followed. He watched her change clothes and put on make-up and perfume the inside of her elbows, her wrists and her tongue.

"Hey, Lucille!" Kane called at the back door. "You people ready?"

"Just a minute, honey," Lucille called back. She turned to Baker and said, "You needn't wait up for me, sugar-foot. I may be a little bit late." And she ran out the door. . . .

Baker and his wife did not speak to each other for six days. He was miserable, mostly. Lucille acted deliriously if defiantly happy. She spent every evening with the Blackburns and Kane, and she did not come home until midnight or later, not once. Baker always waited up for her.

The first two days he tried to tell himself that she was young, that she would get over acting as she was. Then the next couple of days his misery was almost unbearable because he had begun to feel that she would never get over it. But the last two days he was angry; he didn't care whether she got over it or not.

Saturday night—or rather Sunday morning quite early—he saw his wife kiss Kane. She kissed the Killer good night on the front porch with the lights on and the living-room door open so that Baker, in his favorite easy chair, could not fail to see. He saw—and then something happened inside him: he could have killed her easily, but he did not even look up as she came in the door. He was calmly reading a magazine. Baker never let anything bother him.

"Well, there's old Pappy," Lucille said, her voice slightly husky with drink. "Good evening, old Pappy."

Baker turned a page in his magazine.

"I said good evening," Lucille said and kicked his foot so that his right leg which had been crossed over his left knee, came down to the floor with a thud.

Baker cleared his throat and read on.

"Listen, I'm getting tired of this, do you hear?" Lucille said. "Why do you have to act so snooty to my friends? And just where are your friends, by the way? Can't you bring any of your friends here even?"

Baker turned another page.

"All right. Very well," Lucille said. She sat down, crossed her ankles properly, and smoothed her skirt. "Anyway, I don't care. I've got a fellow."

Baker blinked at his magazine.

"His name is Herbert," Lucille went on, lying back in the chair, "and he's pretty. He's the prettiest thing I've ever seen. He's so pretty he makes me want to cry." Her eyes filled with tears.

Baker put down his magazine and stared at her.

"I love him, I love him," she said, her voice thick with emotion. "He showed me his Navy Cross."

"Yeah?" Baker said.

"Yeah!" Lucille said. "Yeah, yeah, yeah! Is that all you can ever say to anything?"

"Yeah," Baker said and got up and went into the bedroom. He was determined not to let her make him angry. If the planes he flew did not bother him, he was damned if she was going to. He had always been a strong believer in will power; he felt that by exercising his will a person could work wonders. He believed in self-control, too, and after about fifteen minutes of strenuous exercise of his will he went to sleep. All night long he had nightmares.

THE aircraft that Baker was testing, the Needle, was an experimental plane that had not been designed for combat. It was a fat, swept-wing, single-jet turbine monoplane with a high bubble canopy, a pressurized cockpit, and flush air intakes on either side of the fuselage forward of the cockpit. It was smaller than a conventional fighter—that had been one of the prerequisites of its design. It attained Mach I in level flight and well over that in a dive. The thrust of its turbine was greater in pounds than the weight of the entire aircraft, and that was the reason it could climb vertically.

On the first Monday morning after Baker had seen Lucille kiss Kane he arrived at the Navy base about nine o'clock, looking poker-faced and disinterested as usual. He was scheduled to begin the dive tests on the Needle that day and had watched the ground crew roll it out and fuel it. Then he put on his flying suit, the big plastic helmet, and checked with the chief of the testing section. Baker was assigned an area over the ocean in which to fly that day. Other test pilots were aloft and they always flew in widely separated areas.

Baker went back outside to the Needle. It was an overcast day, some fog was expected in from the sea that afternoon, and the ceiling at the field was three thousand feet. When Baker taxied the Needle to the end of the runway, he had to wait a few minutes before getting clearance from the tower. As he was waiting he noticed a couple of big buzzards over the field and he reported them to the tower. Most of the test pilots were more afraid of hitting a buzzard than anything else. The birds were big enough to wreck an aircraft traveling at high speed.

BAKER took off. He passed over the field on top of the overcast at 5,000 feet, heading east. He had done that almost every day during the two months he had been testing the Needle because he had usually flown over the ocean. About fifteen miles east of the Navy base was an aircraft factory that built amphibians. It was not a large factory but it did include a very large hangar that had full-width doors at both ends. The doors slid all the way back so that if both of them were open the entrance and exit to the hangar were as wide as the hangar itself.

Every day that Baker had flown over the field and seen the hangar he had wondered if he could fly through it. He was curious about it. Finally after thinking about doing it he had decided that he could do it, and that he would—to prove it to himself—the first chance he got. Usually an airplane was parked inside, or one door was closed.

That morning when Baker flew over the field it was under the overcast, but his curiosity was so great that he dropped down through the cloud layer to see. He saw. Both hangar doors were open. He couldn't resist it. He rolled over and went down; the two crossing runways were deserted. An amphibian was being pulled up a ramp out of the water. Baker put the Needle down on the deck and buzzed the field, pulling up over the hangar at the last minute. There was nothing inside the hangar and both doors were open.

He went around and came down the length of the runway again going over 500 miles per hour—in less than a second he was in the hangar and out of it. He had the impression that a man inside the hangar had fallen on his face, covering his head with his arms. The Needle zoomed. Baker's curiosity was satisfied; it was possible after all for him to fly the Needle through the hangar.

Baker felt good, very good. He felt better than he had in a long time. He decided that he would "shoot up" the field and he went back down on the deck and buzzed the crew trying to get the amphibian out of the water. The crew scattered and the amphib slid back down the ramp. Baker did a pylon turn around the control tower and then buzzed the factory building several times.

He left there without regaining altitude, clipping the tops of the trees at 500 miles per hour. He could see people now and then, scattered houses, one horse, several cars, roads unwinding before and beneath him. He passed a golf course, went up and around and came back over it and down until he was no more than five feet off the ground. He saw a foursome on a green and went for them. They scattered.

He went around and came back and hit the green with a light bounce; he said to himself, "Damn!" and shot the Needle up. For a moment he was concerned, then he

Van Heusen CENTURY Shirt

new and revolutionary!

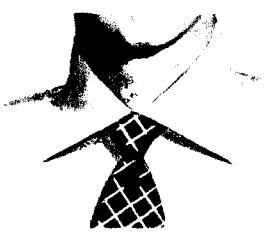
the shirt with the soft collar that

won't wrinkle . . . ever!

Secret of the Century! It's woven in one piece. No sewn or fused layers to wrinkle. The fold line is woven in to stay . . . can't even be ironed wrong.

Both qualities in two collar models, single or French cuffs.

Century 100 *Regular collar*, **$3.95** Century 400 *Regular collar*, **$4.95**
Century 200 *Wide-spread*, **$3.95** Century 500 *Wide-spread*, **$4.95**



Ordinary collars made in three pieces

Van Heusen Century woven in one piece

Perspiration won't wilt it! Soft collar of new Van Heusen Century keeps neat day thru night—*without starch!* . . . or without stays!

Laundering won't hurt it! Easy to launder—you can't even iron-in wrinkles. No starch, less ironing mean more wear, more comfort.

Patented one-piece collar! Has no lining—just *can't* wrinkle. Its smart "Comfort Contour" collar styling always gives a neat look.

Van Heusen® REG. T. M.

CENTURY shirts

$3.95 and $4.95

A new shirt free if your Van Heusen shrinks out of size!

Phillips-Jones Corp., New York 1. Makers of Van Heusen Shirts • Ties • Pajamas • Collars • Sport Shirts

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How a doctor helped

millions of women

Several years ago a doctor in a western state began to think about the problem of monthly sanitary protection and the common practice of using external pads supported by pins and belts. "Why not *internal* absorption instead?" he thought. It would obviously require a much smaller bulk. There would be no chafing, no odor. Disposal would be easy. . . . This internal principle was already a familiar story to physicians. Why not apply it in a convenient form available to women generally?

It was wisely decided that this Tampax (as it is called) should consist *only* of pure surgical cotton, firmly cross-stitched and of great absorbency, contained in a patented disposable applicator. It is so efficient that your hands need never touch the Tampax while inserting. The whole idea seems a little novel at first, but we can assure you it's all quite scientific and physiologically correct.

It means a lot to a girl or woman to know that Tampax just simply *cannot* cause any bulge or ridge because it is worn internally. Now you need not choose your dresses so carefully to wear on those "exasperating days." You need not worry whether everything is arranged "just right!"

With her mind at ease at such times, a young woman has a great advantage. She does her job better. If a student, she studies to better effect. Socially, she handles herself and her situations with more confidence and skill. So you see the use of Tampax can make a real and important difference in your life — not only on the days in question but throughout the month.

They sell this Tampax at drug stores and notion counters everywhere. A full month's average supply slips right into your purse. Make a note of it now — *Tampax*. Millions of women use it monthly. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

(ADVERTISEMENT)

felt all right about it and when he looked down and saw the foursome forming again on the green he dived at them. He was going faster than he thought and when he pulled out, the Needle went down flat, not coming completely out of the dive; then it pancaked off the green and back into the air. God help me, Baker thought; he had hit his chin awfully hard on his chest and bitten his lip. There was the taste of blood in his mouth.

He gave the Needle full throttle and climbed not too steeply, but rapidly, away from there. He wondered if something like a wing would drop off. He checked the release on his harness and on the canopy and then began some climbing turns. He decided that the Needle was all right.

He went up to ten thousand and, still climbing, headed out over the ocean. He couldn't see it; it was somewhere beneath the scud. He knew he would get in trouble for buzzing; there was a regulation against that. He had an idea that they might even fire him for flying through that hangar. The idea made him morose. He knew also that he would be in bad trouble with the CAA, and that the Navy and Army would blackball him as a test pilot. He was still curious about the Needle and he wanted to finish testing it. It was worth it, even at the risk of ruining himself as a professional aviator.

THE trouble with you is you're mad at your wife, he told himself. You really want to tell her to go whistle for herself and you'd like to tell old hot-shot to blow, too. But you haven't got the guts. That's your trouble. You're yellow. You know she'll leave you, and you know you can't stand it if she does.

Baker went up to 20,000 and then to 30,000 and stared gloomily down at the cloud layer. You ought to give up, he told himself—why don't you quit, anyway? You're too old to be married to that girl—she wants to go out and dance and you want to go to bed early. You're too old to fly—one of these days you'll get your long gray beard sucked into an air scoop and it'll break your neck and kill you. And maybe that'll be a good thing.

Baker decided that, all things considered, he could take a chance on diving the Needle. But he decided that he would go up to 40,000 feet to begin the dives because the Needle, in a 600-mile-an-hour dive, would lose 30,000 feet in a little over half a minute.

He pulled the Needle up—and he pulled the nose up too sharply, opened the throttle a bit too late; it stalled, dropping very cleanly. Baker opened the throttle all the way to dive out of the stall. He dived, and the nose of the Needle pointed well past the vertical: He could look through the top of the canopy and see the overcast below.

He tried to pull the Needle out of the dive and it stalled out again at high speed with power on and then in stalling shot back past the vertical; Baker was in a steep dive almost in the overcast—there was not even time for him to think of choices—and he hauled back on the stick, knowing that he would black out. As the Needle came out of the dive, the canopy blew off. It was a high bubble type and as it blew back it scooped down into the cockpit and hit Baker on the head.

It was Baker's impression that instantly afterward something hit the left wing, tearing it off, and the ship rolled over. He was almost unconscious because of the blow on the head and the last thing he remembered before passing out completely was releasing his harness, tumbling over the side, and jerking the release on his chute pack. . . .

Baker became aware after a long time that he was floating in the water; his life belt was inflated and he was beneath the chute canopy. He realized that he must have inflated the life belt himself—there was certainly no one else around who could have done it for him. Laboriously he began getting free of the chute.

When he was free he saw the fog. It was right down on the water. He could see perhaps ten or twelve feet in all directions as he rose and fell with the motion of the water. He knew that it would be impossible for anyone to find him.

He lay there, floating, rising and falling, and thought over what had happened; he had always known that that canopy would give him trouble someday and he had been right. What had happened to the wing? The more he thought about it the more certain he was that he had collided with a buzzard. That was what had happened, but he did not know how he was going to prove it to anyone.

He knew that he was not very far from the shore, but he did not know in which direction the shore was. He thought about swimming but he knew that he might travel in the wrong direction or in an aimless circle. The water was cold and he was afraid of being in it too long. After a while it began to grow darker. Baker realized then that the day was almost over and that he had a long night ahead of him.

It became pitch-dark. It was silent except for the sound of the ocean. There was no wind and Baker heard nothing except the water. He wanted a cigarette and he tried to get the pack out of his pocket but it was soaked.

"I don't know how much longer we can go on taking care of our bills this way!"

COLLIER'S KATE OSANN

After a bit he began to think about Lucille. He wondered what she was doing. The likelihood that whatever it was, she was doing it with Kane entered his mind. While I float out here getting pneumonia *she's* fiddling around with some sailor.

Three hours later Baker was fighting mad. If Kane had been with him he could have drowned Kane with pleasure. He was cold to the bone and he had begun to think that no one would even try to find him. He gritted his teeth and waited. The fog would have to lift sometime.

It did lift about midnight although Baker did not know what the time was. He could see the sky; he lay back and searched and found the North Star. It was a beautiful sight. He put his head down and began to swim. . . .

Shortly after sunrise Baker crawled ashore on a rocky strip of ground and fell on his face. Then he got up and began walking.

He went up the beach, across a field and through some scrubby pines. He came to a dirt road and followed it until it joined a macadam one; after he had walked along that a mile he saw a gasoline station and he knew where he was. He was carrying his helmet in his hand when he limped into the gas station. The man who owned it was surprised, but he said that his son could drive Baker home.

It was nine o'clock when Baker got out of the car, thanked the young man and started toward his house. He got about halfway up the walk when the boy who lived next door came running across the yard.

"What happened to you?" the boy said.

"Get out of my way, kid, or I'll kick you," Baker said.

"What's the matter?" the boy said, looking hurt. "Don't you like me? I thought you liked me."

"Who could like a kid like you?" Baker said. "A snooty kid who won't even play a little catch?"

"I'll play with you if you'll tell me what happened. Want to play now?"

"Not now," Baker said. "I've got something to attend to now. Later."

He went into his house and went from room to room looking for Lucille. The bed had not been slept in. Aha, he thought. Lucille was not in the house. He stopped in the kitchen and got a drink of water. It was then that he heard their voices outside: the Blackburns, Kane and Lucille. Baker glanced at the clock—five minutes after nine. So now they come to breakfast too, he thought. He limped out into the back yard.

Lucille saw him first. The group was, as a matter of fact, having breakfast. "Oh, honey!" she cried, and started for him. "They called and said you were—"

Baker side-stepped her, saying, "Just a minute, Lucille," and went up to Kane and the Blackburns. "Bernie," he said, pointing a finger at him, "I don't like you. I don't want you in my home any more. I don't want my wife to associate with you and your wife. And if I ever do get killed, I'm sending out invitations to the wake."

The Blackburns exchanged glances. Jackie said, "Darling, you really should be at the office."

Baker watched them until they were on the other side of the hedge. Then he turned back to Kane and looking at him said out of the side of his mouth, "Lucille. Come here."

Lucille came silently to his side.

"Are you in love with my wife?" Baker asked Kane.

"Don't be an ass," Kane said.

Baker hit him and knocked him down.

"You ass," Kane said from the ground.

"Are you?"

"Hell, no!"

"Then get out of here!" Baker said. "And if I ever see you again I'll hit you again."

"You are an ass," Kane said and he left.

Baker looked at Lucille. "Come inside."

"What're you going to do?" she said, her eyes big.

"Inside," Baker said.

They went inside.

"In the bedroom," he said.

"Charles," she said.

"The bedroom."

She went in and sat down.

Baker went to the chest of drawers and picked up a hairbrush with a flat, hard back.

"Charles!" Lucille said.

"Come here, Lucille."

She jumped up and ran. He caught her just as she ran down the front steps and would have paddled her there but she hissed, "Not here, Charles, not here!" So he dragged her back inside.

AFTER it was over she lay face down on the bed and cried. Baker showered and shaved and then returned to the bedroom. His wife was lying on the bed staring quietly up at the ceiling. Her face was calm.

"Why did you do that, Charles?"

"You had it coming," Baker said. "And I don't want to hear another word out of you about it."

"Look at the marks you made on me."

Baker looked. "Yeah," he said.

"Well," Lucille said, "what would you like for breakfast?"

"I don't know," Baker said. "You think of something. Whatever it is I want a lot of it. You can call me when it's ready."

"Yes, dear," Lucille said.

He hesitated, then he put his arms around her. "Baby," he said, "I'm nuts about you."

Lucille put her face against his chest. "That makes me so happy."

"But if you ever pull a trick like that again, I'll use something that'll hurt worse than a hairbrush," Baker said. "Now go fix my breakfast."

"Of course, honey," Lucille said, and she hurried into the kitchen. THE END

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Who's That at the Door?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

firm, "I'm sorry, sir, my time is very taken up. If I want anything like that, I'll buy it."

"You gave up easily," someone remarked.

"Yes," said the sales manager. "If I'd persisted, it would have created ill will."

"Never need do that," Mrs. Hurt said. "When a prospect says, 'I'm busy,' I always say, 'Lady, you keep right on with your work. I'll sit here and rest awhile, and talk to you while you work.' And while I'm talking, there's the Fashion Frocks line to mention, you know. By that time she's so curious she has to have a look. 'Well,' she says, 'I believe I am interested,' and then I get the sale right there."

It Pays to Be Helpful

"I go lots of times when they're ironing and I've even taken their place at the ironing board myself while they inspect our line," said Mrs. Claude Burnett of Fort Payne, Alabama. "Whatever they're doing, I give them a hand. Then they hate not to buy and you always get a sale. I've never failed yet."

"We discontinued the branch offices after that meeting and our selling has been getting better ever since," Meyers said. "Our representatives sell to their friends, and to friends of their friends, on down the chain of friendship. That's the personal-interest basis on which my business operates today."

The number of his sales representatives fluctuates through the year. It is as high as 90,000 during the recruiting that precedes the spring and fall selling seasons, and falls as low as 30,000 in the doldrums. Recruiting is done by direct mail and through magazine advertising. Some of those who, in their first enthusiasm, send for selling kits never do use them, and others sell for just a short time.

Meyers figures that his year-around, decently productive average is approximately 50,000 saleswomen.

The composite Fashion Frocks representative is married and has two children. She is thirty-five years old, owns a telephone and an automobile, went to high school, does not have any other job, and has been with the company more than a year. A few have been selling Meyers' dresses since Fashion Frocks was started in 1925.

Ninety per cent of the representatives' husbands are employed, so that a great number of the women sell either to earn pin money or to meet temporary emergencies—like financing new draperies or sister's graduation gown. Others keep at it steadily to supplement low wages, rushing through housework to get in a few afternoon hours a week.

Mrs. Katherine Thompson, of Cincinnati, frequently nets about $100 a month without pushing. In a typical 45-minute call one afternoon she sold five dresses to three women in the small neatly furnished living room of Mrs. Alma Eck. While she dealt out her style cards, she chatted idly and watched her three prospects juggle fans of five and six cards, trying to make up their minds.

She had got halfway through her stack of 150 cards when Mrs. Eck started the ball rolling by saying, "I like this one—and I like that one, too, just as well. I'll buy both of them, but I don't want to see any more cards. I can't afford it."

Besides dresses, Meyers makes and sells blouses, housecoats and women's suits; and he stocks lingerie, stockings, children's clothes and the sort of men's wear—shirts, socks and so on—that women like to buy. He does this partly for profit and partly as a service. Nylon stockings go for cost, but not to anyone who doesn't buy something else.

Meyers believes his style cards just about sell themselves. They carry complete descriptions of dresses and portray them to the best possible advantage on the slim figures of extremely attractive models. Swatches of every sort and color of material in which the dress is made up are attached to each card. He keeps his saleswomen whipped up by periodically sending them a flier called Voice of Fashion, a slick-paper newssheet, and through incentive programs involving prizes like Thanksgiving turkeys and Hawaiian orchids.

Fashion Frocks representatives have

HANS KNOPF

The Meyers family grouped around the fireplace in the living room of their Cincinnati home: Phil, 13-year-old Lynne, Mrs. Meyers, and Susan, 8

"I've found out"

"I don't pretend to be any expert on ale or beer, but I know what I like. And its name is Carling's. There's a brew with a character all its own—America's Great Ale."

Jack Kramer

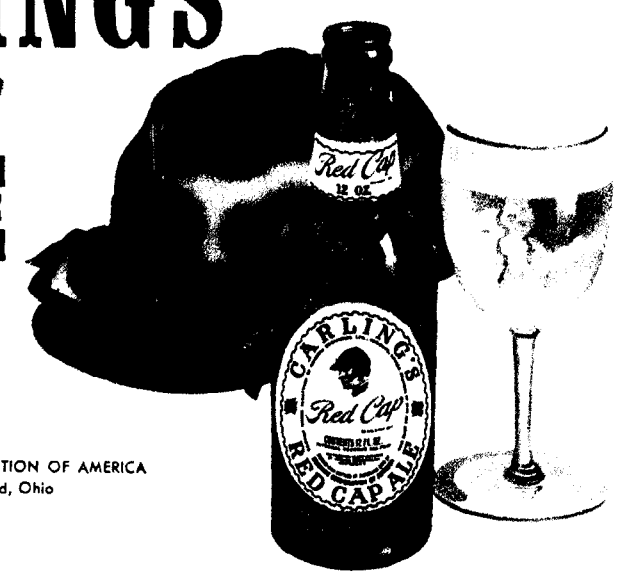
JACK KRAMER, World's Professional Tennis Champion, now starring with the Bobby Riggs Tennis Troupe.

DOESN'T YOUR PICTURE BELONG HERE?

Have you found out?

—the character that is Carling's—and only Carling's? It's a clear, bright, golden flavor. A tingling difference. Just right for right about now!

CARLING'S Red Cap ALE



BREWING CORPORATION OF AMERICA
Cleveland, Ohio

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

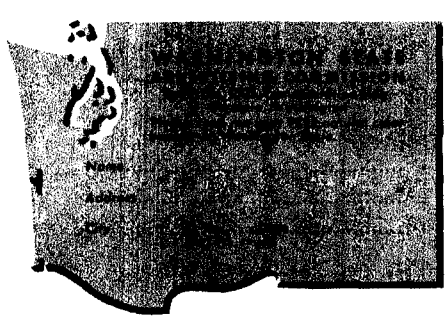
There's a wide variety of things to do and see in the Evergreen State. There are fighting salmon in the great inland sea of Puget Sound, trout and other fresh water fish in hundreds of lakes, streams and rivers.

You can swim in the same refreshing waters or just relax in fine hotels, resorts and motels.

Washington State is a paradise for sightseers. Visit two national parks—Mount Rainier and Olympic—see for yourself man's greatest engineering feat on the mighty Columbia River—Grand Coulee Dam. Drive along beautiful highways that pass 72 state parks and go through rich, fertile valleys that Washington apples made famous.

Plan now to vacation in Washington. *Remember, it's cool, it's green, it's great in Washington State.*

To help you plan a thrifty vacation in '50, write NOW for an exciting, full color booklet describing the wonders of Washington State.



pursued prospects to rooftops and penetrated the remotest hamlets of the Ozarks. They've sold dresses right off their own backs, caught helpless customers under hair driers, and reported back to Meyers in letters bearing their own photographs which frequently start out like this: "I guess you've been wondering what the old battle-ax looks like . . ."

Nothing seems beyond their powers. A resident of Charlotte, North Carolina, works 27 small towns in the vicinity. Another, in South Fork, Pennsylvania, uses her general store to display style cards. Still another makes her husband-farmer peddle them with his eggs. Mill and factory hands spread them out on lunch tables at noontime and clinch sales among their fellow workers.

Beyond the territorial limits of the U.S., Meyers sells dresses to Latin Americans who can spend dollars, and to personnel of our Foreign Service all over the world. Venezuela is the chief market for some 50,000 Fashion Frocks sent overseas each year.

Except for his liking of people, through which he won for himself high student leadership in school, there was nothing in Phil Meyers' early years to foretell his success as a dress merchandiser. He was ten years old, a hard-nosed sand-lot football enthusiast when, in 1908, his father, Mitchell Meyers, quit the retail-store business and installed three sewing machines in a loft. Cincinnati had not yet surrendered to New York as the men's clothing center.

Mitchell Meyers raised a family of five children. The eldest is now Mrs. Helman Rosenthal, of Dallas. Phil was the second-born, and after him came Albert, now of Dallas; Sidney, and then Melville. Sidney, a basketball and tennis star in his school days, is executive vice-president of Fashion Frocks. Melville, who was with Fashion Frocks during the war, now has his own dress concern.

Phil and his pretty red-haired wife Lucille have three children, eighteen-year-old Philip Meyers, Jr., a student at Lawrenceville school in New Jersey, and daughters Lynne and Susan. They live in a farm mansion, worth a quarter of a million dollars, that was built in 1830 by a wealthy Cincinnati pork packer. Phil has another, larger farm near Chillicothe, Ohio.

On his two places he raises some 300 registered Herefords, and he has earned some repute as a breeder of prize winners.

Football Glory Lingers

But football won Meyers his first fame. He became the greatest end the University of Cincinnati has ever had, occupying a position on the all-time team chosen by Cincinnati alumni. Even today, though he ranks high in Cincinnati business circles and is otherwise noted for his prowess in raising campaign funds, Meyers is still referred to most often in newspaper articles as the "onetime great Cincinnati end."

He started college as an engineering student, but turned to liberal arts when he decided that a technical course would not fit him for a life of daily contact with people—and that was what he wanted. The feelings that motivated his change in courses in mid-college also led him to rebel against his father's way of doing business.

When he joined his father's Princess Garment Company in 1922 as credit manager, Meyers couldn't see why, as a manufacturer, he shouldn't be able to deal directly with the consumer. He talked to his father and his brothers but got nowhere and, finally, in 1925, he organized Fashion Frocks on his own and went into business.

Mitchell Meyers was indulgent, but also certain that Phil would see the error of his ways. Phil used Princess Garment credit to buy materials, Princess Garment designers to get out his first, shaky line, and Princess Garment's basement as his headquarters.

"Just wait," said Mitchell Meyers, "Phil will get tired of this."

He was still shaking his head in his conservative way two years later when Fashion Frocks, bulging with financial muscles, had crowded Princess Garment out of existence and he himself had been installed as nominal head of the new concern. Each year since, he has expected the bubble to burst; and each year, with Phil calling the signals, it has gained in business volume.

Phil had to do some broken-field running. During the depression, when others pulled in their financial necks, he horrified the family by sticking his out and swamping his factory with large inventories of new fabrics. He increased his advertising and took on more sales representatives, gathering in many a struggling housewife whose supplemental income from Fashion Frocks sales helped save the family budget.

"We were poor people," one grateful woman wrote him in 1944. "Things became worse and worse until there was only five cents on the farm. I bought five penny post cards to answer five ads for saleswomen. My husband said, 'I know you can't sell'; and I said, 'I can.' I took up one line and then another. I was a rolling stone. Then I saw Fashion Frocks and you got me

started. I was so encouraged I borrowed $1,000 from my uncle to fix up our home and I could soon pay it back. I'll never forget it."

Business surged forward. Phil became president of the company and his father chairman of the board. The present Cincinnati plant was purchased—the fourth in a series of moves—and expanded. Branch factories were opened in Hamilton, Ohio, and Greeneville, Tennessee, and the Meyers family soon began to get a controlling interest in other businesses. These include an X-ray equipment manufacturing company, of which Phil is president; a chain of 11 retail clothing stores in Ohio and Indiana, of which he is the vice-president and he also has a substantial interest in a plastics concern, with plants in Cincinnati and Henderson, Kentucky, of which he is a director.

Phil Meyers grew prominent in other ways. He was elected president of the National Association of Direct Selling Companies and served three terms just before World War II. On the threshold of his fifties, he holds a coveted directorship of Cincinnati's First National Bank. He's a director of the Cincinnati Zoological Society, a trustee of the Cincinnati College of Pharmacy and is on the boards of Cincinnati's Industrial Institute, Farmers' Club, Citizens' School Committee, the Better Business Bureau. He's cochairman of the Cincinnati office, National Conference of Christians and Jews.

That's just a very small part of the long list of organizations, national and local, business and philanthropic, to which Meyers lends the warmth of his humanistic views and the strength of his extremely sound financial know-how. Cincinnati knows him well as a dough-getting fund raiser whose campaigning technique is purely professional—except that he himself pays out heavily instead of accepting any compensation for his efforts.

Meyers is as religiously progressive behind the scenes as he is in public. Music and the cooling breezes of air conditioning fill the rooms of his Cincinnati plant. He runs a vaporizing system to cut down illness. David Solomon, collective bargaining agent for the International Ladies Garment Workers local, put it succinctly: "They've done everything but put on a floor show."

Meyers employs between 1,200 and 1,300 factory workers, the majority of them in Cincinnati. All designing is done in the main plant, all orders from sales representatives are processed and the finished dresses shipped out from there.

Two Plants Handle Big Runs

The Greeneville and Hamilton plants are used chiefly to handle the "big runs"—cutting and finishing numbers that are in heavy and sustained demand. Meyers has been operating in both communities for five years, and built a new factory at Hamilton two years ago. These two plants are better adapted to assembly-line methods than Cincinnati, where the smaller and more difficult jobs are done.

Although dress manufacturing is normally a seasonal business, Meyers' employment curve is an almost straight line. He buys heavily when the market is soft in order to keep his prices low; and, with plenty of fabrics and new style ideas on hand, he starts a new line—spring or fall—through the mill while dresses in the old one are still in production. There are at all times around 100,000 frocks in some stage of development on the factory floors.

Fashion Frocks made 2,180,000 dresses last year, and Meyers plans to increase that figure by 10 per cent by the end of 1950.

In his styling Meyers hews to a straight and narrow line between high style and good moderate-income sense. When necklines plunged in Paris and New York he was right on top of the trend, but conservatively. His plunge was short and careful. He ducked the bustle altogether as an impractical doodad and soon found that, for *his* clientele, the tunic skirt was a failure.

"Any woman likes to oh and ah along Fifth Avenue, but when it comes to buying," he says, "the housewife who is on a budget wants a dress that will serve for more than one occasion."

Meyers operates on a theory, supported by surveys, that most women can afford to pay between $4 and $16 for a dress. He shoots for the lower two thirds of that range. Few of his dresses retail for more than $10.98. His big selling months are September through October, and February through May. Meyers also finds that his best market is in towns of from 5,000 to 50,000 population. These are likely to be short on dress shops and long on close-knit relationships of the populace, a combination that favors Fashion Frocks selling.

To fill his representatives' kits with the most attractive possible buys, Meyers has eight designers constantly at work. He keeps a close watch over the design department. Much of the success of his business depends on his flashes of intuition in making decisions on designs.

Jim Banks, vice-president in charge of merchandising, carries a lot of the styling load, but when he's uncertain he goes to Meyers. The other day he brought in three girls modeling dresses taken from motion pictures. Meyers came around his desk to look them over. He instantly turned down a dark blue number. "Too theatrical," he said. "We'll skip that one."

He liked a colored print blouse and plain black skirt combination, but he wanted major changes.

"Either take the black out of the skirt or make the blouse black and white," he said.

The third had been adapted from a dress worn by Olivia de Havilland in The Heiress. "Good," exclaimed Meyers. "Just one thing: Get an edging around the collar to soften it up."

He turned and went back to his desk, hid half his still-youthful face behind a big square-bowled pipe and muttered:

"Now I'm in the hands of the gods—and the women." THE END

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

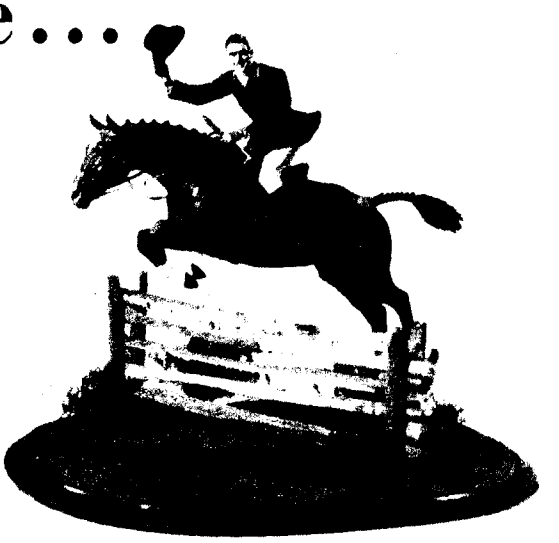
Stories of Famous Values

Albert Sabath Knew a Value!

For $700 He Bought A Thoroughbred That Won Over $350,000!

Here you see *Alsab*, one of the greatest buys in the Sport of Kings. Mr. Albert Sabath purchased him as a yearling for $700. And *Alsab* went on to win over $350,000 . . . . taking purse after purse in his stride, including the famous Preakness, Lawrence Realization, and Withers Stakes!

If you know value, you'll agree . . .

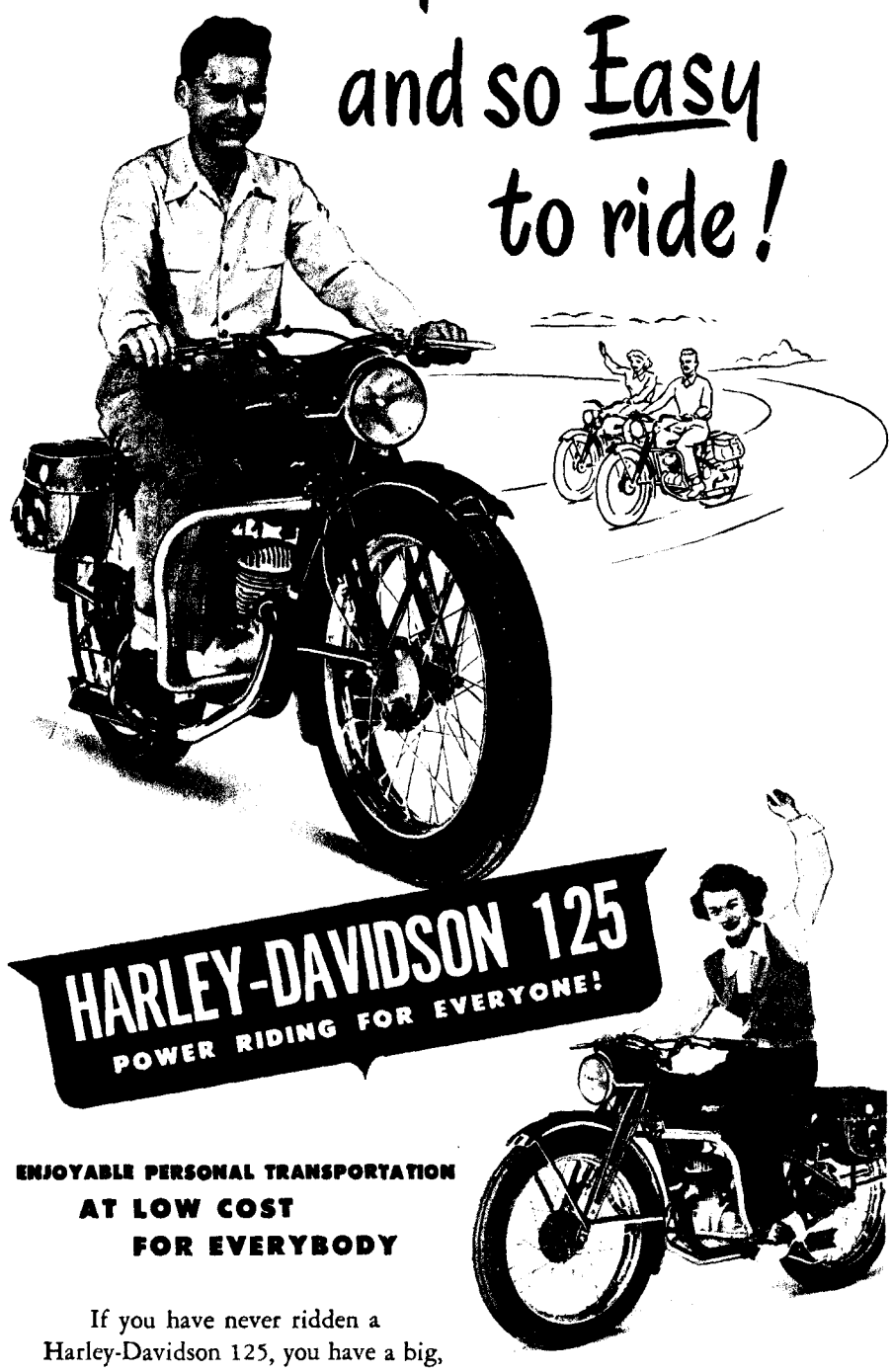


at today's popular price, HUNTER—long famous as America's luxury blend—is an exceptional value in whiskey . . . . with a superior flavor no one has been able to copy in ninety years!

Hunter-Wilson Distilling Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky. Blended Whiskey 86.8 Proof. 65% Grain Neutral Spirits.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

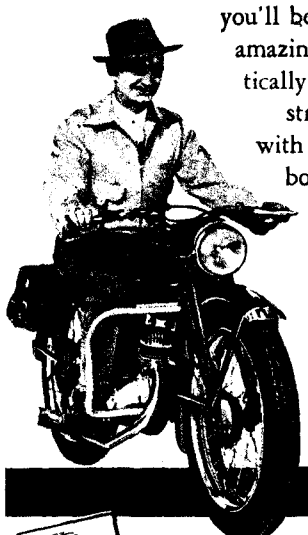
It's Thrifty...it's Smart and so Easy to ride!



HARLEY-DAVIDSON 125
POWER RIDING FOR EVERYONE!

ENJOYABLE PERSONAL TRANSPORTATION
AT LOW COST
FOR EVERYBODY

If you have never ridden a Harley-Davidson 125, you have a big, pleasant surprise coming! Lightweight and low center of gravity make balancing almost automatic. Control is simple and sure. One lesson and you'll be able to go anywhere quickly, dependably and at amazingly *low cost!* 90 miles and more per gallon, practically no upkeep, no parking fees. Good looking, too, streamlined, colorful. Smooth, quiet performance with such advanced automotive features as brakes on both wheels, 3-speed transmission, drop-forged steering head, oversize tires, easy-chair saddle, brilliant night lighting. Thousands in use by men, women, boys, girls, for work, business, school, errands, outings. You owe it to yourself to *try* it. "A penny saved is a penny earned" and think of the *fun* you can have! Low down payment, easy terms. Phone or see your Harley-Davidson dealer for a FREE ride.



MAIL THE COUPON NOW!

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO., Dept. C, Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin
Send colorful folder and full information about the low-cost Harley-Davidson 125.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

DEALERS: Valuable franchises available for the full line of famous Big Twins and the 125 model. Your opportunity to line up with the greatest name in motorcycles. Write or wire for information today.

A Quality of Mercy

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

Inspector made note of inconsistencies in the woman she seemed to be.

"Permit an introduction," he said, sketching a salaam. "I am Chafik J. Chafik of the police. You are Madame Zawra?"

"I would of course be known to you," the woman replied bitterly.

"Naturally, madame." He looked again at the room, the emptied drawers, went to a second room and saw the same disorder. "You look for something?" he asked softly.

"Somebody was before me."

"Madame?"

SHE fitted a cigarette to a long holder, waited for him to offer a match, then veiled herself in a screen of smoke. "I tell you I found the rooms as you see them," she said. "They had been ransacked. I have only been here a few minutes. I came to collect things that belong to me. Farouk was my—partner." She swallowed the last word.

"The one who came before you took what you sought?"

"I have had no time to look. And why should they take my personal things?"

Chafik studied the woman, but she met his scrutiny without discomfort. He was baffled and annoyed by her confidence and said, "As you know, he has been killed. You knew him so well, perhaps you can suggest why."

"Farouk had many enemies."

"We have arrested a beggar who was in possession of his money, shoes and watch."

The woman's reaction to this announcement was surprising; she suddenly softened, put her hands to her breasts and said with obvious distress, "Oh, no, no! A beggar might rob him, but not kill—"

"You speak with surety," Chafik said sharply. "Come, madame, do not hide things from me, there are so many things I wish to know. A man came to your cabaret last night and asked for Farouk. Is he the one you suspect? Who was he?"

The manner of Madame Zawra changed again. Softness vanished; she stood erect, head back, arms rigid at her sides, eyes bright. The bewildered Inspector saw a woman who would savagely defend what she cherished, and there was scarcely time to weigh the new mood before it changed again. She clasped her hands, wrung them, and said in a woman's complaining voice, "Yesterday I was unwell. I did not mingle with my guests much. And the friends of Farouk do not interest me."

Chafik thought helplessly: This woman of the theater has enacted several women, and I do not know which is Zawra.

"You saw this man?" he asked.

"Casually. He was a stranger."

"Describe him."

"Short. Squat. A man of the middle years. Swarthy. Possibly a Turk."

Inspector Chafik said, "I have another description, madame."

"I could be mistaken. Perhaps I confuse him with another. Now that I think of it, there was another, quite tall, a big man."

Chafik looked at Madame Zawra closely but could not penetrate the part she was playing or discover the woman under the thick layer of make-up. He thought: It is an old canvas, many pictures have been painted on it, the original perhaps a masterpiece. Aloud, harshly, he said, "Lying does not suit you."

The attack was deliberate and unexpected; briefly the woman's performance stopped, she showed fear, but in a moment she took refuge in rage, the role of a harridan.

"I tell you I don't know the man who came to the cabaret!" she screamed. "Why do you insult me? Why should I remember all Farouk's precious friends? You've got the dirty beggar who killed him, so why plague me?"

"Just now, you doubted the guilt of the beggar. You were all womanly with concern." Chafik made a little bow over clasped hands. "Now," he said softly, "you would have me give him to the hangman."

Terror began in the woman's eyes. "Ah, you beast, you hiss like a snake," she whispered.

"So others have informed me."

He turned to the sergeant who blocked the doorway. "Detail a constable, Abdullah. He is to help this woman in her search, to examine whatever she wishes to remove. As for ourselves, we will continue to look for a short, squat, tall, big stranger who had an appointment with Farouk. Or perhaps one of average height, slim?" Chafik slanted a look at Madame Zawra before he went out.

On the way down he knocked authoritatively at several doors, questioned the frightened women who answered his summons, but, as he expected, no information could be obtained. Nobody knew, or was prepared to say, who had visited the apartment before Madame Zawra; he learned, however, the woman had been there ten minutes only.

"So she was truthful," the Inspector said to his assistant, as they left the house. "Another was before her in the search." He paused to light a cigarette. "I was very harsh with her, Abdullah," he added regretfully.

"A woman of the theater—" The sergeant shrugged.

"Rudeness to any woman is inexcusable. May I be forgiven, but it was necessary. In her present state she will try to warn the man who was at the cabaret. I confess to a hunter's thrill to observe this flushed game."

He stepped into the police car which blocked the narrow street, opened the door on the other side, slipped out of the car again and concealed himself in a doorway. Sergeant Abdullah drove the car away.

MADAME ZAWRA appeared a few minutes later. She was suspicious, and when she started to walk her agitation visibly increased. She blundered into people, darted across roads in front of traffic, sometimes ran. Once she stopped at a telephone kiosk, then changed her mind and went on to an intersection of main roads, where she hailed an arabana.

The Inspector followed in a taxi. He rode with a buoyant confidence, ignoring the broken springs of the ramshackle vehicle.

He was less confident when the woman dismissed her carriage on the broad, clean square where the government buildings were situated. She got out near the Ministry of Finance and began to walk up and down aimlessly. Finally she entered the public park which adjoined the ministry and went, this time with purpose, to a secluded corner shaded by trees. She glanced around as though to establish a landmark, then sat down, drawing the folds of her robe around her. Muffled in her cloak, she was anonymous.

A clock boomed midday and the voices of the prayer-callers began their chant from Baghdad's many mosques. Work stopped throughout the city.

An army of officials streamed from the government buildings. Many went into the park; here and there a man sought a quiet spot, unrolled a small mat, and began the ritual of prayer. Those who were not of the Moslem faith, or did not practice what they professed, walked up and down between the prostrate religionists, eating a sandwich lunch or smoking as they chatted with friends.

Madame Zawra did not move, but she peered through a gap in the head folds of her robe, observing those who came and who went. Presently she straightened as a man came toward her across the park.

He walked with eyes downcast, a prayer mat under one arm. He was a man of medium height, slim build, his age perhaps forty. Chafik, who watched from the shel-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ter of a hedge of rhododendron, judged him the typical civil servant, a neat man with dignity that verged on the pompous.

When he reached the trees he stopped and spread his mat a few feet from where the woman sat. He stood swinging his arms slowly, lips moving as he recited a passage from the Koran. Then he knelt, prayed fervently, his humble obeisance, with forehead to the ground, odd in one so stately. Rising at last, he stood in the clear sunshine, at peace with the world.

The woman got up, took a step toward him, hesitating and afraid. Then she went quickly and dropped to her knees and timidly touched him.

Chafik heard the astonished man say, "What ails you, woman? Do you want alms?"

"Permit me to speak on a private matter." Madame Zawra touched him again, her gesture pleading.

He became the civil servant, cold and

"Aren't you afraid you'll catch my cold?"
COLLIER'S WILLIAM STEIG

suspicious. "I do not know you. If you have business make an appointment at my office."

"It is urgent. There is not time." She threw back her robe. The dark circled eyes were beseeching. "Please—you must listen—"

He saw her painted face and said with revulsion, "Are you shameless to uncover before a stranger? I do not know you. I cannot talk to one such as you." Quickly he rolled up the prayer mat.

"In the name of God, hear me!"

He raised his hand and made the sign of repulsing a devil, then hurried away. She did not follow. Her hands went to her stricken face, and crouching on the spot where the man had stood, Madame Zawra wept.

WHEN Inspector Chafik returned to his office he went to his filing cabinets and unlocked one to which he alone had the key. The dossier he took out was slim and after he had studied it he said to Sergeant Abdullah, "Confidence is as unsafe as the sheep bladders on which small boys navigate the Tigris. A prick, and one flounders."

"Sir?"

"The woman led me to a man. Medium height. Slender. A well-dressed professional man. In every way he answers the description of the stranger at the cabaret, but unfortunately this man did not know the woman."

"Mystifying, sir. Possibly planned to confuse."

"I doubt it. Here is his dossier, the confidential record of a trusted official of the Ministry of Finance. I was told there he is called Jassim. He is highly respected and slated for a superior post. Married. Two children. No mistresses. Intellectual hobbies. Why should this Jassim go to the Zawra Cabaret?"

Abdullah said, "Sir, I have observed that a quiet family man often seeks left-handed excitement."

Chafik said dryly, "Remind me to inquire into your private life. But listen to me, Abdullah. Why did Madame Zawra try to hide the man's identity? Why did she go to warn him, and he not know her? It is easy to understand *his* aversion to being seen with her. The slightest connection with such a woman would ruin his career. But her agitation when he repulsed her—the way she cried. "What emotion prompted such anguish? Fear? Rage? Or what?"

THE Inspector paced the small office, finally turned to his assistant and said, "The key to it all is Farouk. Farouk is dead. Therefore I must be Farouk."

"Sir?"

"I must walk in his shoes."

"My head is wood, I do not understand," the sergeant said apologetically. "Why not interrogate this man Jassim? Why not bring him here and confront him with the constable who was on duty at the cabaret?"

"Not here. Not yet," Chafik said, and added with distress, "we of the police are lepers. The people we summon officially are smeared with suspicion, the smell of it clings to them ever after." He sat in thought and finally announced, "One stone for many birds."

"Sir?"

"I spoke?" Chafik asked, irritated by his habit of thinking aloud. He sighed and then said, "Tonight the beggar is to be stationed outside the Zawra Cabaret. You will inform him he is to look for the man he saw walking away from the corpse, that the comfort of his neck depends upon it."

"I attend," said Sergeant Abdullah.

"And the constable is to be on duty, to keep watch for the stranger whom he overheard asking for Farouk," Chafik instructed. "Also arrange that Farouk's usual table is left unoccupied."

"I attend." The sergeant hesitated, then asked, "But why should this stranger, who may or may not be Jassim, return to the cabaret?"

"Attend again," the Inspector said. "Observe that I now step into a pair of most unsavory shoes."

Chafik took out a handkerchief, made a double fold, and draped it over the mouthpiece of the telephone. He dialed a five, a naught, and a double one, then speaking through the handkerchief said, "Ministry of Finance? Mr. Jassim, please. Tell him Farouk calls." He raised his eyebrows at the shocked sergeant.

"Who is that?" an anxious voice came over the wire. "Who wishes to speak with me? Who—"

"The same place," Chafik said rapidly. "The same table, Mr. Jassim. It is most advisable you should come."

He cradled the telephone, carefully folded the handkerchief in the original creases and returned it to his pocket.

"I play what in English is called a 'hunch,' " he told his assistant. "If this is the man who was there last night, he will come again. If he is guilty, fear will bring him. And he will come if he is innocent for the same reason he previously came."

Chafik stood up. "Farouk's shoes seem to fit me well," he said.

They took the beggar, Hannah, to the Zawra Cabaret, gave him instructions, and left him squatting outside in the narrow, ill-lighted street. The night was hot and close, a sandstorm threatened, and many people seeking relief out-of-doors had come to sit in the walled garden of the cabaret;

The MALLORY *Coast to Coast*, bound edge, with "Cravenette" process, **$7.50.**
(Also available in raw edge and welt edge.)

You can tell at a touch that a Mallory is different from an ordinary hat. For the fur felt is unusually soft and lively. This superb "feel the difference" quality adds to Mallory's smart styling, too—gives Mallory Hats a distinctive look that lasts! Mallory Hats **$7.50 to $20.**

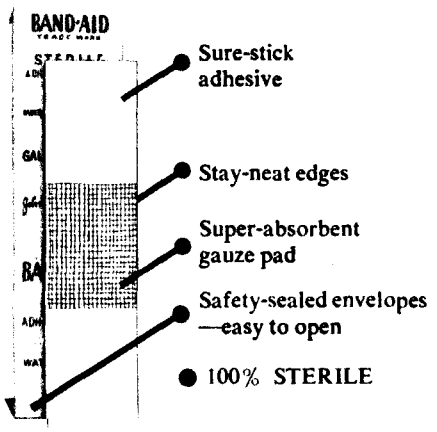
MALLORY hats DANBURY, CONN. • ALSO MADE IN CANADA • FINE HATS FOR MEN AND WOMEN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Never neglect a cut forehead

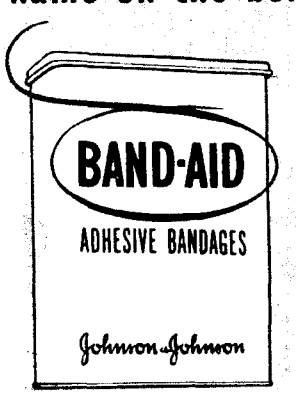
The tiniest injury can become infected. Never take a chance!

Always use BAND-AID*—the only adhesive bandage that gives you all this protection.



Caution: Not all adhesive bandages are BAND-AID. Only Johnson & Johnson makes BAND-AID—the brand that is 6 to 1 choice in doctors' recommendations.

Always look for the name on the box



*BAND-AID MEANS MADE BY

Johnson & Johnson

sometimes a breath of air stirred the bushes and gave an illusion of coolness.

"But this place is heated by passion, so the value of the breeze is lost," the Inspector complained to his assistant. They stood waiting near the entrance and Chafik was depressed by the discord of the native orchestra and the wailing of unending love songs. "They make a sad thing of love," he said. "What time is it, Abdullah?"

"Near midnight, sir."

"He should be here."

"In God's time," said the sergeant.

"You justly reprimand me, but I remain impatient." The Inspector fiddled with an unlighted cigarette, then threw it away when the driver of an arabana parked down the street cracked his whip. Once, twice, and after a pause a third time. Chafik said with relief, "The signal. Jassim comes." He drew Sergeant Abdullah into the shadow of a doorway. . . .

The man who appeared walked slowly, stopped several times and once seemed on the point of turning back, but then came on reluctantly. He kept his head down and averted his face when anyone passed. When he reached the wailing beggar who squatted in the light of the street lamp, he tried to hurry by, but Hannah's loud imprecations had to be silenced, and the man hastily threw him a coin.

At the entrance to the cabaret he hesitated, finally went in.

The Inspector went to Hannah. "Well?" he asked.

"The man! The same man!" The beggar waved his skinny hands and slobbered with excitement. "Truly there is a God."

"If you lie you will know God's wrath!" Chafik reminded him.

"He is the man," the beggar repeated, "beyond doubt the one. I never forget the faces of those who deny me alms. Surely the one." The voice wavered and the man flinched under the Inspector's penetrating eyes.

"You are doubtful."

"The man!" Hannah wailed. "He appears younger tonight; I thought him older. But it is the one, the same face."

The Inspector shrugged, and complained to Abdullah, "The lighting in these miserable alleyways makes extra work for the police." He went to the constable outside the Zawra. "Well?" he asked again.

"Sir, he was the same man who asked for Farouk. He is now at the table." The policeman indicated the far side of the garden.

Chafik spread his hands and said unhappily, "What a pity!" Jassim, with an honorable past and a valuable future, was clearly implicated in this sordid affair. Chafik's mouth hardened as he went into the cabaret, leaving his assistants to watch the gate.

COLORED lights strung from the ragged palms gave a tinsel gaiety to the place. On the stage weary women danced; their painted smiles were mechanical, their gestures careless with habit. The audience, chiefly visiting tribesmen, paid little attention and the harsh spatter of conversation never stopped. Pleasure was as dusty as the bushes that formed arbors for the scattered tables.

The Inspector wheeled a chair into position before Jassim. "Good evening. You are punctual," he said.

Jassim studied him with puzzled and intelligent eyes. The Inspector looked at him steadily. Jassim's mouth was thin; there was little humor in it, little tolerance. The face was round, ending oddly in a pointed chin.

"So you're Farouk?" Jassim asked.

"I walk in his shoes. He could not keep the appointment. Farouk was murdered last night," Chafik added casually, and showed his police card.

The man stiffened. Then he went limp, sagged in the chair, and said almost inaudibly, "A fool. Oh, what a fool—"

"I have caused you distress," the Inspector murmured sympathetically. "And who is the fool? Yourself or Farouk?"

"I never met him." Jassim made an effort at poise.

"An aching tooth is better removed. Confession can be as merciful as a dentist's forceps. I am attentive." Inspector Chafik sat waiting and shadows seemed to move across his strange eyes. He admired the man's control and was keyed to watchfulness.

Jassim said, "Believe me, I know nothing of Farouk's murder. He was only a name, a signature to letters, a voice on the telephone." He stopped and stared across the table with horror. "But you say he was killed last night!"

"The last telephone voice was mine."

"So. You set a clever trap." Jassim was silent a moment, clearly making a decision. "I will tell you everything," he said at last. "The letters began a month ago. They demanded a meeting here, but no threat was made at first."

"The usual approach of the blackmailer," the Inspector said.

"But I have nothing to hide. There is no scandal in my life. I am a quiet man, religious. My life is simple, open."

Chafik said, "I know your exemplary religious habits. But my records about you begin late. You were born in Turkish days, so I do not even know your parents."

"I never knew them. They died—my mother when I was born. My foster parents are also dead. They were kind." He took the cigarette Chafik offered and bowed his thanks. "I had no reason to fear blackmail. But this Farouk insisted he had something which would interest my superiors. That is when I became a fool. I should have come to you. Instead, I came here—"

"I can understand, Mr. Jassim. Suspicion, even baseless, would have ruined your career; that is how the blackmailer works. Did you tell anybody your plans or meet anybody you knew on the way here?"

"This place has a bad name and I was discreet."

"Better for you if you had been indiscreet. What did you do when Farouk failed to appear?"

"I obtained his address and went to his room."

"So," Chafik said softly. "And what happened there?"

"The place was a shambles and there was a man, obviously searching—"

"Describe him."

"I cannot, his back was turned. He switched off the light, brushed by me and fled."

"So she told the truth. Another was before her—" Chafik drummed the table, then said sharply, "What of the woman you met today?"

"A woman?"

"She tried to speak with you after the midday prayer."

Jassim flushed. "Is nothing sacred to you, not even prayer? Yes, there was a woman. A painted hag. I had forgotten the incident. I never saw her before."

The Inspector looked around. Madame Zawra stood near by in the shadow of the stage. She was motionless and her eyes were fixed on the arbor. Discovered, she moved away, and Chafik wondered how long she had been there, watching Jassim and himself.

Jassim was saying, "I've told you everything. Of course I realize my position. The scandal will ruin me. You may even think me guilty—" he added bleakly.

"I shall not keep you in doubt long. You may go now, Mr. Jassim."

"You don't detain me?"

"I can always find you. Good night."

WHEN the man had gone, Inspector Chafik changed to the other chair. He sat well back in the arbor, the shadows a cloak around him, and his brain went to work. He announced in a clear voice, "Yes, blackmail. But what did Farouk know? Was it Jassim who walked away from the corpse? And who was the man in Farouk's rooms? And Madame Zawra, what does she know? He heard himself, shifted uncomfortably to the edge of the chair and came within vision of the stage.

Chafik was vaguely aware a sketch was being played. The lines were risqué and he shrugged with distaste as he noted the low comedy of a woman strutting in man's clothes.

Then he was suddenly engrossed in the stage. He leaned forward and said aloud, "Merciful God—"

A waiter came to the table with a tray of highly colored synthetic drinks. "Refreshment?" he asked hopefully.

"Yes, it could be. But I can't prove it—not without Farouk's secret."

"Sir?"

"The shoes. I must put on the shoes."

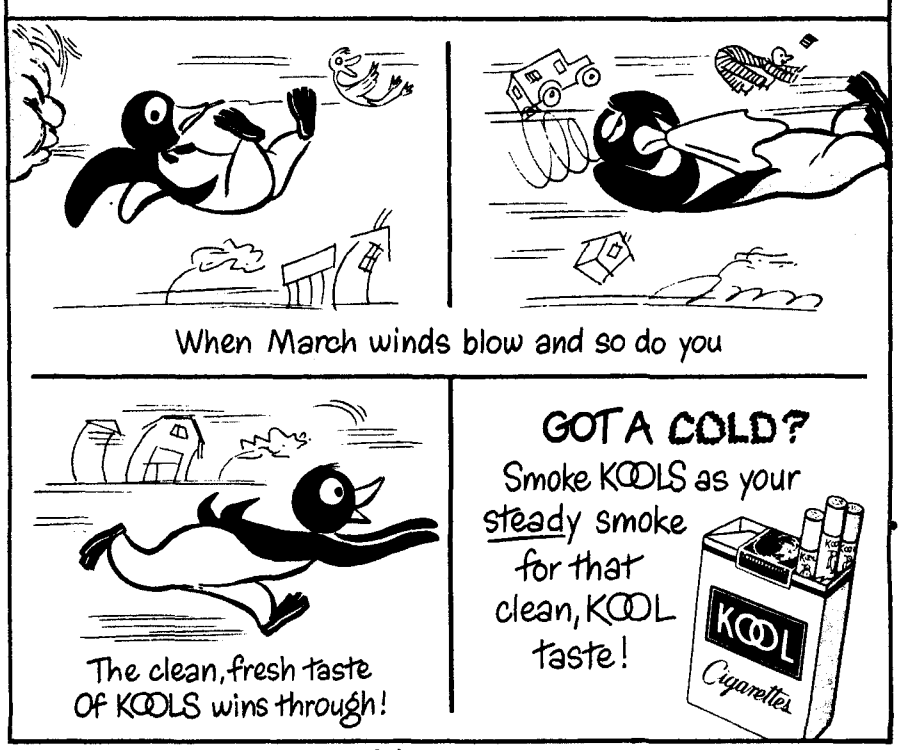
"I'll find your shoes if you'll tell me where you left them," said the waiter.

"I'm a blackmailer," Chafik said, his fingers beginning their spider's dance. "I sit here waiting for a man. I've something to show him. He won't try to take it from me in this public place, that's why I'm meeting him here—"

"You've been drinking!" said the waiter.

The Inspector neither saw the man nor

WILLIE the penguin


When March winds blow and so do you
The clean, fresh taste Of KOOLS wins through!
GOT A COLD?
Smoke KOOLS as your steady smoke for that clean, KOOL taste!
KOOL
Cigarettes

Advertisement

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

heard him. He continued in the same monotone, "Yes, but it's clear he won't come in. I've just had a message, he's waiting outside. I'll have to go and persuade him. So what do I do? Do I take the thing with me?" He struck the table, glared at the waiter, and shouted, "Not likely! I'm not a fool!"

The man fled, the glasses on his tray slopping.

Chafik ran his hands carefully along the underside of the table. He took each chair and examined it. Finally he went to his knees and thrust searching fingers into the tubbed shrubs that formed the arbor. There was nothing. Chafik sat back on his heels, muttering, "Where, then? Where?" He crouched lower and began to examine the tubs themselves.

Under one of them was a gap, not much more than a crack, and he broke off a twig to probe it.

Something resisted the stick. He worked deftly, edged out an envelope which he seized with a cry of triumph, then dropped exhausted into his chair.

Only then did he realize he was not alone.

CHARLES STRAUSS

Bald Statement

By the time a man admits his hair
Is "thinning out" it isn't there.

—S. H. DEWHURST

Madame Zawra sat on the other side of the table, her back to the cabaret, her robe carefully spread. Behind this screen she showed him the muzzle of a small gun.

"Give me the letter," she said quietly.

He did not answer. He was absorbed in studying this woman who had emerged at last, the one woman among the several she had played for him, the real Zawra.

TONIGHT she was without make-up and the tragedy of her face was exposed; denied the mask of kohl and rouge, the face, though old, had softness, nobility, the ghost of beauty. There was clearly courage in the way she lifted her strong pointed chin.

Chafik said, "Yes, the resemblance is strong now. The mask did not suit you."

"Give me the letter!"

"So you looked when you walked away from the corpse of Farouk. Only then you wore man's dress. The beggar's error was pardonable, my blindness was not. Until I saw the girl on the stage a moment ago, I had forgotten that in our native theater women impersonate men. And you are of the theater, madame."

The woman said unhappily, "Now I must kill you—"

"Naturally. But first satisfy my curiosity. Why have you kept the relationship from Jassim?"

"Isn't that obvious? Would a son wish to know such a mother?" She turned her head away. In a moment she looked at Chafik again and said strongly, "That's why I killed Farouk. That's why I must destroy the letter. All these years I have kept the truth from Jassim. It shall not be exposed now. I shall not permit you to ruin him!"

"Very nearly you had him charged with murder."

"I planned to confess, but not until I had found the letter. When Jassim was born in Cairo, Farouk was the doctor. I was a foolish young girl, shamed, lost. I sent the baby to discreet people in Baghdad. They raised him as their child, told him I had died in childbirth, his father before me. But I worked for my son, sent money for his education."

MADAME ZAWRA'S eyes were full of tears. Chafik said gently, "In the end you came back to Baghdad to be near him."

"I was proud, so proud of my son."

"And then Farouk followed you and began his blackmail?"

"He had a letter I once wrote him indiscreetly, proof that I was Jassim's mother. So I had to pay again and again. But it wasn't enough."

Chafik said, "The leech and the blackmailer are insatiable."

"He planned to blackmail Jassim. I put on man's dress, went into the street and sent a boy with a message to Farouk. He came. He thought I was my son. I thrust the gun at him, demanded the letter. But he recognized me and tried to knock the gun down. It went off," Madame Zawra added with a shudder.

"You searched the body for the letter and then went to his rooms?"

"Yes. And Jassim came. I fled, changed to woman's clothes and returned to search farther."

"And today, knowing I was looking for the stranger who was at the cabaret, you tried to warn him?"

"I could not telephone lest someone overhear. But I knew where to find him, his habit of midday prayer. I have often gone to watch him. Almost daily. How else could I be near my son?" Madame Zawra was racked by emotion and the gun wavered. "He spurned me," she whispered. "He saw me only as a painted woman. I do not generally wear this mask, as you call it, when I leave the cabaret, but there was no time to remove it. Sometimes I have dreamed— If Farouk had not drained me, I thought to retire, and perhaps then— Now, never! He must never know."

"If you go to prison there is no need for him to know," Chafik said.

"He must not," Madame Zawra repeated. "He would despise me because of what I have become. He could not help himself. And I could not bear that."

The Inspector held the letter between forefinger and thumb. "But I must tell you, madame, here is evidence no judge would ignore. This letter would set you free. What are your wishes?" He asked the question very humbly.

She lowered the gun and said, "Destroy it."

Chafik struck a match and held it to a corner of the envelope. They watched it burn between them on the marble top of the table; so was destroyed a secret and a woman's freedom.

When the ashes scattered in the breeze, the Inspector said, "This is a strange quality of mercy, but God has given it to me. Perhaps because I, too, have a son. I pray, madame, that I may learn the strength of your love, the courage of your sacrifice."

Her head bowed. After a long time Chafik said softly, "You will plead guilty to accidental homicide, the result of a quarrel, a struggle. Of course I do not know what it was about." He waited again and then said formally, "You are under arrest, Madame Zawra."

She rose and stood very straight, her eyes dry and at peace. Outside the cabaret the Inspector said briefly to Sergeant Abdullah, "Here is the one who killed Farouk." They went down the road, passing Hannah the beggar, who still crouched in the dust.

The sergeant could not understand why Inspector Chafik bent his head so humbly over the prisoner's hand before helping her into the police car. THE END

Outboard News

About the new Scott-Atwater **SHIFT** *motors*

WHY ROW? No need to row way out from shore before starting your outboard! With a *Shift* motor, you can start and warm up in Neutral—while still tied up at the dock. Then *Shift* to Reverse and back away like a cruiser! The *Shift* is simple, sturdy, foolproof . . . adds little to motor weight.

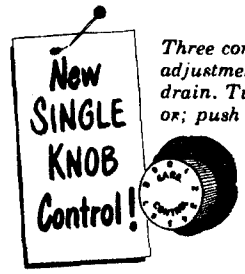
WATER TAXI
"Now I use Neutral and Reverse like a city taxi driver. My Scott-Atwater *Shift* motor is a honey . . . don't see how it could be improved!"—*Joe Alexander, Madison 5, Wis.*

BIGGEST IMPROVEMENT
"Sure think the *Shift* is the biggest improvement since the outboard was invented. I own a 1-16 *Shift*."—*Louis Vandervest, Green Bay, Wis.*

Our motors even turn on their own GAS!

All Scott-Atwater *Shift* models with conventional gas tank (1-14, 1-16, 1-20) have automatic gas line and air vent control. When you move the speed control lever to the "start" position, the gas is turned on, the vent opened. When you stop the motor, gas and vent are closed automatically. Never before have outboards been so simple to run.

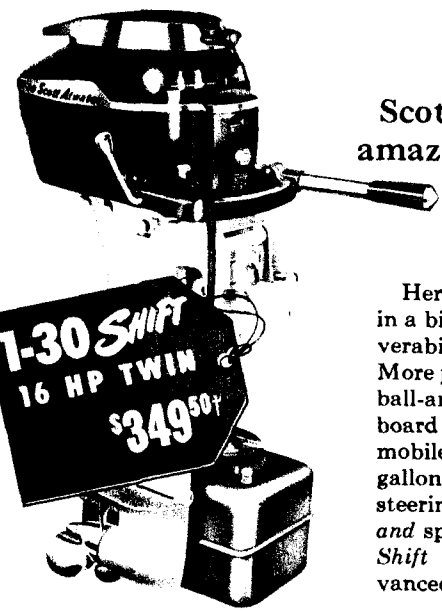
FREE BOOK!
Want to have more fun with an outboard? Want to know how to care for a motor and boat? Then write for your free copy of this great 64-page book, "How to get the most out of an outboard."



Three controls in one!—a carburetor adjustment, a choke, a carburetor drain. Turn it to adjust the carburetor; push it to choke the motor; close and push it to drain the carburetor! It's another important contribution to easier outboard operation. And you'll find it only *on the four new Scott-Atwater* Shift *outboards!*

SHIFT FOR YOURSELF!

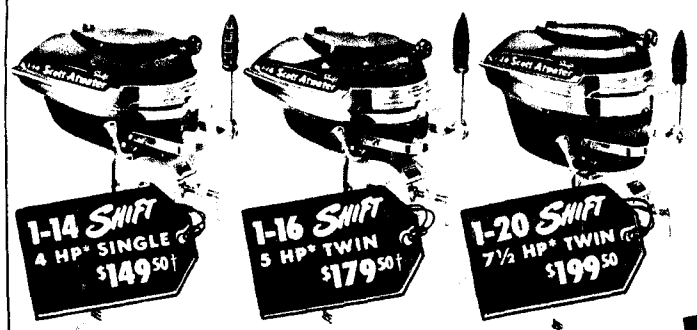
You'll never know how far outboards have advanced until you check into the new Scott-Atwater *Shift* motors. Before you buy any outboard, see them at your dealer's. But don't stop there! At your very first opportunity, run a new Scott-Atwater *Shift* on the water . . . and Shift for yourself!



SHIFT!

Scott-Atwater announces amazing new Model 1-30 . . . now offers its SHIFT in 4 great models!

Here's more of *everything* you want in a big-power outboard! More maneuverability, with the Scott-Atwater *Shift*. More performance—1 to 30 m.p.h. More ball-and-roller bearings than any outboard its size—14 sets. Unique automobile-type fuel pump and separate 5-gallon "stowaway" gas tank. Exclusive steering-handle control of both throttle *and* spark. It's the Scott-Atwater 1-30 *Shift* twin—it's America's most advanced outboard!



4 SHIFT MODELS

All with *complete Shift*—neutral, forward and full control reverse.

PLUS

1-12 NON-SHIFT
3.6 HP** SINGLE
$99.50

†WEST COAST PRICE SLIGHTLY HIGHER

**OBC CERTIFIED @ 4000 RPM
*OBC CERTIFIED @ 4200 RPM

SEE FOR YOURSELF...SHIFT FOR YOURSELF...

SHIFT to Scott-Atwater

Dept. 41, Scott-Atwater Mfg. Co., Inc., Minneapolis 13, Minn. ★ Look for the name of your dealer in the yellow pages of the telephone book.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gordon's
DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN
DISTILLED IN LINDEN
94·4 PROOF
& BOTTLED NEW JERSEY
100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN
GORDON'S
REG U.S. PAT. OFFICE
EST'D
1769
4/5 QUART
94.4 PROOF
DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN
DISTILLED & BOTTLED IN THE U.S.A. BY THE DISTILLERS COMPANY LIMITED
LINDEN, NEW JERSEY
FOR
GORDONS DRY GIN COMPANY LIMITED
LINDEN, NEW JERSEY
ACCORDING TO THE FORMULA OF
TANQUERAY, GORDON & CO. LTD.
LONDON, ENGLAND.
there's no gin like Gordon's
BECAUSE OF LIQUEUR QUALITY and HIGH PROOF (94.4)
DRINKS NEVER TASTE THIN WITH GORDON'S GIN
100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN • GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD., LINDEN, N. J.

Gentleman's Game

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

a good fellow. In fact, they are planning to teach Mr. Healy *not to play golf with* strangers even if you know them. By methods not approved by Mr. Cricket, they are plotting to take him for all he's worth.

Mr. Grof is making a speech to Curtiss: "It was all right to be nice to Healy and let him play along with us when he was signing our expense accounts, but looking back on it, it was a narrow view for us to take. We've built up his confidence without improving his game. I recommend that we no longer play each other, as we have been doing, but rather play Healy. One of us shall win each hole. What we win from each other, we will ignore. We will collect from Healy and split his personal property. We shall rectify our great wrong to our good friend Healy."

"And buy ourselves a yacht," says Curtiss, blinking.

"Well," booms Mr. Healy, coming around the clubhouse, "here's a couple a suckers ready to lose some ready. I'll sell you a couple a tickets to the poorhouse when we reach the nineteenth hole." He has a big happy grin and winks at me. I duck my head so I don't have to look him in the eye, and I start figuring how much cash he can raise by selling his clubs and wrist watch and mortgaging his wife. Come to think of it, he won't get much for that wife.

He must really of been slogging them off the practice tee because he asks, "How about five dollars a hole today, suckers?"

"Five dollars a hole!" exclaims Mr. Grof, a vision in maroon and yellow. "And from a guy that could give Sam Snead two strokes on each nine and beat him! Take it easy. We know when we're out of our class."

Curtiss blinks behind those big glasses and nods his head like it's all true.

"But I'm no coward," says Grof. "And just to prove it, let's make it fifty bucks."

"Well, I'm no coward, make it a hundred," chimes in the quiet Mr. Curtiss who seems to find a few words today.

Mr. Healy is turning from one to the other with his mouth open like he is a bloodhound watching a Ping-pong match.

"This Healy pirate will bankrupt us," says Grof. "All right then, a hundred, but not a penny more." Personally I am thinking that *if Healy says "please" Grof could be per*suaded to play for a penny more.

Mr. Healy ain't grinning quite so widely now but he don't object so anybody can hear him. I go and get the clubs and meanwhile look around for a barrel large enough to get Mr. Healy home in. Mr. Healy is waving a telegram when I get back and saying that it is bad news from Mr. Fahensahr, but Mr. Grof grabs his driver, points it in the direction of the first tee and says, "Excelsior!" in a loud, happy voice. Mr. Healy mutters about his telegram but nobody listens. Like they say, time is money.

ON THE first hole Curtiss and Grof plant their drives about 250 yards down the middle of the fairway. Mr. Healy closes his eyes, jumps forward and tops a slow roller into a patch of water cress twenty-five yards in front of the tee. He whiffs twice and picks up. After all he don't know Curtiss and Grof ain't planning to tie. Their second shots are on the green. Mr. Curtiss is away and he rolls his putt up to the edge of the cup and in it drops for a three.

"Got to sink this one, boy," says Mr. Healy to Grof. "Got to save us a little moola here, boy."

"Seems to be uphill," mutters Grof. "Come have a look." They both get down on their hands and knees, and Mr. Healy agrees that it seems to be uphill.

"Okay, put it in," says Healy. "We need this one, boy. We really need this one."

Mr. Grof not only don't put it in, he bangs it clear across the green.

"What'd you do that for?" shouts Healy.

"Wasn't as uphill as I thought."

The hole goes to Mr. Curtiss which means that Healy has now lost his first hundred and the James boys have made their first fifty apiece. Healy must of forgot the telegram by now. He wears a grim look like he finds termites in his safe-deposit box.

The second hole is par three, 135 yards. Mr. Curtiss tees off and places his ball about two feet from the pin. Mr. Grof is next. This is always a easy hole for Mr. Grof. I been caddying ten years for him and I never

SISTER

COLLIER'S

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

once see him miss that green. But today, after watching Mr. Curtiss' ball roll dead for the pin, he picks up a bunch of dandelion, tosses it into the air and says it seems to him that an unexpected air current just springs up. He turns his back to the green and wallops the ball with a driver. It must of died down, the wind, by the time Mr. Grof hits the ball, because his drive goes straight as a arrow across the seventh fairway. A nice shot but not much use on the second hole. Better for the eighth.

Afterwards he says to Mr. Healy that he should prolly of used a brassie which is strange because Mr. Grof hits a brassie almost as far as he hits a driver. Mr. Healy sort of laughs and says it looks like it's up to Old Reliable, meaning himself, to tie Mr. Curtiss for the hole.

Well, I been caddying a long time. I can remember back when a five iron is called a mashie and golf is a gentleman's game. No more. Nowadays everybody plays for money or else to sell insurance, but this particular afternoon made all the others look like a Bible-school picnic.

Mr. Healy steps up to shoot, using his two iron; he is taking no chances of falling short. He is wound up in his corkscrew position for about twenty-nine and a half seconds when Grof yells, "Timber!" Healy jumps about a foot farther than usual and slices into the woods. In the old days nobody yells on a golf course, but them days is gone.

"Too bad," says Curtiss, blinking.

"A rotten shame," says Grof. "What a helluva place to plant trees—right in the middle of a forest.

Well, Grof wins the third hole and Curtiss the fourth, Grof the fifth, and so it goes. Like a couple of after-you-Alphonses. They don't waste a hole. On every green one of them takes a hundred bucks from the other two, and Healy takes nothing but a earful of gab from anybody. With no slip-ups it looks like a eighteen-hundred-dollar bath for Mr. Healy and nine hundred bucks apiece in the till for them bandits.

BY THE time they reach the last tee Healy is figuring how much he can save by not smoking. "The last mile," sings out Grof.

Mr. Curtiss is washing his golf ball, and Mr. Grof is doping out the standings like he don't know how much he's winning. "Well, Healy," he says, "you're out nine hundred to Curtiss and eight hundred to me."

Healy don't answer. Curtiss nods and goes on washing his ball.

"Want your money back?" Grof yells over to Healy. "We'll play the eighteenth double or nothing!" This is like asking a man who has his head in a alligator's mouth to pat a cobra with his free hand.

But me, I am burned up and I whisper to Healy, "You can win this hole." I whisper this at this time because I always root for the underdog and also I have in mind a nice tip from Mr. Healy if he can get out from under. Mostly, though, it is because I always root for the underdog and I never in my life see such a underdog as Healy.

Mr. Healy whispers back, "I couldn't win a hole today if I was playing by myself."

"Try this ball, Mr. Healy," I say. "It's magnetic. Can't miss within a hundred feet of the pin." This is an outright lie. There ain't no magnetic golf balls, but, like I say, golf is like anything else. You gotta have faith. You get afraid you'll miss a shot, you miss it. You get confidence, you're in.

"Hah, ridiculous!" scoffs Mr. Healy.

"Not so ridiculous," I say. I show him how it works by dropping the ball on the head of a nine iron and swinging the club over my head. The ball never leaves go. An old juggling trick.

"Glue," says Mr. Healy in disgust.

"Magnetic. All the pros use them."

"What are you two whispering about?" hollers Mr. Grof.

"The boy was asking if I'd give him lessons," says Mr. Healy.

"How about giving us a few on this last hole?" asks Grof. "We playing double?"

"Well," says Healy, "may as well be hung for a sheep. Double or nothing it is." Mr. Curtiss nods four times rapidly and his blinks step up to ninety-six a minute.

CURTISS drives his usual 250 yards down the middle of the fairway and Grof is right after him. Healy hooks his drive into the woods on the left of the fairway, but it comes winging off a tree and ends up closer to the green than either of the others.

"Little thirty-four-hundred-dollar man in there throws them out for him," mutters Grof, but Healy's drive don't really worry that thief. He calmly knocks a shot to the edge of the green. Then Curtiss lofts a shot that stops just a foot short of the cup.

"Nice shot," says Grof. Mr. Healy turns blue and pops a handful of vitamin pills into his mouth. He takes a three iron and leaps at the ball with that corkscrew windup of his, meeting it high. It never rises more than two feet, just bounds along until it lands on the green.

"Well, this match isn't over yet," says Healy, which of course is true but not very. Mr. Healy is a long way from home and Curtiss is a cinch for a birdie three. In all the time Mr. Grof plays golf with Mr. Curtiss he never once sees Curtiss miss a twelve-inch putt. So, not wanting to tie, Grof spends zero time lining up his putt, takes a lusty swipe at the ball and sends it across the green. Mr. Healy don't even notice. He's very wrapped up in this shot he's got. If he sinks, he ties with Curtiss and he won't be out double what he's lost already; he saves himself seventeen hundred berries, which is a consideration you don't get on every putt. He strokes the ball nice as you please and it rolls right up to the cup like it had eyes and drops in with that nice little clicking sound. Mr. Healy tosses me a vitamin pill and a big smile and Mr. Curtiss shakes his head like he has water in his ear.

Curtiss is studying his putt like it meant life and death which it practically does. Ordinarily he can blow in a twelve-inch putt but he's looking at this one like it's the first one he ever sees. Mr. Healy is feeling very frisky about his shot and all of a sudden he clears his throat. Curtiss looks up from under that sun-visor hat at Healy whose face is all lit up and who is saying that it just occurs to him that he still never tells the fellows the bad news in the telegram.

"I'll bite. What's the bad news?" says Grof, who is in a hurry to get to the bank with the money and can't understand why it is taking Curtiss so long to sink such a easy putt. Curtiss looks at the ball and then at the cup and then at the ball again. He draws back to putt and at that moment Healy says that the bad news is that they just transfer him back to head man in the local iron-dog office.

Curtiss sort of retches and the ball trickles up to the lip of the cup and stops dead. Curtiss stands there like a statue with his mouth hanging open, and Grof runs over and jumps up and down trying to jar the ball in, but it just sits there on the rim thumbing its nose at them.

Mr. Curtiss begins to weep softly. Mr. Healy says well he guesses they're all even, and Mr. Grof throws his golf bag about twenty feet into a clump of poison ivy.

By the time I get back with the bag Mr. Healy is talking about how much he enjoyed the game and all, and Mr. Grof is taking out the two-headed quarter with which he has avoided paying caddie fees for as long as I know him. He is saying in a husky voice to Mr. Healy, "Well, I'll flip you for the caddie . . ."

But before he can finish, Mr. Healy says, "Heads."

THE END

Matrimonial Hazard

The glamor boy's
A risky spouse;
He often proves,
Alas, a louse.

—ETHEL JACOBSON

ERIE . . . Mark of PROGRESS in Railroading

Right on the nose

THE WINGED DIAMOND on the nose of this Erie diesel is more than decoration—it stands as a symbol of high performance. As a matter of fact, you needn't go any further than this same diesel to find a good example of what we mean.

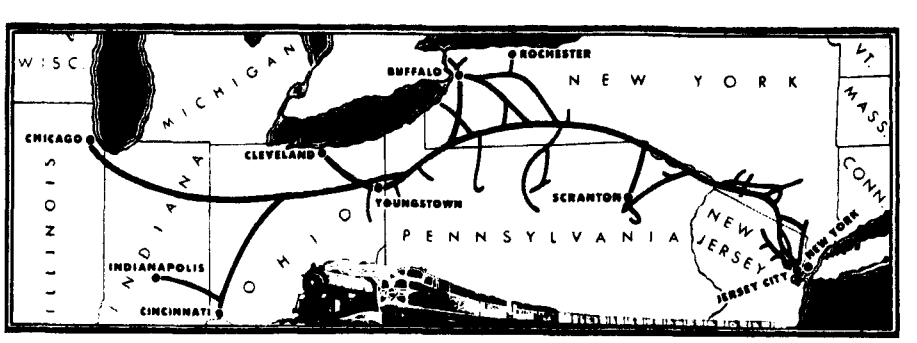
For it is this forward-looking policy that has given the Erie a well-earned place among the top railroads of America. Today, Erie's roster of diesel locomotives totals 184 in use, or on order. This is one of the highest percentages of diesel ownership among eastern railroads.

These modern locomotives provide the smooth power for Erie passenger trains and the brawn that hauls 65% of all freight over the Erie's 2,000 miles of railroad. Their record shows up in improved schedules and in better on-time performance.

So when you see this winged Erie diamond, think of it as the symbol of Erie's continuous search to improve the safe, dependable transportation of both passengers and freight. It's all there—"right on the nose!"

Erie Railroad

Serving the Heart of Industrial America



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Prisoner

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

suddenly he smiled his own familiar, gentle smile, which lighted up all his face. At the same time, with a swift motion of his wrist, he flicked the paper back into Nicholas' lap. Then he disappeared behind the jacaranda hedge.

Nicholas drew a deep, joyful breath and lay quite still, savoring to the full that sweet smile, which reopened and restored the friendship he had fancied lost; then he took the paper and slowly unrolled it.

Amigo mio,

You have more brains than José to think of such cleverness. Write more, for surely it offends nobody. This work is nothing. I am strong as an Andalusian donkey. I shall take a good rest when I go to the Arengo to fish on Sunday. I wish you might come. The five sisters are well, and old Pedro ate hugely of the trout. Did you truly miss me, little one? That gives me a new heart.

José.

For a full minute Nicholas shut his eyes tight. José had not forgotten him. Suddenly he laughed out loud and, sitting erect, snatched up his pencil.

How can you be an Andalusian donkey when you are the best pelota player in San Jorge? Also the nicest friend I ever had. Why don't you oil that old axle? It makes a horrible squeak. I don't mind though, it sounds like music to me because it means that you are near.

Nicholas.

Into the wheelbarrow went the paper; then, some moments later, it flew back.

I allow the axle to squeak so that everyone will know that the lazy gardener is at work. But if you like music, one day I will play my clarinet for you. We do not need to speak that way either. You see I am not so stupid.

José the Donkey.

Then again:

If you must be a donkey then I shall be a flea. Then I can be with you without being seen. But if you cease to be my friend I shall bite you very hard.

Nicco the Flea.

Next time, as he passed, José did not smile. Opening the paper, Nicholas read:

Pray be careful. Garcia is standing in the patio. He has seen nothing but it is better we write no more until tomorrow. I am thinking of you.

José.

The boy stiffened. Cautiously, he stuffed the paper inside his shirt. He could feel it there against his skin, and he was warmed by its presence, and comforted.

NOW, observing José at his appointed task, plodding backward and forward, completely silent, much thinner than before, the Consul drew in a breath of satisfaction. A pity that the rockery was almost completed. Yet, with a grim smile, he reflected that other tasks could be devised. He would not rest until he had broken José's spirit.

At the same time, as his hatred grew, Brande was aware, within himself, of an exceptional sense of well-being. He had never felt better, more fully in possession of all his physical and mental qualities—more intensely alive. He liked warm weather and was suited by the vigorous sunshine. His office, unworthy of him though it might be, was at last running smoothly; his manuscript on Malebranche was in the final stages of revision.

But Brande's deepest gratification came from the way Nicholas had responded to his authority. After those first few days of dejection, he had thrown off his sulks, and come round like a loving and obedient child.

It was good to be alive, to be filled with this sense of mastery, of potent strength, almost, one might say, of rejuvenation. A new optimism toward the future stirred his blood. Could it be that fortune was about to smile on him at last? And then, one Saturday afternoon this anticipation was miraculously fulfilled.

It was a holiday, but toward sunset he had walked to the consulate. He meant to look through the mail which came up every weekday from Barcelona on the afternoon train. He let himself in to the empty office, and unlocked the mailbox. And there was the letter from Madrid.

He saw at once that the news was important. The letter was from Leighton Bailey, the consul general at Madrid. It stated that George Tenney had been taken seriously ill, stricken by a cerebral seizure which, if not actually fatal, must invalid him permanently from the service. It requested Brande to report immediately to the embassy.

To the Consul, this could mean only one thing: he was to have Tenney's place; the promotion, so long denied him, had come at last. He strode through the doorway to the outer office and, with trembling fingers, consulted the timetable which hung by a cord beside the wall telephone. As he had anticipated, the service was terrible. But if Garcia drove him to Barcelona after dinner, he could take the midnight train to Zaragoza which connected with a local coach to Valladolid and here, after an hour's wait, he could pick up the Central Castile express which reached Madrid shortly before noon on Sunday.

Already, with keen anticipation, his mind was busy with the details of his trip. He would probably be away for about four or five days. How fortunate he was to have such a superior couple in the house—Nicholas would be well taken care of by Magdalena and Garcia.

At the thought of Nicholas, the Consul smiled. What a joy to convey the news to his dear son, to point out the advantages of this great upward step, and then, best of all, to feel admiration tinging the warm affection of that childish gaze.

At this, Brande could contain himself no longer. He yearned, suddenly, to be with the boy. Placing the letter in his pocket, he hastened from the office. . . .

At ten o'clock that night, when Nicholas, in bed, heard the whine of the departing car, he burrowed nervously beneath the counterpane. He was so seldom separated from his father that he always felt a wrench when the Consul went away. But this time another anxiety intensified his natural disquiet. How could he stand, alone and unsupported, against Garcia?

His wakefulness was not that restless tossing which used to trouble him when he was sick, but a kind of silent tensity which bound him while he lay there, open-eyed and stiff, listening for the return of the butler with the car.

The long clock in the hall struck midnight. Had Garcia cut the motor and coasted in silence toward the stables? If so, he was back, in the house: at any second his padding step might echo upon the stairs. Nicholas shivered, chilled by that unreasoning dread of the butler which he could neither control nor explain.

He must have fallen asleep at last, for he awoke to a bright new day, with his tray already on the bedside table and Magdalena opening his shutters with a cheerful clatter.

"I brought you up breakfast for a treat."

He sat up with an answering smile. He liked Magdalena, despite these periodic moods which came upon her after the noise of quarreling in the kitchen.

"Did Father get his train all right?"

"Yes, yes." She nodded. "I am sure."

"I didn't hear the car come back."

She bent to pick something from the floor. When she spoke, her tone was casual, but she glanced at him sideways, as though estimating the effect of her words. "Garcia did not return last night. I think he will remain in Barcelona for the week end."

He stared at her, almost unbelieving, overcome by an inexpressible rush of joy.

"It's all right?" she asked. "No need to say anything. We manage very well together, you and me."

"Yes, yes," he exclaimed, scarcely trusting his voice.

She smiled, satisfied, and went out of the room.

Nicholas began to laugh, overcome by the thought of the hours he would spend with José, quite undisturbed, without surveillance. "And tomorrow too!" he cried aloud. "Perhaps even Monday!"

Leaping up, he finished his breakfast while dressing, glancing from time to time through the window toward the jacaranda grove where José had already begun his work. Then he sat down at his little writing table and dashed off a few lines.

Dear José,

Father has gone to Madrid for at least four days. Garcia is away too. Isn't it wonderful? I won't be disobedient. No working or talking—but I mean to be with you all the time. Hurrah!

Nicco.

All that morning they were together. When José trundled the wheelbarrow Nicholas trotted at his heels. Occasionally José made him laugh by pretending to talk, moving his lips extravagantly but entirely without words, and ending by blowing out his cheeks in a loud explosive *pop*.

As the day advanced, however, José's manner became increasingly preoccupied—something was on his mind. Finally, he put aside his spade, fumbled for his pencil stub and wrote these splendid words:

Come fishing with me tomorrow. I can arrange it with Magdalena.

The boy gasped with pleasure and José got up and went to the back door. Nicholas heard the voices of Magdalena and the gardener in animated conversation; then came laughter, and more talk. How good José was at getting on with people! Everyone liked him, Nicholas reflected, except, unfortunately, Garcia and his father. But could José win Magdalena round now? Now he was coming back—and yes, it was all right, he had done it. One look at his face revealed the good news.

THE next morning, at eight o'clock, a handful of gravel rattled against the shutters. Nicholas sprang out of bed, threw on his clothes and went downstairs. In the dim hall he found the wicker basket, covered by a white napkin, which Magdalena had packed for him the night before.

Outside, José waited with two long bamboo rods and a homemade knapsack. He wore, besides his big garden boots, an old poncho fashioned of sailcloth. They set out together along the lane which led to the main road. When they reached the corner, they heard a wheezing chatter of ancient machinery, and immediately the Torrido country bus came in sight.

The bus was crowded, but a place was made for them at the back, amidst much laughter. They were a gay company in this Sunday bus. Many were going to visit relatives at the little hill farms. Others, like José, had rods and fishing bags beside them. One, who was eating a sausage, had a gun with a tremendous barrel. An old man with a goatskin of wine was already beginning to make fiesta.

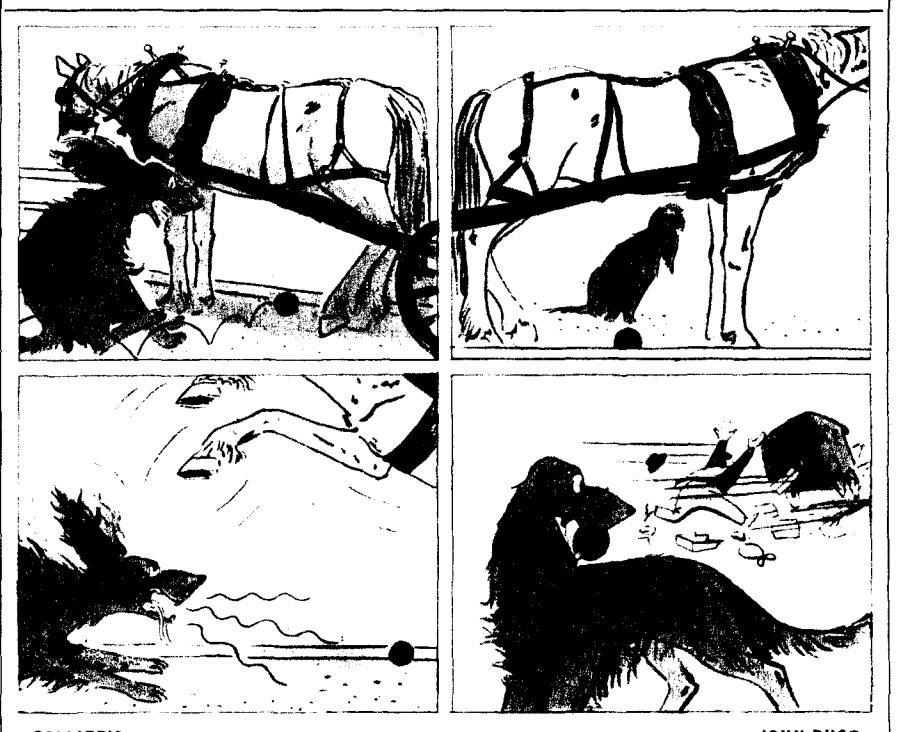
José had been recognized at once, and immediately he was the center of an animated conversation. The prospects for the next *pelota* game were discussed. Then the goatskin was passed round. Each man raised it up and squirted a thin red stream expertly into his throat. After that, the laughter increased, and many jokes were made, especially against the man with the long gun. Nicholas, who had never been allowed to mix with "common people," could not help reflecting how jolly and free it was. Nor could he suppress the thought of how changed all this would have been if his father had been here, how the Consul would have chilled this friendly warmth with his grave and formal presence.

By this time they had left the sandy vineyards and olive groves and were in the Torrido foothills. Slowly the bus began to climb the steeper grades. Nicholas was very excited now, perched on the edge of the seat, peering through the tall pines and gray beeches for his first sight of the river. At the next village, opposite the inn, all the others got off, with many hearty farewells, leaving Nicholas and José alone.

When the bus started again, José gazed at his companion in a peculiarly direct manner.

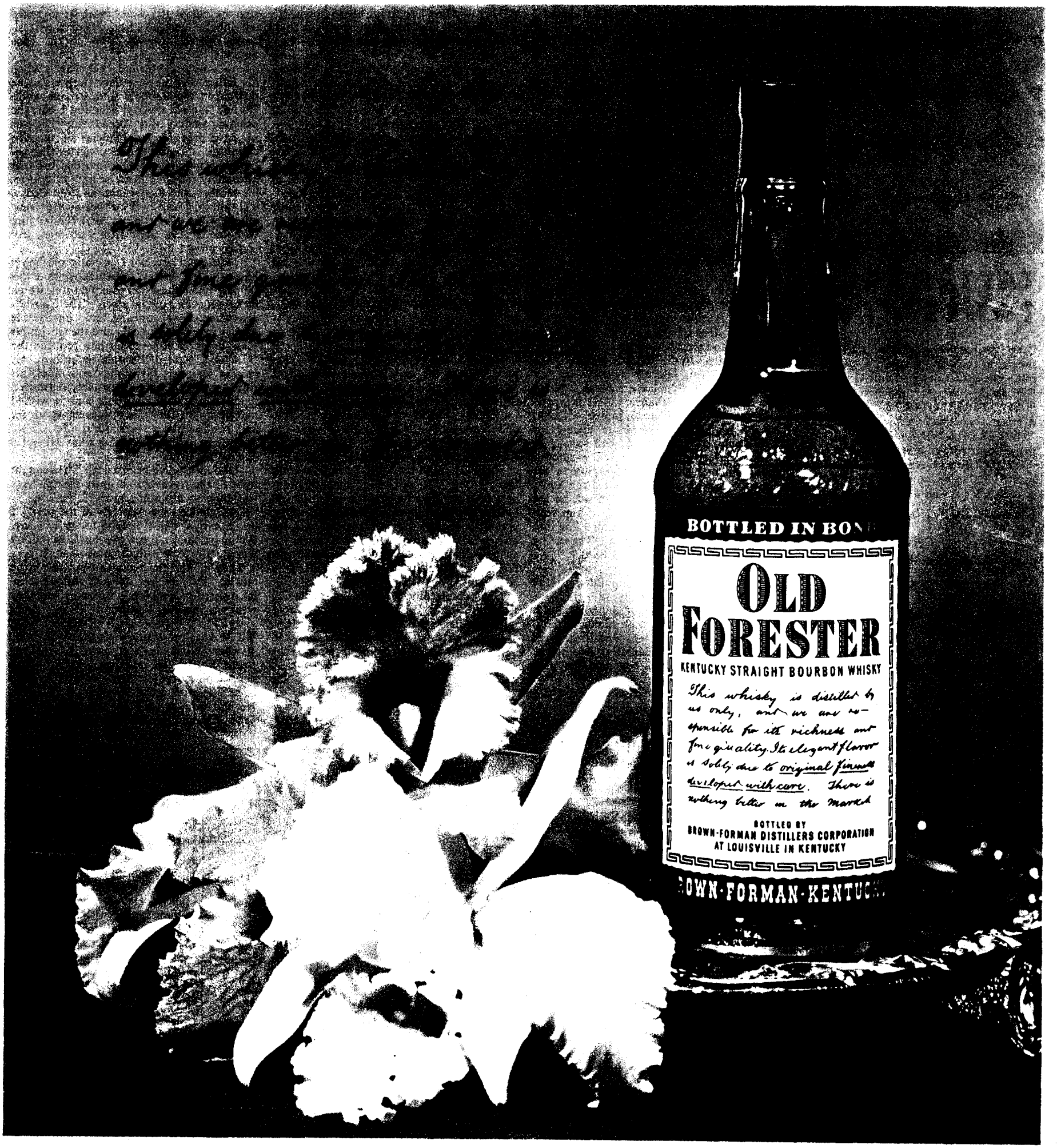
"Nicco," said José, nodding reassuringly as the little boy drew back. "Yes, I am speaking to you. Not to do so would be

CLANCY



COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


BOTTLED IN BON
OLD
FORESTER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
This whisky is distilled by us only, and we are responsible for its richness and fine quality. Its elegant flavor is solely due to original flavors developed with care. There is nothing better in the market
BOTTLED BY
BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION
AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY
OWN-FORMAN-KENTUC

Orchid key: Left—Lavender Hybrid · Center—White Hybrid · Rear—Hybrid Brasso · Photo by Roy Carlson

AS IT SAYS ON THE LABEL:

"There is nothing better in the market"

100 PROOF · BOTTLED IN BOND · *BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION · AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY*

© 1949—B. F. DIST. CORP.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

new and very handsome

TATTERSALL TONES

Greet Spring this year in a sweater as fresh and smart as a robin's new coat. Yes, it's Lamb Knit again with a new exclusive in "TATTERSALL TONES." A great campus favorite, "TATTERSALL TONES" have that distinctive well-dressed touch that make a hit with every man's man. 100% soft virgin wool, of course. It's at your dealer's now!

another exclusive by . . .

LAMB KNIT SWEATERS

THE LAMB KNIT GOODS CO.
COLON, MICHIGAN

Pleasant TO TAKE

Pleasant IN ACTION

Pleasant FOR CHILDREN & GROWN-UPS

When Nature 'forgets' remember

EX-LAX
THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE
10¢

childish. I must tell you what to do." He smiled. "Come, this is where we get off."

He gathered up his rod and knapsack and helped Nicholas to the front of the bus. As they drew up he leaped out and the next instant, reaching up a long arm, had his companion beside him. As the vehicle lurched away, they left the dusty road and entered a meadow overgrown with pale new bracken.

They were in a wood now and going downhill through large beech trees that grew wide apart on rough grassland. But suddenly they came into the open, and there, stretching out almost at their feet, was a green valley, with the broad river swirling past an old stone water mill and foaming over the dam into a wide pool.

DOWN in the valley, it was warmer, and clumps of cowslips, yellow as butter, grew on the grassy slopes. The mill, Nicholas could see now, was a ruin with no roof and a motionless moss-covered wheel. On the stone steps of the mill, José laid down his gear and began to thread a light line through each of the bamboos. "You like to fish, don't you, Nicco?" he asked.

"I love it," Nicholas answered. "Only I've never had the chance."

"You will now." José smiled. "Look, Nicco, you are not yet large enough to throw a fly, so you will fish with bait."

He drew from his knapsack a smooth round tin and shook into his palm a fat meal worm with which he baited the hook. Then, taking Nicholas by the hand, he led him out on the stone dam, seated him with his legs dangling, threw the leaded line into the pool and gave him the rod. "There," he said. "If you feel a bite, pull hard."

"You won't go far away?"

"No, no, *amigo*." José pointed to the water above the dam. "Only up there."

At first Nicholas sat stiff and tense, holding the rod tight with both hands. Gradually, however, a glow of confidence stole over him. How wonderful it was to be treated as an ordinary boy, and not as a puny, ailing child!

Suddenly Nicholas started. His rod was bending and quivering in a lively arc.

"I've got one!" In a flurry of panic, he gazed toward José, now with his back turned about a hundred yards away, separated by a roaring waste of water. He must do it all himself. He clung to the rod while the clumsy wooden reel whirred against his chest. The trout was tearing about in wild rushes in the foamy cataract, then fighting down toward the sandy bottom, as though at any second it might break loose. Suddenly it jumped clean out of the water, landing back with a smack.

"Oh, what a beauty! Oh, please, God, don't let him get away!"

Carefully, carefully, he began to wind the reel. The trout was tiring now. Nicholas could see its speckled body just beneath the surface. Trembling all over, he got to his feet and stumbled back along the dam to the bank which, a few paces downstream, sloped gently into the pool. Here, winding in still more, he towed the trout toward the shallows, then, with a final convulsive tug, brought it to the bank.

He had done it all by himself. Steeling himself, he knelt and unhooked the trout, stilled it with a hard bang on the head, then laid it among some ferns. A moment later he was back on the dam, waiting for the next trout to strike.

When José came down after one o'clock, Nicholas had two more fish neatly placed beside the first.

"Any luck?" asked José.

Then the boy's restraint broke down. He wound in his line, rushed to the bank and, seizing José by the arm, dragged him bodily toward his catch.

"Look, José, look! Aren't they beauties? I got the biggest first. Oh, I was scared to death. But I did it. Took the hook out and everything. I've never had such fun in all my life. Did you get any?"

José had four in his knapsack. His trousers were wringing wet, and his face was streaked with sweat. He smiled. "It is time for us to eat. I hope your appetite is as great as mine."

He sat down on the steps and took some coarse bread, a wedge of cheese wrapped in newspaper, and a raw onion from his knapsack. Nicholas took his place beside José and uncovered the wicker basket, shamed a little by all the good things Magdalena had packed for him—the hard-boiled eggs and cold chicken, with rolls and butter, fresh fruits, and a section of comb honey—yet pleased, too, that he would be able to offer them to his friend.

It was a good meal, eaten in the warm sun, close to the earth, with the sound of the river in their ears. José explained where the trout lay at various seasons of the year, sometimes in fast water, sometimes in slack, and how one must tempt them with the proper lure, a tiny fly in the dry weather, a spinning minnow in the flood.

Nicholas could have listened to this talk forever, but José, discerning signs of tiredness in the child's face, suddenly stood up. "Mustn't forget that you rose very early, *amigo*. It is time for your siesta." He cut an armful of the bracken, spread this in the shadow of the mill, and covered it with his poncho. "There," he said. "See if it is comfortable."

Nicholas stretched out his limbs. Placing his hands under his head, he watched José go to the river, wash the plates and cutlery, and replace them in Magdalena's basket. Then he saw him pluck fresh fern and some stalks of wild mint and pack the trout. A bee buzzed lazily in the golden air. He closed his eyes.

When José came back, Nicholas was asleep. And as he gazed at that fragile form, José, who had meant to try the streams below the weir, abruptly changed his mind. Instead, he settled down, silently, on the ground, close to the little boy.

José's upbringing had been hard. When his father died he was only twelve and he was taken from school and sent to work. He had known poverty, exacting labor, the grinding anxiety of the breadwinner; he was no easy prey for idle fancies or tenuous emotions. Moreover, his cheerful disposition and his prowess at *pelota* had brought him many friends. And he had, of course, his mother, the five sisters, and old Pedro. Yet all this was nothing beside this new affection for this little boy, which filled him with tenderness, and with a strange protective pity.

José's mind was not especially subtle yet he read, clear as day, the evidence that was written upon these nervous features which flickered, even now, in sleep. The Consul's possessive love, raising an impassable barrier between Nicholas and the world; his fussy dread of illness that had reduced the child to a state of chronic invalidism, his morbid jealousy, his moods and rages, his stupid pride—José instinctively surmised them all, and with his whole soul he wished that he might free this unsuspecting victim and restore him to a natural life.

The sun had begun to sink when Nicholas opened his eyes.

"Goodness! I've been asleep." He caught sight of the river and abruptly sat up. "Are we going to fish some more?"

José glanced speculatively at the sky. "I think, *amigo*, that it is time for us to leave. We must go to meet the bus. But don't worry, Nicco. We shall come again."

They wound the reels and put away the tackle. They picked up their fish. Nicholas insisted on carrying his own. Then they went up the hill, together.

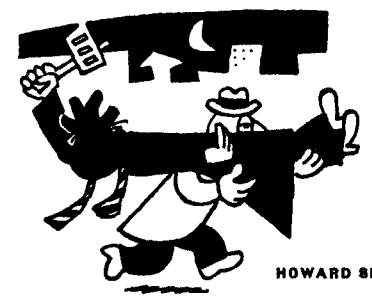
IT WAS almost nine o'clock that evening when Nicholas approached the *Casa Breza*, but he felt undaunted by the darkness. The journey in the crowded bus had been fun; with much laughter and singing. He had been praised for his catch, and in general treated like a brave and hardy boy. Flushed with his success, he had refused José's offer to escort him home.

So here he was, quite alone. The first thing he meant to do was to display his trout to Magdalena and ask her to cook them for his breakfast. He opened the front door; then he paused, confronted by the darkness of the hall. How dark it was—like a great black cave! He advanced a few cautious paces with outstretched hands. Suddenly he heard sounds of violent quarreling in the pantry—a man's voice, dull and thick, and a woman's, sharp with fear. It was Garcia and Magdalena.

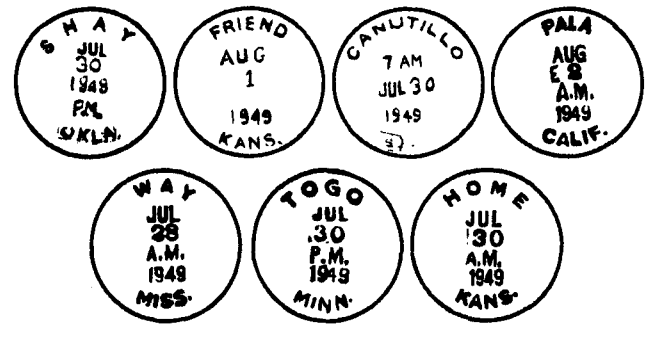
Nicholas had never expected that the butler would have returned. Now all his gaiety and all his new assurance were gone. He turned cautiously on tiptoe, trying to avoid the squeaky boards. All at once, a gust from the sea caught the open front door and slammed it shut.

Nicholas stood stock-still, as if stunned by the echoes which crashed about the lofty hall. A flood of light dazzled his eyes and Garcia came out of the pantry and moved toward him. Always, for the child, there was something fearful in that gliding figure; but now, swaying a little as it advanced, it was more evil than ever before. Nicholas felt himself caught by the hand and drawn into the pantry, where Magdalena, sullen and

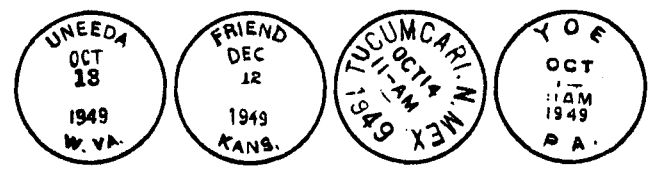
Picture Postmarks



HOWARD SPARBER


SHAY JUL 30 1948 P.M. OKLA.
FRIEND AUG 1 1949 KANS.
CANUTILLO 7 AM JUL 30 1949
PALA AUG 2 A.M. 1949 CALIF.
WAY JUL 28 A.M. 1949 MISS.
TOGO JUL 30 P.M. 1949 MINN.
HOME JUL 30 A.M. 1949 KANS.

FROM FRANKLIN S. JOHNSON, ANNISTON, ALA.



FROM WILLIAM AREND, JACKSON, MICH.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for that
Top-of-the-World
feeling
while
shaving

.60
Brushless
or
Lather

EARLY AMERICAN
Old Spice
SHAVING CREAM
SHULTON

swollen-eyed, was seated at the white enamel table, on which stood a bottle of *aguardiente,* almost empty.

"The little master has returned." Garcia spoke with frightening slowness. His smooth face was pale as bone. "Where has the little master been?"

Nicholas could not move his terror-stricken gaze from that awful, sneering face. At last he gasped out, "Fishing!"

"Fishing," repeated the butler. "Then where are the fish?"

Nicholas held out the basket. Garcia took it, then threw the contents on the table. Two of the trout fell on the floor.

"Bah!" Garcia sneered. "That is no way to bring me fish—unclean and unprepared."

While Nicholas watched, terrified, the butler seized the bread knife and struck off the little trout's head. "No one will treat me like a scullion," he shouted, staring at the boy. "You understand?"

"Yes," stammered Nicholas.

"Why do you shiver, little master? Because you are surprised to find me here?"

Magdalena, rocking herself to and fro, began groaning under her breath: "Be quiet, madman."

Garcia took no notice of her. He was still caressing the handle of the knife. Nicholas, pale as death, watched him as, in a soft voice, he went on, "Someday I am going to tell you of all the things I have done. Meanwhile, you must not be against me. No spying or interference. You know that I never sleep. I am always about, in the passages, watching in your room."

"No. *No!*"

The butler smiled, as though gratified, and took a slow step nearer to Nicholas. His crazy, melancholy eyes, burning in the pallid face, filled the child with horror.

"Yes," murmured Garcia. "You are a wretched little boy. But there are many things I can teach you—" He broke off, his gaze suddenly fixed and distant, then continued, in a low tone, as though speaking to himself, "The joy of forgetfulness—the sea of oblivion—those tremendous voices—"

Magdalena shouted hoarsely, "Be quiet, you drunken swine!"

Wrenched from his dream, Garcia struck her in the face with his left hand. It was not a hard blow, but the shock of it liberated the boy's paralyzed muscles, gave to him the power of flight. He spun round and stumbled from the pantry. Up the staircase he went, falling down, picking himself up again, feeling nothing but the overpowering desire to escape.

AT LAST he was in his room. He banged the door shut and turned the big key. Then he shot the bolt in the door which communicated with his father's bedroom. Trembling all over, he kicked off his shoes and crept to the bed. Still wearing his clothes, he buried himself beneath the blankets. Yet he could still see Garcia as he had advanced toward him, with that terrible expression on his face. Oh, if only José had been there to protect him! At the thought of José, Nicholas wept as he had never wept before.

Would he ever forget that endless night? The lamentations of Magdalena, the shouting, the smash of a breaking bottle, the unbelievable laughter— And then the silence, the anguish of uncertainty.

At last he saw faint streaks of dawn beneath the shutters. Then, for a little while, he drowsed. When consciousness returned he lay on his side, listening again. There was not a sound in the house. He found courage to get up, to open a shutter. And there—oh, relief unbelievable!—he saw José in the garden, hoeing the petunia bed with sane and easy strokes in the clear golden light of another day.

Unlocking the door, Nicholas flew downstairs, rushed out and hurled himself upon his friend. "Oh, José! José!" For a long time he could do no more than repeat the name, but gradually, in a broken manner, he unburdened his overloaded heart.

Seated on the wheelbarrow, José heard him without a word. When Nicholas had finished, he seemed to ponder for a moment, then he stood up. "You must have some food, Nicco. Wait here."

He walked resolutely to the back door; then, after only a brief interval, he returned.

"Magdalena has made your breakfast, *amigo.* Do not worry about Garcia. He is still asleep." He paused. "I shall be near."

For no one but José would Nicholas have re-entered the house. He obeyed without a word. In the dining room Magdalena gave him breakfast. She moved with a sluggish, apathetic tread; her hair was disheveled and her face puffy. She paid no attention to him at all until he had finished the meal; then finally she spoke.

"Garcia meant no harm last night," she said. "He had taken too much *aguardiente.*"

He stared at her in silence.

"You are a good boy," she went on. "You will not speak of it to Señor Brande."

"Not unless I have to," he said.

"Very well." She nodded listlessly. "Now you must go and wash."

NICHOLAS spent all the forenoon close beside José, scarcely talking at all, throwing furtive glances toward the pantry window. José did not speak much either, and it was plain, from his compressed lips, that he was deeply worried.

At one o'clock there was still no sign of the butler. When Magdalena called that his lunch was ready, Nicholas would have preferred not to go in, but José told him he must eat. He noticed, however, that while he was indoors his friend remained beside the dining-room window. And when they were together again outdoors José kept close to the villa, silent and watchful.

At three o'clock Garcia came out on the portico, wearing only a shirt and trousers, his feet thrust into *espadrilles.* He was pallid and sullen, and looked only half awake; dark shadows circled his eyes, and his expression was unspeakably malevolent. José rose quietly to his feet, and, as Garcia turned, his gaze fell upon the gardener and Nicholas.

He did not stir, nor did José, and while they stood motionless, staring at each other, Nicholas could feel the silent battle waged between them. Not a word was spoken. Then the butler muttered something under his breath, spat, and swung off the portico in the direction of the coach house.

The little boy turned toward his protector, but José showed little evidence of triumph. Abruptly he demanded: "*Amigo,* will your father return today?"

"No. He won't come till tomorrow at the earliest."

"Then do you wish to stay here tonight?"

"Oh, no, no, José. You don't want me to, do you?"

There was a pause. José looked at Nicholas with a mingling of affection and perplexity.

"It is hard for me, Nicco. I don't like to make trouble for myself. But I cannot leave you here with that *picaro.*"

"Oh, thank you, thank you, José."

"Enough," José said. "You are coming home with me." . . .

Nicholas had no idea where José lived. It was enough that he should be with him now, walking to the town, away from Garcia and the *Casa Breza.* All that he had suffered was momentarily forgotten. He chattered about all sorts of things, breaking off to point to a black and yellow bird, an odd flower by the roadside, an orange sail far out in the bay. José, however, seemed occupied with his own thoughts. As they entered the Plaza, he drew up before the pink stucco church.

"Stay here a moment, Nicco."

"Where are you going?"

"Somewhere I do not go often. But I think it pretty smart for me to go today."

"I'll come with you."

The church appeared enormous to Nicholas. The roof swept up in painted bulges, and at the sides were many dark alcoves. Toward one of these José advanced and, crossing himself, knelt down before a glass case loaded with gilt hearts, in which,

for that
Top-of-the-World
feeling
after
shaving

1.00 plus tax

EARLY AMERICAN
Old Spice
AFTER SHAVE LOTION
SHULTON

Table time
is TAYLOR
time

This month you will find this fine New York State Sauterne featured at leading stores. The Taylor Wine Co., Vineyardists and Producers.

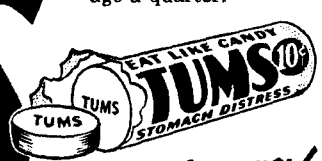
TAYLOR'S
NEW YORK STATE
Sauterne

CAPTURED FLAVOR
from the famous cellars at
HAMMONDSPORT, NEW YORK

Help bring
NATURAL
SLEEP

TUMS

Don't take sleeping pills or habit-forming drugs when you can't sleep. Take a couple of Tums before retiring. Tums neutralize heartburn, gas of acid indigestion that frequently cause sleepless nights. Soothe, sweeten stomach so you can go to sleep quickly; sleep all night—wake up in the morning feeling wonderfully refreshed. Get Tums from your druggist today. Only 10¢ a roll; 3 roll package a quarter.



for the tummy

NEED A LAXATIVE TOO?
Try a 25¢ Box
Nature's Remedy
NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"NO LONGER NERVOUS!"

Switching to Famous Cereal Drink Brings Natural Relief

Jittery?... Irritable? . . . Can't enjoy life fully? . . . People everywhere—people who once suffered just as you do—have found the answer in switching from coffee and tea to POSTUM.

EXAMPLE: A woman in New York City writes this sincere and moving letter: "My switch to POSTUM has given me a *new lease on life!* I no longer fear the sleepless nights and the nervous tired feeling that made life a bore!"

SCIENTIFIC FACTS: Both coffee and tea contain *caffein* — a drug — a nerve stimulant! So while many people can drink coffee or tea without ill-effect, others suffer nervousness, indigestion, sleepless nights. But POSTUM contains no caffein or other drug—nothing that can possibly cause nervousness, indigestion, sleeplessness!

MAKE THIS TEST: Buy INSTANT POSTUM today—drink POSTUM exclusively for 30 days. See if POSTUM doesn't help you, too, to sleep better, feel better, enjoy life more! . . . INSTANT POSTUM—A Vigorous Drink made from Healthful Wheat and Bran. A Product of General Foods.

Pep-Up That Sluggish Engine

Before it Shakes You Down!

Add BARDAHL *to Your Crankcase Oil*

GIVE your cranky engine the sure-fire lubrication treatment it needs! Simply add *one quart of BARDAHL to regular oil.*

BARDAHL wakes up tired, sluggish engines. Quickly penetrates metal surfaces, cleans out carbon, forms a thin protective film at all friction points.

Best of all—BARDAHL cuts repair bills in half by stopping needless cylinder wear before it starts.

Ask the *best* mechanic in town about BARDAHL. He's been using it for years!

BARDAHL OIL

Reduces Friction to a Fraction

BARDAHL OIL COMPANY
Seattle • St. Louis

against a red velvet hanging, stood a beautiful little figure with a tiny gold jeweled crown upon her head. He knelt for a few seconds, rose and dropped a coin in the box and lighted a candle.

Outside, Nicholas saw that José had no wish to talk about this ceremony, yet he sensed that it was he who, in some manner, had occasioned it. And suddenly he declared, "I will pay for the candle, José."

He could not understand why his friend burst out laughing, then patted him affectionately on the back.

PRESENTLY they turned out of an alley on to a long poor thoroughfare beside the river, which at this point received the effluent from the public washhouse. Tall dilapidated tenements ran along the other side of the street. Bedding hung from the open windows. On the broken pavement, covered with chalk marks, many children were playing noisily. The scene dismayed Nicholas, and he glanced up inquiringly at his friend. But José, his eye arrested by the figure of a woman carrying a large bundle wrapped in a sheet, just ahead of them, had hastened his pace.

"There is my mother, Nicco." He called out: "Maria—Maria Santero."

She stopped, and José took over the bundle of washing. Speaking rapidly into her ear, he explained the situation. Then they turned into a narrow passage and were climbing a long stone stair between chocolate-colored walls. At the very top José opened a narrow door with his free hand.

"Hey, Nicco," he exclaimed cheerfully. "This is our palace. Only two rooms, but the best view in town."

They entered a queer, low-ceilinged room with an iron cooking stove at one end and a faded yellow plush settee at the other. A varnished table laid for supper stood in the center of the wooden floor. On the walls were photographs, a case of stuffed hummingbirds, another of butterflies, a pair of *cestas* for *pelota*, and several colored sacred pictures. By the window, on a low stool, a very old man was seated, knitting with long bone needles. A dark-eyed, sturdy-bosomed little girl of about twelve was busy at the stove.

"Pedro . . . and Paquita," José explained to Nicholas as he slid the bundle from his shoulder. "Where are the others?"

"Not back from school," Paquita answered, staring at Nicholas.

Maria, the mother, murmured to José, "Come, my son, we must speak together." They went into the other room.

Nicholas heard the sound of footsteps on the stairs; then the door opened and four little girls burst into the room.

Nicholas felt painfully awkward. Never had he been with so many small girls at the same time. He didn't know what to do. Surprisingly, the old man rescued him.

"What is your name, young *señor?*"

"Nicholas."

"These are José's other sisters. Juana, who is five; the good Luisa, aged seven; then clever Elena, not yet nine; and finally Bianca, the wicked one."

They all crowded round Nicholas without embarrassment, bombarding him with questions.

"Where do you come from?"

"What are you doing here?"

"In the name of God, who are you?"

The last question, thrown out by Bianca, seemed most worthy of his notice. "I am the son of Mr. Harrington Brande." He spoke rather haughtily. "United States Consul in San Jorge."

"Eh, eh!" Luisa exclaimed with awe. "The young *señor Americano*. Son of José's master!"

They drew back respectfully and began to talk in low voices among themselves. Nicholas' face got red. However, at that point, José and his mother returned to the living room and he could see from their faces that everything was arranged.

"Come now—supper for everyone." Maria smiled at him. "I hope you like olla podrida, Nicholas."

They sat down at the table and Maria ladled a portion of stew onto everyone's plate. José, at the head of the table, cut thick slices of black bread. There was neither sauce nor wine, and for butter they used olive oil. The meat in the stew was dark and stringy, yet Nicholas had seldom tasted so good a dish.

Maria, he noticed, took a very small helping for herself, and only José, the real man of the house, was offered a second portion. With the coffee, conversation began, and, to the Consul's son—used to the long sepulchral silences which vibrated across the polished mahogany at home—it seemed quite wonderful that everyone at this table should talk at once. The children recounted their doings at school; Maria was describing to Paquita a dress which she had seen in a shop window in the arcade; José discussed with Pedro the chances of San Jorge in their return match against Huesca. And presently, despite his shyness, Nicholas was drawn into this conversation by his friend.

"What is your opinion, *amigo mio?*"

Nicholas took a deep breath. "If you play as you did last time, you are sure to win." He went on to express a thought which had long been in his mind: "You ought to play in the big city, José."

José showed his teeth in a wide smile. "I am not good enough for a big city. Besides, I need the country, Nicco, with much fresh air, and fine fishing."

"We Santeros have always played *pelota,*" remarked Pedro in his gentle voice.

"You were the best of us all, old Pedro," José protested.

The old man smiled in a pleased fashion. "Do you go to practice this evening?" he asked presently.

José shook his head. "Tonight I shall remain with Nicco . . . Hey! What about a hand of *estallido?* We must show this great *Americano* that we are smarter than he thinks."

Bianca brought out a worn pack of cards. With the exception of Maria, who said she must sort out some linen, the entire family gave themselves up to the game.

It was a good game which, once Nicholas grasped the simple rules, went faster and faster with a fine slapping down of cards, squeals of excitement from Juana, and sudden shouts of laughter.

TOWARD nine o'clock, at the conclusion of a hand, Maria put down her sewing and rose from her seat by the window.

"Perhaps that is the finish?" she suggested mildly. "I think it is time for bed."

Caught in the middle of a little shout, Nicholas gazed at her foolishly, arrested by an unconsidered difficulty. How could they all sleep in this cramped house?

The look on his face was so transparent it made José laugh.

"Do not worry, Nicco. It is quite easy. See!" He got up and threw open the inner door. "All the women sleep in there."

Staring into the other room Nicholas saw that it was occupied by two large brass beds. Yes, he reflected, it might perhaps be possible.

"But what about us?" he exclaimed suddenly.

José pointed to Maria, who had pulled aside a tasseled curtain, revealing a square recess in the wall occupied by a box bed upon which she was now proceeding to spread fresh sheets.

"Pedro and I sleep there," José explained easily. "But tonight we shall share it, you and me. Pedro will stretch upon the couch."

Nicholas took a sharp breath. He had never slept with anyone in his life. But no one seemed to notice his hesitation. The five sisters said good night to him, then went with Maria to the other room.

Uncertainly, Nicholas began to undress, dropping his clothes on the nearest chair. An extraordinary timidity slowed all his actions. Maria had laid out for him a long white jacket of a queer shape. He slipped it on, tied the long tapes, then jumped into bed, where he lay quite still.

Old Pedro shuffled about the room, talked as though to himself, in an undertone, and fed a morsel of wood into the stove. Next

FIRST AID for COLD *discomforts*

When cold discomforts come your way
Your misery can be brief
First Aid is Alka-Seltzer
For pleasant, fast relief

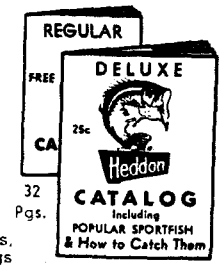
Use it also for *FAST RELIEF* of Headaches · Acid Indigestion Muscular Aches and Pains

Alka-Seltzer

All drugstores U. S. and Canada

72 Gamefish and How To Catch Them

Sports editors and fishermen say the two new 1950 Heddon Tackle Catalogs are the finest they have ever seen. Both the 32 pg. Regular and 84 pg. Deluxe Catalog show all the famous Heddon Rods, Reels and Baits in full color. In addition, the Deluxe Catalog has many new fishing tips, 72 authentic drawings of popular gamefish, their proper names, record catch, feeding habits and how to catch them. It will settle many discussions. Write for free Regular Catalog or send 25c in coin for Deluxe Catalog. You will prize it.



32 Pgs.

84 Pages

James Heddon's Sons, 2903 W St., Dowagiac, Mich.

AT YOUR GROCER'S

HAVE FUN!

JOLLY TIME POP CORN

Dr. Edwards' Offers Complete Relief from Constipation

the clogging, TRANSIENT kind!

Whenever undigested food clogs the intestines and causes constipation with its bad breath, lack of pep, sallow skin—take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. They work so *gently* yet *thoroughly*, giving you such complete and more *natural-like* bowel movements.

For years, Dr. F. M. Edwards, a noted Ohio Doctor, relieved his constipated patients with his Olive Tablets—now sold by all drugstores. Olive Tablets are strictly all vegetable. They work on BOTH upper and lower bowels and clean waste from entire intestinal tract, giving you *complete satisfaction.* Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets are packed in 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢ sizes.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

came the creak of springs as he settled himself on the couch.

José sat just a little longer, rustling the pages of a magazine at the table. When he got up he yawned, absently rubbed the back of his head, did a few bending exercises, and removed his boots. Then, reaching to the mantel, he put out the light. A minute or two later he was beneath the sheets, lying beside Nicholas.

Something must have told him that Nicholas was not asleep. He murmured:

"Are you all right, *amigo?*"

"Yes," whispered Nicholas.

Gradually the little boy's body relaxed and fell softly into sleep.

ONE hour earlier, quite unaware of all that had been happening in his absence, Harrington Brande stepped from the eastbound train at Barcelona. He pushed through the ring of clamorous porters and walked rapidly to the Estación Hotel.

The clerk assigned him to a room on the second floor. It was not a good room, but at least it afforded Brande the quiet which, above all things, he desired.

"It's from all of us to all of you"
COLLIER'S NED HILTON

"Will there be anything else, señor?"

Brande gazed, almost stupidly, at the man who had brought him up. "No, nothing."

As the man turned to go, the Consul stopped him. "Wait. I want you to take a telegram to the office."

From the desk he picked up a pad of forms and wrote out the message.

TO GARCIA, CASA BREZA, SAN JORGE. MEET ME WITH CAR SAN JORGE STATION EARLY TRAIN 7:45 A.M. TOMORROW TUESDAY. HARRINGTON BRANDE.

"See that they send this at once," he said. "And leave word for them to call me at six o'clock in the morning."

When the door had closed and Brande was alone again—alone with his thoughts, with the burning memory of his humiliation—he began to pace up and down the room, his fists clenched, his eyebrows drawn together in a brooding line. But a sense of his own weariness and the sight of his haggard face, reflected in the wardrobe mirror, made him stop. He went into the bathroom and drew a hot tub. He lay for some time in the steaming water.

Afterward, in dressing gown and slippers, he sat down at the writing table by the door. A nervous tic started in his cheek as he placed several sheets before him on the blotter, seized a pen, and began.

Dear Halevy,

I write from this hotel, driven by the desire to unburden myself to you—my friend and physician—and by the urgent need of your counsel and support.

You are well aware of the injustices which have dogged my official career. From my letters of last month, you knew I had settled down after a fashion on the Costa Brava. There, on Friday last, I received a communication from Leighton Bailey, advising me that George Tenney, first consul in Madrid, had suffered a stroke, and requesting my presence in the capital at once.

I am not a vain man, Halevy, as you well know, and from the wording of the letter it seemed quite apparent that I had been chosen to replace Tenney. I proceeded with all dispatch to Madrid.

On Sunday, when I arrived, I found it impossible to see Bailey—he had gone to the country for the week end. And on Monday, when he returned, he stunned me with the announcement that I had been summoned merely as a stopgap, that Herbert Meyer, now in Athens, was to succeed Tenney, and that "he would be obliged" if I filled in till Meyer arrived.

I need not tell you how bitter this blow was. Yet I did not take it without protest. I pointed out, with some heat, that I had my own work at San Jorge, that I had there, in my invalid son, a family tie of the most exacting nature. I refused, categorically, to remain in the capacity he requested.

I had expected an angry outburst from Bailey but, after a moment's silence, he said—yes, my dear Halevy, whatever the pain to myself, I will quote him exactly:

"I've often heard about you, Brande, for you're a byword in the service, but you have to be seen to be believed. I ought to report you, of course. But I won't. Go back to San Jorge. And for God's sake, lose some of your smugness, try to be a human being. It may not get you promotion. But at least it might get you a bit more out of life."

At this point Brande broke off. Could he continue? For his own sake, he must. Often, in the past, relaxed upon the professor's couch in the narrow consulting room off the Rue des Capucines, he had found solace in complete, uninhibited self-revelation and in submitting to the murmured injunctions of the psychiatrist. Now he felt the urgent need of some such comfort. Setting his teeth, he resumed:

Dare I tell you this, Halevy, without losing my self-respect? Do you see, my friend, how I throw myself upon your bounty, your skill as a healer of minds? No doubt there is scant importance in Bailey's insulting words. They are too absurd to be credible. But am I one of these figures destined always to be misunderstood, misjudged, mistreated by lesser men?

You know that my work on Malebranche is now practically complete and will, I expect, be issued to the world within the next year. Without presumption one cannot but believe that this monumental creation, now almost a part of myself, will cause a stir in the intellectual and philosophical circles of both continents. If so, should I not resign from the service and devote myself exclusively to literature?

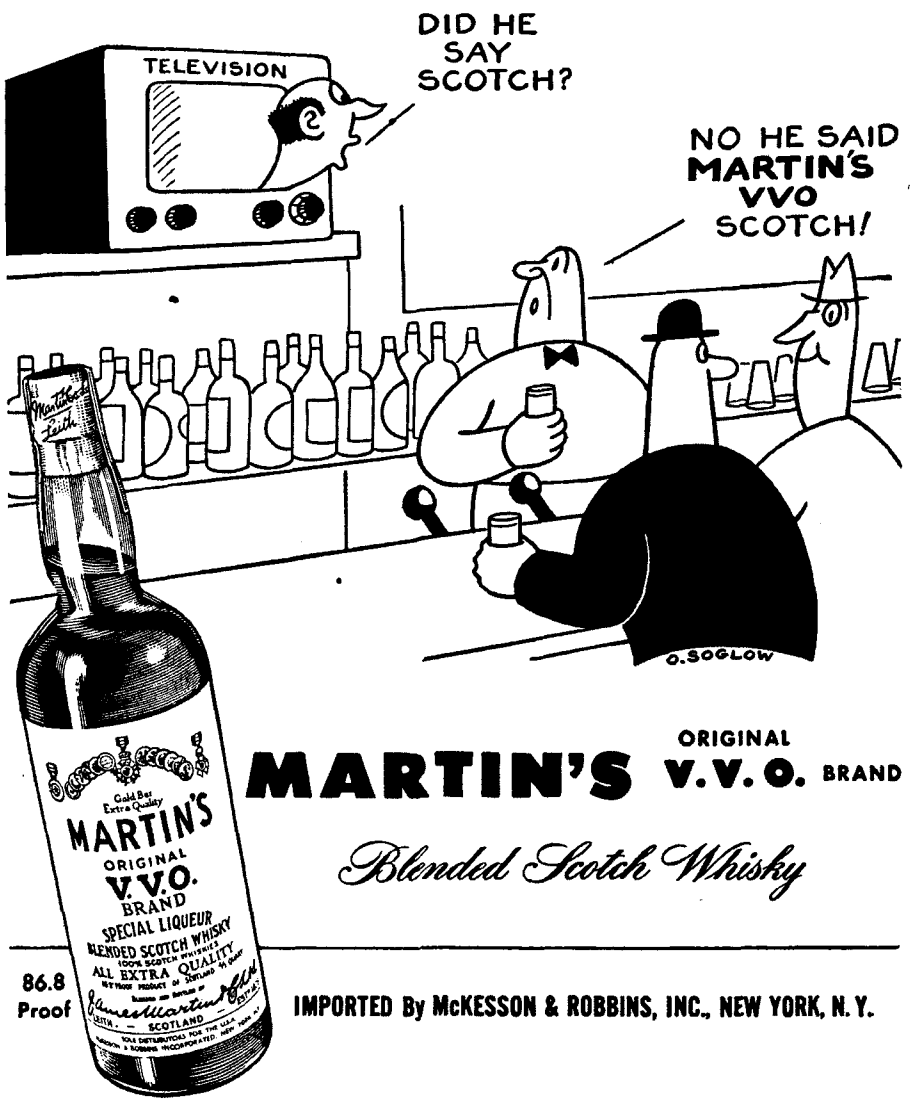
You alone, my dear doctor, can advise me upon such a decision. Therefore I entreat you to advance your promised visit to the Casa Breza. Come now, or at least within the next two weeks. Do not fail me.

It is nearly midnight. I must get some sleep—even if it means taking four of the tablets which you gave me and which now, alas, seem to be losing their effect. I have written enough to convince you of my need. I look forward to your reply. Meantime I shall take things quietly with Nicholas and renew myself in the sunshine of his love.

Your devoted and suffering friend,
Harrington Brande

The Consul sat motionless. A surging self-pity, that familiar sense of martyrdom, was still with him. Yet he felt better for having written the letter, felt purged of some of his distress. It was, in a minor degree, the same feeling which had come to him after his cathartic sessions in the professor's office. He sighed. Without haste he rose, went out of the room and, at the elevator shaft, mailed the letter. An hour later, aided by the drug, he was asleep.

(To be continued next week)



SAVE MONEY
on engine repair
for shops that specialize in doing the job right...
LOOK FOR THIS SIGN
These shops specialize in Motor Tune-Up which includes all four essentials to economy and efficient engine performance: COMPRESSION, CARBURETION, IGNITION, COOLING
ask for the Famous
10,000 MILE GUARANTEE
with
RAMCO 10 up
PISTON RINGS
Copyright 1950 Ramsey Corporation, St. Louis, Mo.
RAMCO
RE-POWERING
STATION

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Right BODIED!

Not too heavy—

Not too light—

Rum as you like it — dark complexioned, mellow, and mature. Highest quality and finest flavor.

MYERS'S

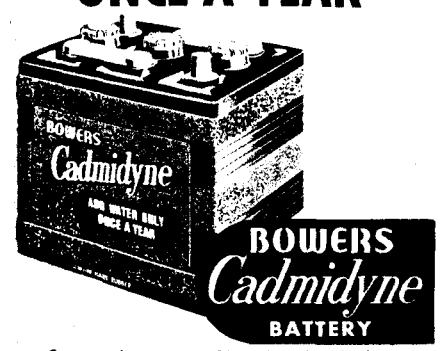
"Planters' Punch" Brand

JAMAICA RUM
97 Proof

R. U. DELAPENHA & CO., INC.
57 Laight Street, New York, N. Y.
Sole U. S. Distributors

NO MORE NUISANCE • NO MORE WORRY

ADD WATER ONLY ONCE A YEAR



BOWERS Cadmidyne BATTERY

Guaranteed in writing . . . 36 months or 36,000 miles!

BOWERS Battery & Spark Plug Co. • Reading, Pa.

LEATHERCRAFT

As a creative hobby or for extra income—make your own belts, gloves, purses, woolskin toys and mittens, and 100 other leather items. Many are ready-cut, easy-to-assemble projects—no tools required. Wide variety, prompt delivery from largest complete stock in America. Send 10 cents for new 24-page catalog.

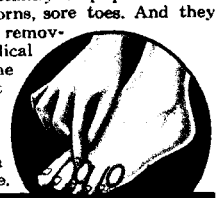
J. C. LARSON CO., Inc.
Dept. AL, 820 S. Tripp Av., Chicago 24, Ill.

Corns?

NOW!

1. FASTEST RELIEF EVER . . .
2. QUICKEST CORN REMOVING ACTION KNOWN . . .
3. THE ONLY METHOD THAT STOPS CORNS BEFORE THEY CAN DEVELOP

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads instantly stop painful shoe friction, lift pressure on corns, sore toes. And they give you the quickest corn removing action known to medical science. Dr. Scholl's is the *only* method, too, that stops corns *before* they can develop. No wonder Zino-pads are the world's largest selling foot reliefs. Get a box today. Sold everywhere.



Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Here's to Damon Runyon

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

White Way lay dying in December of 1946, his valor was cited as something suddenly come upon.

Runyon always had courage. His manhood did not come to him belatedly as a Christmas present. He had shown great fortitude as long ago as 1911, the year when he needed the $500.

In that day, newspapermen of the Rocky Mountain West drank their share or more. Runyon himself seldom had refused a dram. Whenever he downed a few too many, he would indulge in picturesque bits of mischief. These escapades caused several postponements of his marriage to Ellen Egan, and delayed the journey to New York as well. Ellen announced to Damon that she would become Mrs. Runyon only if and when he put aside the bottle for all time.

Damon was thinking over Ellen's ultimatum when a letter arrived from New York. Charles E. Van Loan, newspaperman and short-story writer, wrote to ask Damon if he would like to move his typewriter to New York.

Van Loan had worked briefly on the Denver Post, and there had met and liked Runyon. In New York, Van Loan enjoyed a bit of sudden good fortune which made him the darling of a whisky-hating newspaper executive known for his austere treatment of drunken underlings.

As Runyon used to say, even a man of genius must have "luck" as well as brains. "Lucky" Van Loan, in his letter to Runyon, confided that he unexpectedly had been made head of the sports department of his newspaper as a result of an incident that had occurred one rainy night outside a Park Row saloon. Van Loan went on to explain that he had been drinking until late that raw evening with his sports editor. The editor left the saloon for the office. He weaved through the darkness and the rain into near-by William Street. He heard a cry from the gutter, where a man lay. The sports editor replied brusquely to the fallen man's pleas for help, calling the victim, among other things, a "drunken Bowery bum."

Soon after the sports editor left the saloon, Van Loan himself decided that he had had enough to ward off double pneumonia. He started out for the newspaper office.

A Case for Bellevue

As he was about to pass the gutter where the fallen man was crying for assistance, Van Loan stopped. He reached down, lifted the poor fellow, saw that he had broken a leg, and had a patrolman telephone to Bellevue Hospital for an ambulance.

Next day, the sports editor was fired by telegram. Van Loan was given the sports editor's job. The telegram had been sent from Bellevue Hospital, where the editor in chief lay with his leg in a plaster cast. It was he whom the sports editor had passed by the night before, and he that Van Loan had rescued from the gutter.

Good Samaritan Van Loan informed Runyon in his letter that he now was the fair-haired boy of that New York newspaper office. He had recommended hiring Runyon. He explained, however, that the editor in chief had declined to send railway fare and expenses to the Western recruit.

Unable to raise the $500 needed for the New York venture, Runyon sat with Jim Wong one early morning at the Press Club. The steward came out of one of his long silences: "I get you the money, maybe."

"You!" Runyon said. "Where'd you find five hundred, Jim?"

"Me and the partners, maybe."

Jim's partners were the three Cantonese men with whom he bunked in Hop Alley. The four cronies kept their combined savings in a big treasure chest. They were hoarding this pool against a day when they might retire to Canton, there to be buried at last in great style among their ancestors.

The Chest with Four Locks

The partners took turns at guarding the chest, which stood in their boardinghouse cellar. Four massive brass locks secured the lid, and each partner had his own key to one of the locks. The chest could not be opened unless all four keys were at hand at the same time.

It was said that the chest contained a fortune, perhaps as much as $1,200.

Down Memory Lane and Over the Hill

How aging and final to meet an old flame
And find I can't even remember his name!
But crushing, indeed, to discover that he
Has forgotten not only my name, but ME!

—BETTY ISLER

Wong called a meeting of the partners. Jim and two other members of the board were in favor of the Runyon loan. The fourth partner, nicknamed by Runyon "the Gow," alone dissented. The Gow maintained that Damon was a bad risk, especially were he to go out of town. Besides, said the Gow, the petitioner played jokes on people. Anyone who played jokes might be expected to regard a loan lightly.

The Gow recalled one of Runyon's jokes perpetrated during a state-wide labor strike. This incident had become known as "the Finger."

At the time of the Finger episode, the governor had declared martial law and called out the National Guard to keep the peace. The commander of the state troops was Adjutant General Sherman Bell, a man with a considerable reputation for temper.

General Bell grew especially furious one day when his paymaster disappeared from view with a valise which held $3,000. This money had been drawn to pay the general's officers and men. It seemed a foul embezzlement.

Military sleuths and the civilian police force were making a house-to-house search for the villain.

Runyon at this time was a police reporter on the night watch for the Denver Post. His city editor was Josiah M. Ward, a veteran journalist, who had a marvelous nose for news.

The morning after General Bell's paymaster disappeared, the police reporters were playing hearts in their narrow quarters in the basement of City Hall. It came Runyon's turn to visit the police desk just outside the reporters' room, to see if anything newsworthy had been entered on the blotter. While making this routine inquiry, Runyon chanced to see the police surgeon at work on a citizen who somehow had caught a forefinger in the washroom door of a near-by saloon.

The surgeon amputated the man's finger, laid it aside, and proceeded with his work. Runyon picked up the finger, placed it in his pocket, said nothing about it, then returned to the reporters' room, where he sat down at his typewriter to compose an anonymous letter. He addressed this letter to Adjutant General Sherman Bell, whose military headquarters were at the Statehouse on Capitol Hill.

The letter informed General Bell that the absconding paymaster of the National Guard had been kidnaped by union sympathizers. Unless the general's "Cossacks" were summarily withdrawn from the scene within the next 48 hours, Runyon's note went on, General Bell's paymaster would be dismembered, bit by bit. As an earnest of this grim eventuality, the general could see the paymaster's finger, enclosed in the envelope. Next day, he would receive a big toe, then an ear, and so on.

Having mailed the unsigned letter and the finger, Runyon estimated the hour of its probable arrival on General Bell's desk. He then telephoned city editor Ward, saying that a "mysterious tip" had come to the police reporter, something about "a finger," and that a strange voice over the telephone had advised Runyon to "ask General Bell about the finger." That was all. Sounded silly, but it might lead to a story.

Mr. Ward, a man who always "looked into everything," said that he would instruct Statehouse reporter James R. Noland to ask General Bell about "the finger."

Runyon meantime decided to confide in his fellow reporters at City Hall as to what he had done. Damon and his merry group went to the Statehouse at the time when the dignified Mr. Noland entered General Bell's office. Jimmy must have asked about the finger, or else called the general a foul name. The lurking reporters heard the loudest commotion since the Battle of the Little Big Horn. Runyon opened the door a crack to see the screaming, red-faced general, his hands gripped upon Noland's throat. He was demanding the source of Jimmy Noland's information.

Writing Finis to a Mystery

The day after this tumult, the paymaster was discovered in the home of a woman friend, too drunk to explain his disappearance, but the valise full of money was found intact. The guardsmen were paid. The prank of the Finger was charged against Runyon, but not admitted by him until many years afterward.

At the meeting of the four Chinese financiers, the Gow disclosed that the Finger incident painfully reminded him of something that had befallen his brother, Fat Louie. The fat one had saved enough money to return to Canton, but had had the tactlessness to reveal the name of the ship upon which he intended to sail. Tong members pounced upon him at the dock, held him for ransom, then dismembered him at their San Francisco headquarters. The Gow did not propose to lend money to Runyon or to

Next Week

Why I Was Fired—By Admiral Denfeld

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HEARTBURN?

Acid taste in mouth? That awful gassy feeling? Then—try a switch to POSTUM!

For the latest scientific facts reveal that, in many persons, caffein in both coffee and tea *tends to produce harmful stomach acidity*, as well as *nervousness* and *sleepless nights!* While many people can drink coffee or tea, without ill-effect, *many others can't.*

So if you suffer heartburn, indigestion, sleeplessness, make this test: *give up coffee—give up tea—drink* POSTUM *exclusively for 30 days—judge by results!* Remember, POSTUM contains no caffein or other drug—nothing that can possibly cause indigestion, nervousness, sleeplessness! Ask your grocer today for INSTANT POSTUM—A Vigorous Drink made from Healthful Wheat and Bran.

CROSLEY
CUTS ALL 1950 PRICES!

Now, get U. S. manufacturing know-how in the new lower-priced Crosley cars. Station Wagon cut $105! Big price reduction on ALL models. And you get MORE—hundreds of improvements, including Hydradisc (airplane type hydraulic) Brakes and Crosley engine with rugged cast iron block—8-to-1 compression ratio. See, drive the newest Crosley Station Wagon. All steel. Seats 4, or 2 with ¼ ton load. Gives you 35 to 50 miles on a gallon of regular gasoline, plus all new-car economies and safety features! Dealers and driver agents wanted!

FREE! Just out! 1950 CROSLEY CATALOG. Write Crosley Motors, Inc., 2530-CO, Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati 14, Ohio.

CROSLEY *a FINE car* "You see them everywhere!"

AMAZING PAZO ACTS TO
RELIEVE PAIN OF SIMPLE PILES INSTANTLY

Speed amazing relief from miseries of simple piles, with soothing Pazo*! Acts to relieve pain and itching *instantly*—soothes inflamed tissues—helps prevent soreness—reduce swelling. You get real comforting help. So don't suffer one moment of needless torture from simple piles. Get Pazo for fast, wonderful relief. Ask your doctor about it. Suppository form—also tubes with perforated pile pipe for easy, thorough application.

*Pazo Ointment and Suppositories ®

HOLD-E-ZEE
The *Original* AUTOMATIC GRIP
SCREWDRIVERS

See these popular, high-quality drivers with the exclusive Gripper that holds, starts and sets up screws in unhandy places!

New Models FOR RECESSED HEAD SCREWS

At Leading Dealers Everywhere

UPSON BROS., INC., ROCHESTER 4, N.Y.

SAY GOOD-BYE TO MONEY WORRIES

taking care of subscriptions for COLLIER'S and all popular magazines. For details of this money-making plan, write to—

Independent Agency Division
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company
640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

Don't Suffer CONSTIPATION
Try This MODERN Way

Jad Salts® *flush* food waste, actually wash out your lower bowel by bringing extra, needed fluids to soften the dry, hardened area. Jad Salts work so *gently*, the way nature intended, that you will enjoy the complete bowel movement they give. Jad Salts are alkaline, *reduce excess stomach* acidity as they make bowels move again. So for a smooth, thorough, comfortable aid to regular bowel movements, take Jad Salts, the *modern* way to relieve constipation.

anyone else who capitalized upon amputations.

Wong reported to Runyon his failure to obtain the money, but advised his friend to be patient.

In time, Van Loan sent another letter to Runyon: "Come now, or just forget the whole thing."

Jim Wong again called a meeting of the board. He threatened to withdraw from the partnership if the Runyon loan were blocked. The Gow relented, but stipulated that Runyon must take a pledge never again to touch hard drink. Wong agreed to convey this word to Runyon. The Gow added that, inasmuch as he himself understood English imperfectly, and could not read the language at all, Runyon must sign a pledge written in the Cantonese idiom. Wong also promised that he would take this up with Runyon.

Next, said the Gow, Runyon must agree to pay 10 per cent interest on the $500 loan. After much argument, Wong persuaded the Gow to settle for 8 per cent.

Runyon had been calling on Ellen Egan while Wong and his partners were deciding his fate. Ellen once again urged Damon to "go on the wagon." He went from Ellen to the Press Club. There he learned from Jim Wong the terms of the loan. He thought things over, then asked Jim to get him a drink, straight.

Runyon downed it, looked at the glass for a time, and then he said matter-of-factly, "Jim, draw up the paper."

Agreement Was in Chinese

There was a ceremonial meeting next night at the cellar in Hop Alley. The four partners sat down to a Chinese meal prepared by Jim Wong, and Runyon sat with them as a guest. After the chopsticks had been put aside, the Gow brought out a paper upon which he had written the pledge. He read aloud from it, then asked Runyon if he would abide by the terms of the agreement. Although Damon knew not a word of Chinese, he said he never had heard anything as fair as the prose of the Gow.

And then the four partners, each with a brass key, unlocked the big chest. A strong smell of camphor came from its old insides. The Gow counted out $500, gave the money to Jim Wong, who also counted it, and who then asked Runyon if he wanted to count it.

"No," said Runyon. "Just put it in a sack."

Soon Runyon married Ellen Egan, and went on to New York and to great fame.

Runyon eventually repaid the loan, plus interest. And some years afterward, he sent another $500 to Jim Wong as a remembrance of their friendship. This windfall enabled Jim to return ahead of schedule to his native Canton. Jim was most careful not to disclose the name of the ship on which he sailed; he didn't wish to be kidnaped, as Fat Louie had been. About once each year Runyon got a letter from Canton, until Wong joined his ancestors.

Jack Dempsey's Hospitality

One day in 1923, Runyon and I called upon Jack Dempsey at the then heavyweight champion's suite in a Philadelphia hotel. As always, Dempsey was a generous host. He supplied Runyon with a prodigious amount of coffee, and me with a high-quality bottle of something rare in prohibition times.

In a taxicab, as Runyon and I went to the railway station to board a New York train, Damon delivered a severe lecture against heavy drinking by young reporters. Runyon had brought me to New York from Denver five years before this time. I had a deep affection for him, but occasionally resented his wise but blunt criticisms.

That day, as he kept on with the temperance lecture, I said, "Oh, now, if you mean me, let's say so!"

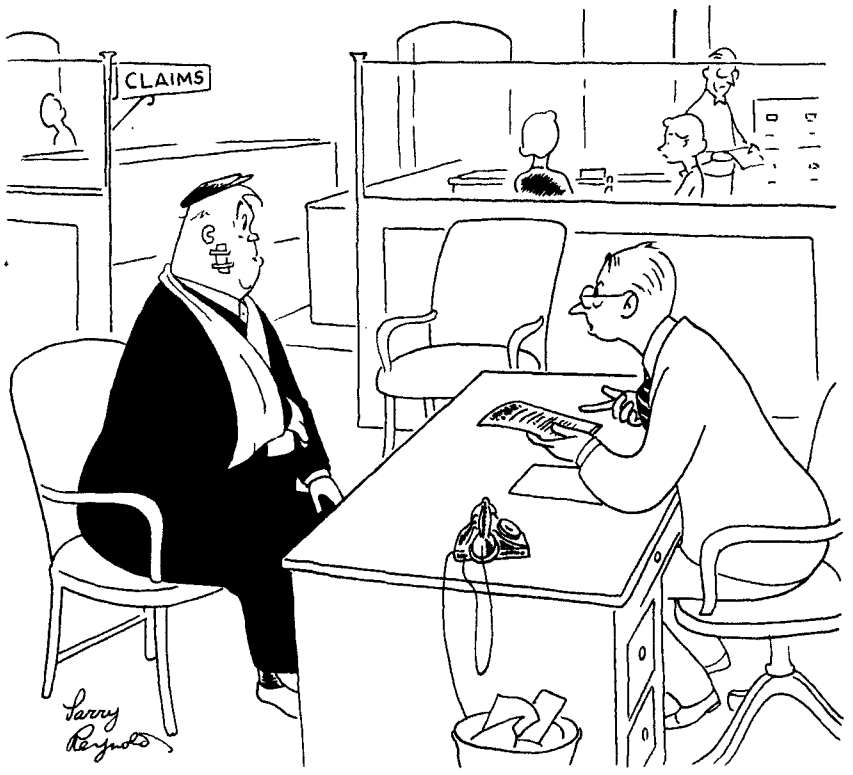
"Meaning anyone who wants to get places in the Big Town," he replied.

"Tell me," I said, "why do all you ex-drinkers become evangelists? Just because *you* don't like to drink . . ."

"Don't like to drink?" he interrupted. "It's been all of 12 years since I've tasted the stuff, 12 years. For your information, young fellow, there hasn't been a waking hour during that time *when I haven't craved a drink*. It's been a battle all the way. I guess it always will be."

During the last 35 years of his life he drank nothing alcoholic. Runyon was a man of his word, although it had been given in Chinese. THE END

BUTCH



"I'm afraid you carry the wrong policy. Burglary insurance doesn't cover injuries to burglars falling off ladders"

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS

Give your face that WONDERFUL Seaforth FEELING!

Top off your shave with Seaforth Lotion and enjoy the bracing air of the Scottish Highlands—the cool crispness of heather and fern! Seaforth Lotion soothes and cools. It smells good . . . fresh, not fragrant. Men like it . . . and women like it on men. Buy it, try it . . . you'll like it too!

Seaforth!
SHAVING LOTION

In handmade stoneware jug, only $1.00

SPECIAL OFFER! For a 23-day supply of Seaforth Lotion, send name, address and 10c to Seaforth, 711 Fifth Av., Dept. 71, New York 22, N.Y.

HEAR better...longer!

You'll be amazed! Fewer battery changes...more power... better hearing longer! That's because "EVEREADY" hearing-aid "B" batteries have exclusive *flat-cell* construction to cut out waste space! Don't miss the better hearing you can get from "EVEREADY" "B" batteries.

Ask your hearing-aid dealer!

PSORIASIS
(ENEMY OF BEAUTY)
doesn't keep me home any more!

"I dreaded parties of all kinds because of ugly psoriasis blemishes. Siroil changed the picture for me!"

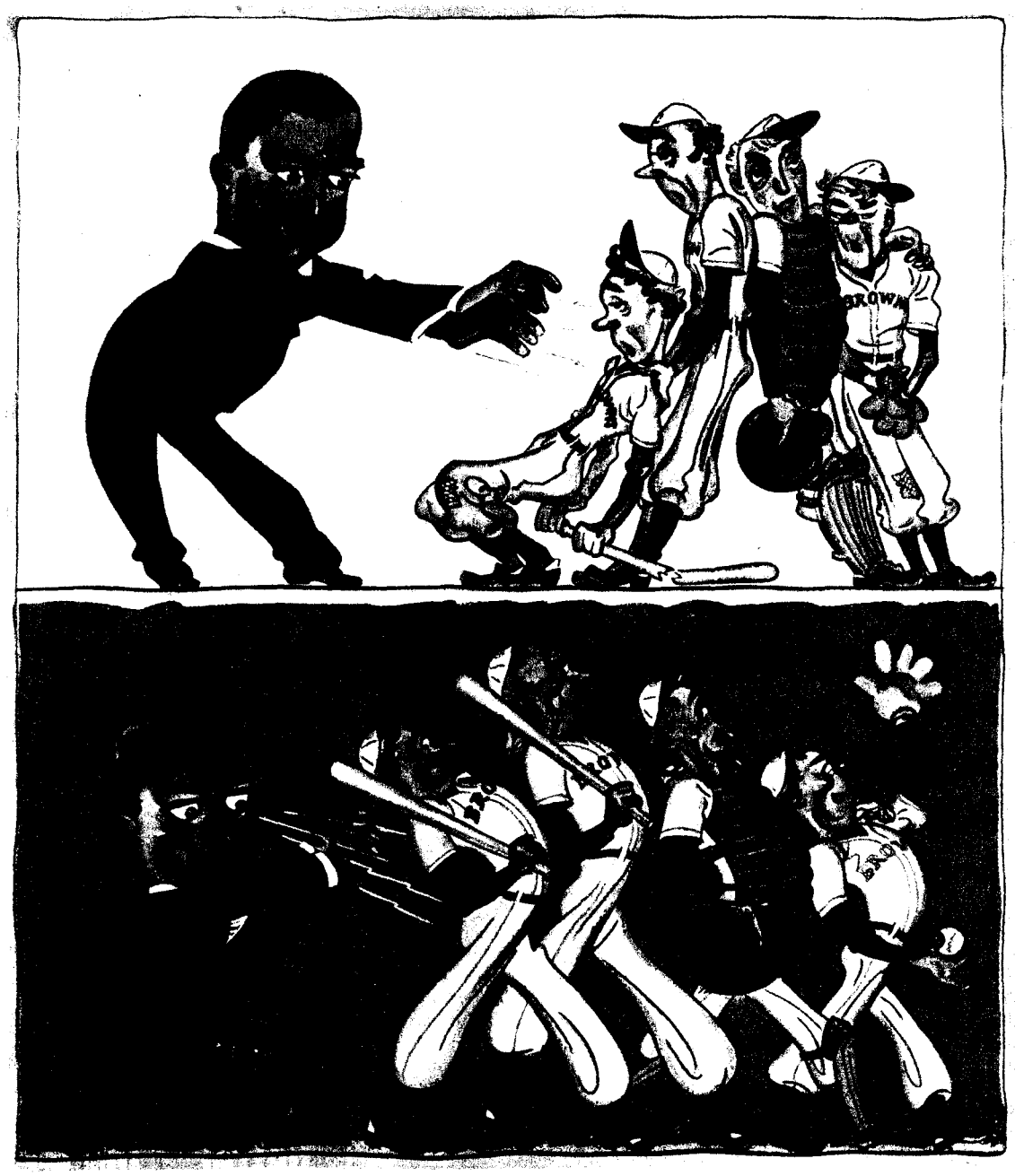
Hundreds of thousands of users have learned that Siroil tends to remove crusts and scales of psoriasis lesions external in character and on outer layer of skin. If lesions recur, light applications will help control them. Siroil does not stain clothing or bed linens. It's offered to you on a two-weeks'-satisfaction-or-money-refunded basis. Write for free booklet.

SIROIL AT ALL DRUG STORES

Dept. C-66

Siroil Laboratories, Inc., Santa Monica, Calif.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ARMANDO

TINKER to EVERS to FREUD

A COUPLE OF VAUDEVILLIANS whose names escape us used to open their act by announcing that they might not be good but, by gosh, they were different. We'd like to bestow the same apologetic distinction on the St. Louis Browns. For this ball club, which once hired a one-armed outfielder, now boasts the only official, professional "staff psychologist" in the history of the national pastime.

His name is Dr. David F. Tracy. And unless there has been a last-minute change since this issue went to press, he's at the Browns' spring training camp right now, limbering up the psyches of veteran and rookie alike in preparation for a tough season. (The Browns being what they are, they're always sure in advance that that's the sort of season it's going to be.)

Dr. Tracy has his work cut out for him, but he looks like the man for the job. The Dr. in his name stands for Doctor of Divine Metaphysics. He's also a hypnotist. And if there ever was a ball club whose infield could do with a few superhuman assists and whose pitchers need to make like Evil Eye Finkel at the opposing batters, that ball club is the St. Louis Browns.

Theirs is a double misfortune. St. Louis is too small to support two baseball teams. And the public there is hopelessly and perennially in love with the rival Cardinals of the National League. As a result the hapless Brownies have more wolves at the door than paying customers at the turnstiles. The Cleveland Indians, in four or five night games at their stadium, will play to more people than see the Browns' home games in an entire season.

So the only way the Browns can survive is to sell the few good players they develop to the well-heeled clubs for a large bundle of folding money and a couple of guys named Joe. These assorted Joes are athletes of rather limited talents. The fact that they've been sold down the river to St. Louis leaves them, we suppose, with feelings of rejection and resentment that bruise their egos and limit their limited talents even further.

That's one reason why Dr. Tracy has been called in to exercise his healing powers. His purpose, as he explained it to us recently in his New York office, is to break the lads of the habit of fighting themselves as well as the opposing team. He's out to banish doubt and fear and, we gathered, teach relaxation through autosuggestion and mesmerism.

Mental doubts cause nervous tension, says the good doctor, and nervous tension causes fatigue. That's why pitchers get in jams and hitters get in slumps. When a player starts fretting, Dr. Tracy says, he "sends fear thoughts to his muscles." The result is loss of smooth co-ordination, loss of control and, often as not, loss of a ball game.

Dr. Tracy is even aiming to do something about Yankeeitis. That is a morbid condition, prevalent among second-division teams, which turns bones to water, fingers to thumbs and bats to rubber as soon as the players step out on the same field with New York's entry in the American League.

We naturally didn't ask Dr. Tracy how much he's being paid for all this. But we'll bet you can pick up a pretty good psychologist for the standard waiver price of $10,000. And if the doctor could help steer his charges as high as, say, fifth place, he might put the mind-over-muscle men in baseball for keeps, and make them as indispensable to a ball club as the trainer or the bat boy.

Since Branch Rickey added mechanical pitchers, batting tees, measuring tapes and chalk to the Brooklyn Dodgers' spring training equipment, we're prepared for anything. So, who knows? The hypnotist may yet replace the warmup catcher in the bull pen. There'll be an analyst's couch in every clubhouse. And base runners will learn to unlock their repressions and break up a double play at the same time by throwing an emotional block into the other team's second baseman.

SHINING HOUR

"FREEWILL OFFERING" is a good old-fashioned phrase which pretty well describes the American spirit of giving. And that is the sort of offering that millions of people, in nearly 100,000 Protestant churches, will be giving on Sunday morning, March 12th, at a nation-wide service called One Great Hour of Sharing. It is sponsored by the Church World Service, Inc., and the offering will help to carry on this organization's work of aiding those in other countries who are still hungry or homeless or hopeless in the wake of war.

We mention this service not because it is any worthier than many other fund-raising ceremonies, but because it typifies in a concerted and dramatic way the generosity of Americans. Most of us hate to be coerced into giving. We may grumble when our government is charitable with our money. Some of us may be political isolationists. But when trouble comes, whether to a family across the street or to a family across the ocean, there is always somebody ready with sympathy and help. For Americans are, traditionally and almost instinctively, a neighborly people.

On Gabbiness

Some people believe
  That by just being voluble
The problem at hand
  Is at once rendered soluble.

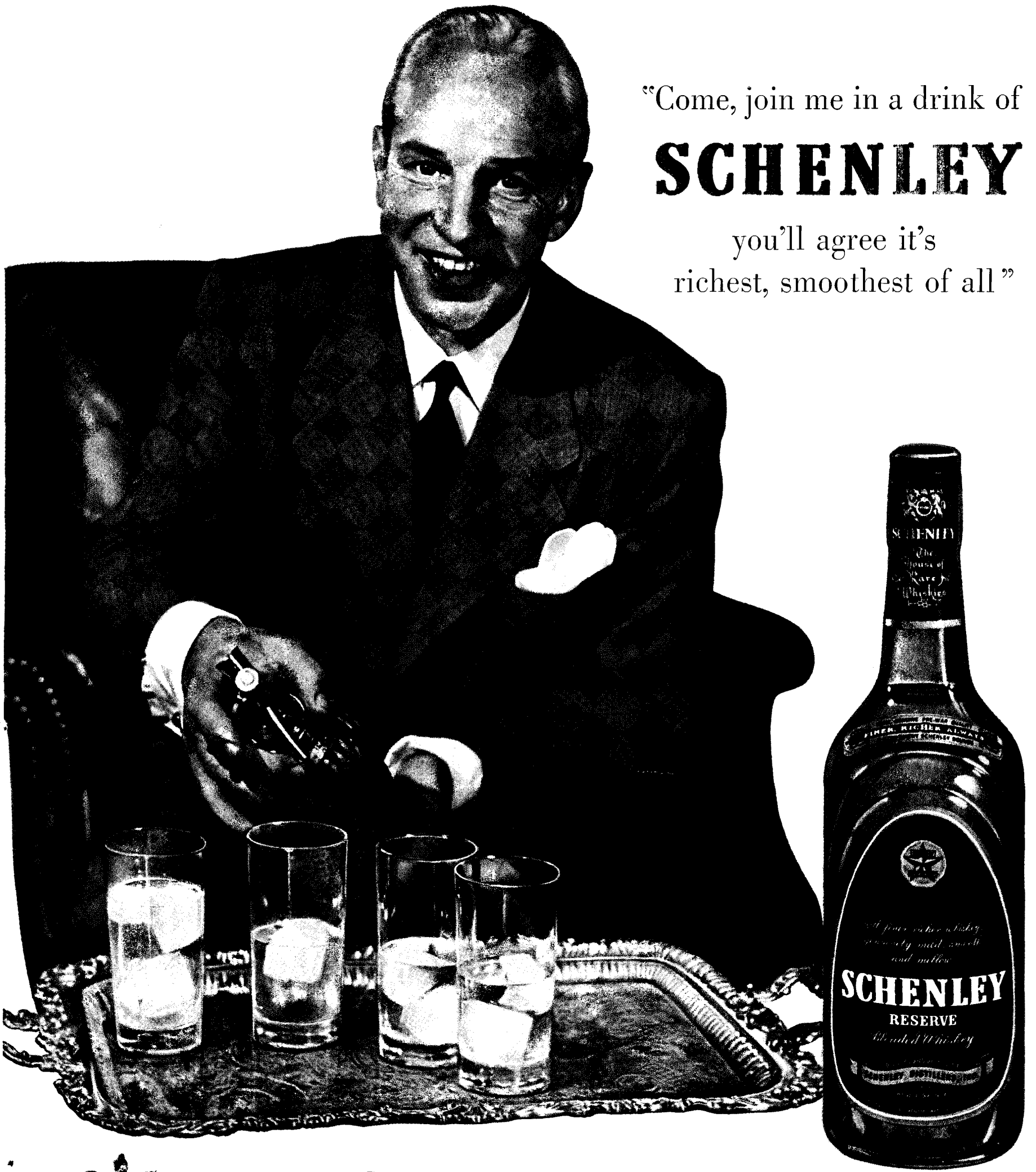
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LLOYD NOLAN, famous movie star and fine host, says:

"Come, join me in a drink of

SCHENLEY

you'll agree it's
richest, smoothest of all"



A Schenley Mark of Merit Whiskey

ENJOY RICHER, FINER TASTE

FROM SCHENLEY THE HOUSE OF AGED WHISKIES

RARE BLENDED WHISKEY 86 PROOF. THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN THIS PRODUCT ARE 5 YEARS OR MORE OLD. 35% STRAIGHT WHISKEY. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. © 1950, SCHENLEY DIST., INC., N.Y.C.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sheaffer's

16 INDIVIDUAL POINT STYLES

Sheaffer's Feathertouch Point

Elsewhere you may see other pens displayed. We invite you to compare the points they offer with Sheaffer's massive 14K Feathertouch shown here . . . or examine them all at your dealer's. We make this suggestion for one reason: The more critically you compare, feature for feature, the more decisive becomes Sheaffer's superiority.

W. A. Sheaffer Pen Company, Fort Madison, Iowa, U.S.A. In Canada: Malton, Ontario

VALIANT
Pen . . . $12.50
Other pieces $10.00 and $5.00
Gift Packaged Free

NEW TOUCH DOWN – *Exclusive pneumatic down-stroke filler. Easiest pen in the world to fill because AIR DOES THE WORK! In all White Dot models.*

ONE MORE GOOD REASON WHY SHEAFFER'S IS —

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED